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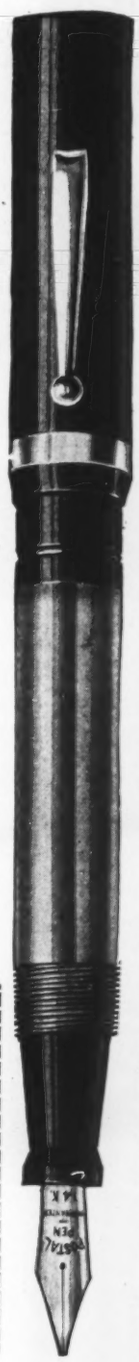

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Vol. 57

McCLURE'S

No. 5

THE MAGAZINE OF ROMANCE

Arthur McKeogh, *Editor*

November 1926

CONTENTS

Copyright 1926 by International Publications, Inc.

Cover Design by Guy Hoff

Serials

Page

by Warwick Deeping — in six parts — THE NEW EVE 55
—with drawings by Arthur Litle and photograph courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

by Warner Fabian — conclusion — SUMMER BACHELORS 72
—with drawing by Joseph W. Golinkin

Long Short Stories

by Nerina Shute — WILD LIKE LUCILLE 18

by Susan Ertz — *—with drawing by Arthur Litle* — FACE TO FACE 42

Short Stories

by Virginia MacFadyen — THE PRINCESS WHO CRIED OVER NOTHING 22
—with drawing by Robert Orr and photographs courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Fox Films, Inc.

by J. Freeman Lincoln — *—with drawing by Arthur Dove* — HOW MUCH A GALLON? 28

by Orrie Lashin — *—with drawings by Lee Townsend and Coney Island photograph copyright, Herbert Photo* — YELLOW IS SO EASY TO SOIL 31

by Peggy Gaddis — FOR SALE—ONE HUSBAND 34

by Elmer Davis — THE $125,000 MARRIAGE LICENSE 36
—with drawing by Russell Patterson and photograph courtesy Paramount Pictures, Inc.

by Thomas Edgelow — AND HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN 46
—with drawing by Arthur Dove

by Josephine Bentham — THE CHARLESTON GIRL 49

by Nanette Kutner — THE BUTTER AND LEG MAN 60
—illustration posed by Katherine Grant, Pathé

by Helen Vasilos — *—with drawing by Joseph W. Golinkin and photograph courtesy of Paramount Pictures, Inc.* — THE TALL GALLEON 62

by Maurice Marks — SHEAR AND SHEAR ALIKE 67

by Llewellyn Hughes — SHE OWNED A THOROUGHBRED 78
—with drawing by Fred A. Hamilton and photopraph courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Features

by Themselves — THEIR IDEAL HEROES AND HEROINES 6
—with a photograph of Nerina Shute by Hartsook

by Berton Braley and Arthur William Brown — THE FLAT HOOP 17

If every married woman sent for a copy of this frankly written booklet

NATURAL enough for the woman of refined tastes to feel a reserve about certain intimate matters. Her whole upbringing has been surrounded by silence, even secrecy. As time goes on she hesitates more and more to inquire of other women. To her former timidity is now added the fear of seeming ignorant. She builds around herself a wall of self-consciousness.

True, she is aware of many of the vital facts of life, but she is not *sure* of her knowledge. How convenient then to have the real truth, the *modern* truth, the frank, scientific truth about feminine hygiene. That is what this valuable booklet gives; that is why every married woman should send for a copy.

The truth about the use of poisonous antiseptics is something every physician knows, and every trained nurse. They have seen the havoc wrought among innocent women who, in their desire for complete surgical cleanliness have unwisely committed themselves to the use of bichloride of mercury. Well-meaning women, but ignorant of the risks they run of mercurial poisoning.

Physicians and nurses know also of the hazards of carbolic acid and its various compounds sold under the deadly label of the skull-and-cross-bones. Usually mixed with soapy ingredients, these carbolic acid preparations always contain the threat of injury to delicate membranes, finally resulting in hardened areas of scar-tissue.

New discovery does away with women's risks

Startling as these scientific statements are, there is another scientific fact which is a welcome reassurance. It is this: there *has* been discovered a powerful antiseptic which is *absolutely non-poisonous*. Its name is Zonite and it may well be called a marvel. It is over 40 times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is harmless to human tissue. It gives complete surgical cleanliness and produces a soothing and healing effect.

Then compare the power of carbolic acid itself with the power of this great new antiseptic, Zonite, which has been well-called "the gentle giant." It is a fact that Zonite is *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. Yet what a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is a deadly poison—so caustic that it produces a burning and searing wherever it comes in contact with tissues and membranes.

Zonite, on the contrary, is just as *harmless* to human beings as it is *fatal* to germs. It will not harden delicate tissues, nor render them dull and insensitive. In fact, dental authorities are freely using and recommending Zonite for oral hygiene as a gargle or spray for the mouth and throat. As an antiseptic and germicide it is thoroughly reliable. A bottle of Zonite in the medicine chest can never lead to accidental poisoning. It is safe on the shelf, safe in the dark, safe in the hands of a child.

Is it any wonder, then, that the discovery of Zonite has been welcomed by physicians and nurses and women of refinement everywhere who realize the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness? Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze, is an assurance of daintiness, charm and freedom from worry.

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I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring and we will have five Operas ready in September. It is really pathetic to see the *star pupils* from the *great voice masters* try for a place in the Company. Some very pretty, but weak, palate attacks, throat and lip attacks. I work hard all day and your silent exercises are a wonderful rest.—Bert Longtre.

Harry Lompierre Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

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Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair "F" (fifth line). Now I can sing high "B" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone. — Harry Lompierre.

Church Singer Delights Congregation

I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.

I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.

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Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

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The "AUTHOR! AUTHOR!" Page

Their Ideal Heroes and Heroines

By McCLURE'S WRITERS *For NOVEMBER*

Nerina Shute, eighteen years old, who has written a unique story of that moment when a girl first discovers life.

ROMANCE! From sixteen to sixty it spells the Other Sex. Every mother's son and daughter sometime has dreamed of an ideal. And the greatest dreamers of all are the writers of romance, with their stalwart and gallant heroes and ever beautiful heroines. But when these same authors come to describe their own personal preferences in fair women and brave men—why—that's something else again:

Thomas Edgelow, whose story in November McCLURE'S is *And He Learned About Women,* says: "I like 'em best when they have a kind of half-and-half coloring, darkish hair and gray or blue eyes. Any man will know what I mean. As for character, my heroine must be the type that comes right out and says what she thinks. This sort of thing: a husband comes home from the office, or a man goes to call on his girl. He finds an indefinable atmosphere. The poor devil doesn't know what he's done, but he gets it that he's all wrong somewhere.

"'Is anything the matter, darling?' he asks miserably.

"'Why, what could be wrong!' darling answers in a voice like an ice box.

"Men! You have all been there. The scene continues for half an hour or so before he finds out what all the trouble is about.

"Now my ideal heroine," explains Mr. Edgelow, "would come right out the first second and say: 'You give me a severe pain in the neck and I am furious with you for taking me at my word when I said I didn't care if you had dinner with Bill last night and left me all alone to twiddle my thumbs!'" In short, there will be nothing dreamy about Mr. Edgelow's heroine when he finds her, but he says he fears "she exists only in fiction."

Virginia McFadyen, who has written a delightful story about *The Princess Who Cried Over Nothing* says: "My first dream hero was a sort of E. P. Roe character—romantic tragedian and all that. Now being older and perhaps less romantic, there's only one stipulation which I make: my hero must be so wonderful that he can call me 'little woman'—and get away with it!" And this for the information of would-be heroes: Miss MacFadyen is the tiniest of girls—despite the fact that at the age of twenty-six she has three novels to her credit, and has also achieved conspicuous success on the stage.

Nerina Shute, the youthful author of *Wild Like Lucille,* makes her bow to the reading public in this month's McCLURE'S. She has just passed her eighteenth birthday. She was born in England and came to this country with her mother when she was eleven. They settled in California, and there Nerina has led a romantic outdoor life, spending much time back in the mountains in lumber and mining camps. Perhaps this is why Nerina, first of all, admires muscle and brawn, but she requires other qualifications in her ideal hero. Says she: "He must have brains too, and not be too young—boys make me nervous because I never know what to say to them. Of course I don't like *too old* a man, but he must be able to talk about something beside dancing. I like men who do things. And if he could help me with my writing that would be quite perfect. But I do not want to get married for a long time, because it might interfere with my work and that would be awful—simply awful!"

Maurice Marks contributes *Shear and Shear Alike* to the general risibility of things. This is his confession: "My ideal heroine is a brunette five feet six inches tall, with a perfect eighteen figure, black hair, ivory complexion, and slim, beautiful hands. She has sparkling eyes of deep amber that constantly keep me guessing, and she possesses such a keen sense of humor that she can look at me without laughing. She's the heroine of my unwritten serial, 'Married and Happy,' and her name is Rita Weiman." Speaking of heroes, what about Mrs. Rita's having picked an ideal husband?

Berton Braley says:

My Dream Girl? Oh she's come to life,
Ain't I the lucky feller?
My Dream Girl is—of course—my wife!
(At least that's what I tell her.)

Nanette Kutner, who has attained the ripe age of twenty years, earned the title of Flapper Interviewer during her service as reporter on three New York newspapers. She also enjoys the distinction of never having been outside New York City except once when she went to Washington on a business trip. Her story *The Butter and Leg Man* is her first venture in fiction. "My favorite hero," says she, "is changeable—like the weather!"

Josephine Bentham is the author of *The Charleston Girl,* and seems never to have found any one quite as intriguing as the youthful hero of her sixth year. "I distinctly remember this little boy," says she. "He wore corduroy knickerbockers and a faded blue shirt, and had a marvelous way of saying 'Darn it! *Darn it! DARN IT!*' I don't know whether I was more fascinated with him or the privilege he enjoyed of near-swearing. As a 'nice little girl' I was not allowed the very mildest sort of expletive."

Elmer Davis, author of *The $125,000 Marriage License,* married a blond. But he says he believes in variety when it comes to creating heroines for fiction. "My first fiction story had a brunette heroine, like my inamorata of that distant period. It didn't sell. Since then I've tried to keep a fairly even balance between the colors, with a hennaed heroine thrown in occasionally for punctuation. Anyway an author has to mix them up, like a baseball pitcher, for, if he always serves the same kind, people presently will know what to expect—which would be disastrous to that state of uncertainty by which authors and pitchers earn their living."

Orrie Lashin, who as a truthful newspaper woman, confesses to being all of four feet eight [*Continued on page 8*]

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All Wool Buxkin Velour
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This garment is made of the famous "Buxkin" a fine all wool suede velour. The sides of the coat have button trimmed inverted pleats while above this are rows of narrow silk braid in effective diamond pattern—likewise the sleeves are trimmed off to match. The shapely collar and cuffs are of long haired, serviceable Mandell fur while this entire garment is warmly interlined and lined throughout with silk satin de chine. Rust or French blue. Sizes 34 to 44. Length about 47 inches.

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Their Ideal Heroes and Heroines

—continued from page 6

and one-eighth inches tall, is the author of *Yellow Is So Easy to Soil.* Says she: "My hero? I haven't met him yet. But he must be tall and dark and handsome. At least I think he must, though I've never given him much thought."

J. Freeman Lincoln is the son of Joseph C. Lincoln, famous for his Cape Cod stories. The younger Lincoln, who contributes *How Much a Gallon* to this issue of McClure's, herewith forecasts his literary future. "In the first short story I wrote after my marriage a year ago," says Mr. Lincoln, "the heroine was a seductive creature with Titian tresses. She was something pretty snappy in heroines, if I do say so, but my bride being an ash blond failed to appreciate the many good points of the lady. Her reactions were so notably unfavorable, in fact, that I feel it would be a far, far better thing to enshroud the physical and spiritual characteristics of my future leading ladies in eternal obscurity."

Peggy Gaddis says her ideal hero is "tall, bronzed and dark." Her story in this month's McClure's is *For Sale—One Husband.*

Llewellyn Hughes, author of *She Owned a Thoroughbred,* suggests that ideals progress. "In the first stories I wrote, and never sold," he says, "my heroines were all of the Theda Bara type—something about the dark, mysterious, Latin beauty held and enthralled me. Then—when I was about twenty—I switched completely. I loved the little bits of curly-headed brunettes, with large doll eyes, demure and entrancingly ankled. I left them, however, out of my fiction. I married a tall stately blond—very tall."

Helen Vasilos, whose romantic story *The Tall Galleon* appears in this month's McClure's, says that she has always dreamed of her personal hero as being a cross between Captain Kidd and Sir Galahad. "My first fiction hero," she says, "was too melancholy, with the 'beautiful melancholy' of extreme youth—his and mine. Now I should paint him gay and debonair, with a strong dash of good and bad—in a word, very human."

Susan Ertz, the author of *Face to Face,* says there is hardly a type of hero existing that she has not, at some period of her life, admired. "In my early youth my favorite was Rochester in 'Jane Eyre,' but now I prefer Robber in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. So you can see how exceedingly difficult it is for me to make up my mind as regards a personal ideal."

The Flat Hoop

Verses by
Berton Braley

Drawing by
Arthur William Brown

THE Flat Hoop has a family
Which treats him rather clammily;
His father will not let him pack a flask.
And he is never seen about
In colored shirts he's keen about;
His mother thinks they're vulgar—since you ask.

His brother isn't brotherly,
His sister is too motherly—
She treats him like a kid of six or eight;
She picks his ties, his tailor, too,
So though he knows a frail or two
They seldom sign this Rollo for a date.

He's longing to step out a bit
And sort of shiek about a bit,
But when he wants the family sedan
The family upstages him,
Remarking—which enrages him—
"You take the station wagon, little man."

AND so he drives the wagon out,
But when it comes to draggin' out
A flapper in that flivver—nevermore!
The frills high-hat him snappily;
He trundles home unhappily
A Flat Hoop even flatter than before.

Wild Like LUCILLE!

An Extraordinary Document

"AND so they all kiss you? All the boys, Lucille? How funny!"

Down into a mountain pool a noisy little waterfall was hurling itself. Shouting and splashing, shouting and splashing; trying hard to drown the two intruding voices.

One girl lay gracefully relaxed, her bare, creamy, young body curled into a crevice of the rocks. She was very bored—and she was very pretty; she had long dark eyes and rather drooping lips.

The other girl was plain, almost a little uncouth. All freckles, all awkwardness, and all innocence; with a bright yellow pigtail, and with odd-looking amber-colored eyes that asked questions. Ceaseless questions.

"How funny!" she repeated. "Well, but—well but—when you first meet a boy, is it—is it all right to let him kiss you?"

"Why, of course it's all right, hon!" drawled Lucille, the creamy one. "But I wouldn't worry, Sheila," she added sarcastically, "if I were you!" Her expressive lips relaxed again into boredom as she ended wearily: "Oh gee, let's get dressed and go home!"

"Sheila Willard, what *is* the matter with you?" inquired a good-natured voice. "You're actin' so queer tonight! What's the idea?"

"Oh, I was just listening to the music over at the hall, Dad. There's a dance over there, an all-night dance, and —and Lucille's wearing her blue crêpe."

"Oh, damn Lucille's blue crêpe! Why don't you run along and do the dishes, honey? An' you shouldn't slam the door at your poor father like that, either!"

He was such a huge, loud-voiced, overgrown, boyish kind of father that Sheila almost felt a little bit sorry when she slammed doors at him. But tonight she was glad—positively glad!

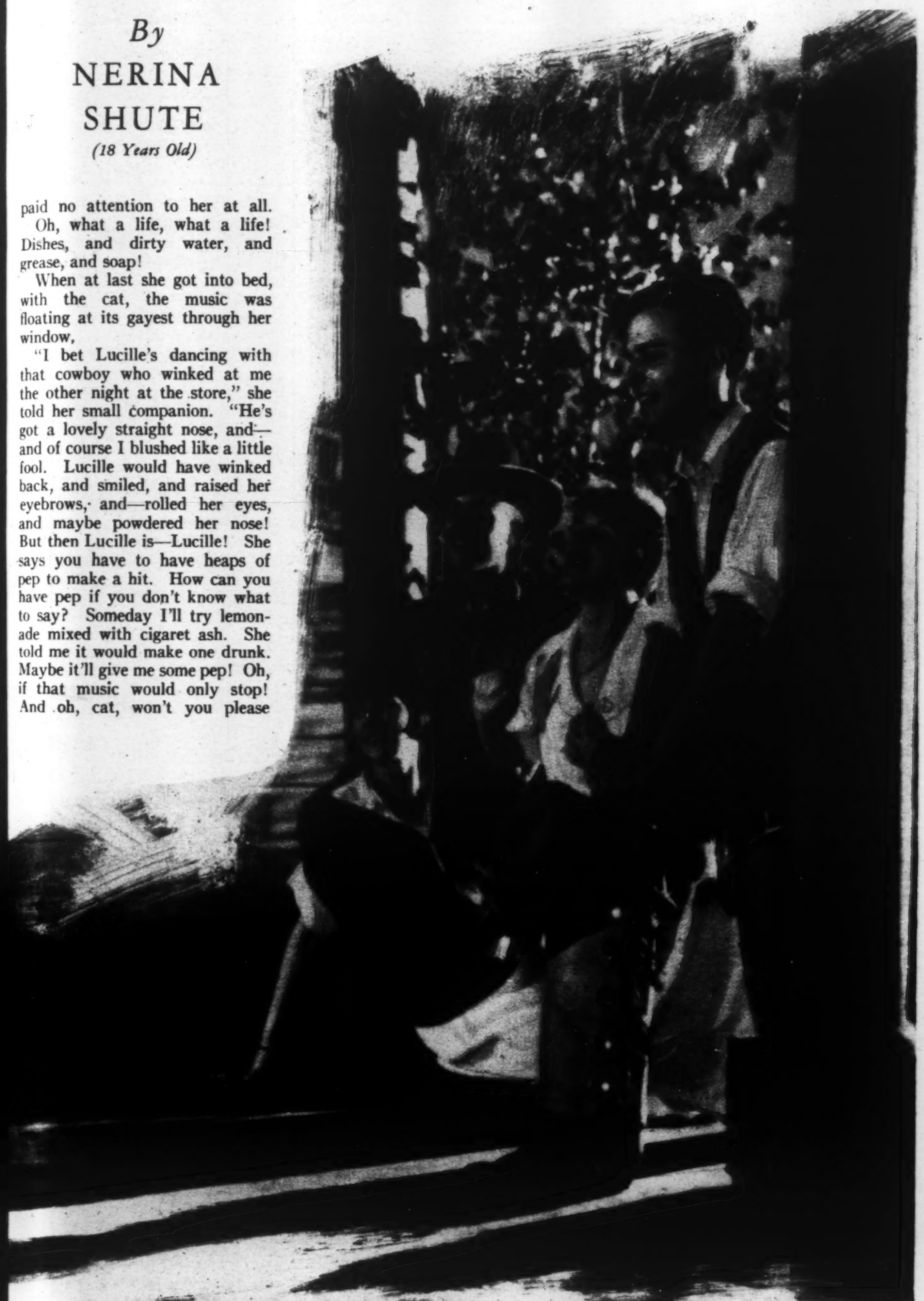
Splash! Bang!

Dishes, dishes, dishes! How she hated them! Oh, if only Mamma was alive! Oh, to be like Lucille—to have a beau, just one beau! Sixteen, and not a sign of a beau. Oh, Lucille! Once in the middle of her work she stopped. She stared into space for a moment, then suddenly turning she sidled over to a very small tabby cat. Glancing coyly at it she raised her eyebrows and rolled her eyes beautifully, in exact imitation of Lucille—rolled her eyes and made a little pretty grimace. But the cat, busy catching a flea,

Arthur, Arthur had done it! He had actually tripped her, and here she was in a ridiculous heap, while they all stood and laughed.

of *That First Moment* when a GIRL discovers LIFE

By
NERINA
SHUTE
(18 Years Old)



paid no attention to her at all.

Oh, what a life, what a life! Dishes, and dirty water, and grease, and soap!

When at last she got into bed, with the cat, the music was floating at its gayest through her window,

"I bet Lucille's dancing with that cowboy who winked at me the other night at the store," she told her small companion. "He's got a lovely straight nose, and—and of course I blushed like a little fool. Lucille would have winked back, and smiled, and raised her eyebrows, and—rolled her eyes, and maybe powdered her nose! But then Lucille is—Lucille! She says you have to have heaps of pep to make a hit. How can you have pep if you don't know what to say? Someday I'll try lemonade mixed with cigaret ash. She told me it would make one drunk. Maybe it'll give me some pep! Oh, if that music would only stop! And oh, cat, won't you please

quit washing yourself so I can go to sleep—if I can . . ."

When she went to Lucille's house as usual the next morning, she was halted at a window by her friend's urgent voice. "Don't come in, honey!" called Lucille. "Mother's in a perfectly frightful temper! I didn't get in till six this morning, see, and—— Oh, Sheila, that lifeguard's a dream, a perfect *dream!* He took me down to the river in the middle of the night and we went *swimming!* It was so romantic! I shouldn't have done it, I guess, and I feel *marvelously* guilty! My dear, you look positively shocked," she broke off laughing.

Sheila blushed crimson. What a little hick she must seem! And of course she wasn't shocked a bit, really, not a bit. It was all right, if Lucille did it. But she was jealous, terribly jealous.

The warm day dawdled by, and Sheila went for a long lonely ride through the hills on her rough cow pony. She rode by herself because Lucille had a date with the lifeguard.

It was quite late when at last she wandered home — nearly six o'clock—and to her surprise she found some one on the porch with her father. He was a young cowpuncher, a very gawky, very bony, very red-headed cowpuncher.

SHEILA sat miserably silent beside him, trying to think of something to say.

"Sheila, this is Bob Snorter. I've asked him to have supper with us. All right, honey?"

"Surely," she answered with a strained little smile, as the bony one clambored to his feet and said:

"Pleased t' meetcha!"

"Er—I'll have to get some food together, Dad," she mumbled stupidly, and rushed in, stumbling self-consciously over nothing. She tore into her bedroom and hurrying up to her mirror seized a tiny powder puff and frantically powdered her small shiny nose. Dared she put on some rouge too? Just the wee-est bit? Dared she? She had some somewhere.

It was a very uncomfortable sort of meal, and conversation distinctly lapsed. Mr. Willard remarked once or twice that they were having damned hot weather! And the cowboy several times asked for more potatoes. But Sheila sat with her eyes glued to her plate, eating nothing, and wondering furtively if the rouge were on straight.

When it was over they all three trooped out on the porch, and all three silently sat down. Oh, it was terrible, terrible! Sheila wiggled in agony. At last she managed to break the silence.

"I hear—I hear you danced with every girl in the country last night, Bob!" she faltered bravely. She'd been planning the sentence ever since they sat down—especially the "Bob"—and now that at last it was out she squirmed miserably in her chair.

Bob looked pleased. He grinned sheepishly, and after a pause he cleared his throat.

"I guess I missed the pertiest—the pertiest one in the bunch!" He grew scarlet in the face. Then, with a blurt: "Where were you at, last night?"

Sheila gasped and blushed. Then she looked at him admiringly. What a nice boy he was, after all. Not half as ugly as she'd thought. She came to the conclusion quite suddenly that she liked red hair, she really did like red hair! She glanced at her father; he was looking the other way. Could she manage to roll her eyes at Bob? Could she?

She managed. And at the same time she complained in a very fair imitation of Lucille's voice: "Oh, I was so tired, and I didn't think anybody wanted me very much, anyway!" She was feeling delightfully sophisticated.

"I know one fellar that woulda wanted you if he'd met you!" Feeling he hadn't made himself sufficiently clear, he added: "His initials is B. S."

"Oh!" And she rolled her eyes again, this time with great effect.

"Listen, let's make a date, and go ridin' in my Bug tomorrer night. Want to?"

"Oh, I'd love to, Bob! May I, Daddy?"

If only her father didn't say anything silly about it being the first time! Oh, if he did the whole thing would be spoilt! Oh——

"Sure. Bob's a nice kid." Mr. Willard nodded and winked good-naturedly. The old darling—she thought—the old darling! "No, I won't forget, Bob! Goodbye!" And she actually rolled her eyes again.

II

IT WAS evening, and the hour was getting nearer and nearer. To pass the time she rebraided her hair into its usual thick pigtail, growing more nervous every minute. She pinned a spray of wild blue lilac just below her ear, and she guiltily dusted her cheeks with the precious rouge. She hadn't any perfume, of course, but Lucille always used it, so she crushed some of the lilac in her fingers and rubbed it on her khaki shirt. It stained, but it left a faint odor.

She was awfully thrilled, yet she almost wished that Bob wasn't coming. Or rather that he had come, and that it was all over. Supposing—supposing she couldn't think of anything to say? He'd wish he hadn't taken her, and afterwards probably he'd laugh about it to all the other boys. How awful! She listened anxiously. Yes, there he was now! Nothing but Bob's Bug could possibly make a noise like that.

"Oh, I thought you'd never come," she called to him, as she ran down the porch steps to him. "I've been waiting ages. Gee, what a darling Bug." She giggled delightedly, and wondered at herself in amazement. What would she say next? And what would Lucille say if she could only hear?

She was helped by the grinning Bob into a thing which snorted strangely, and which hopped like a frog when he did something with his feet. Sheila clung desperately to the side.

"You're not a bit afraid, are you?" she said admiringly. Then suddenly she found herself chattering, telling Bob how handsome he was, how wonderful he looked in his sombrero. Why it was easy! You just had to say all the personal things you could think of, and roll your eyes a little, and pick imaginary bits of fluff off his collar, and giggle! If only she could get home without making a break. She did hope he wouldn't want to kiss her. But—

"Hello, Bob," she called suddenly, and seizing him, actually drew him into the dance.

but—if he did, of course, she must let him. And—and then say something snappy to leave him guessing. Like Lucille did.

He'd fallen for her. She knew he had. He was twisting his neck around in the funniest way, and his eyes had a light in them that any one could understand.

They missed the gate post nicely, and came to a jerky stop. "It's been such a lovely evening, Bob," she said, starting to scramble out hastily.

"Why such a hurry?" He caught her by the elbow so that she sat down again with a bump. He pressed closer, and closer still, his fingers awkwardly caressing her arm. What a funny feeling it was; not a bit wonderful, as Lucille had said. She didn't like it. Should she run away? Or slap his face? Of course not, Lucille would never do that! She felt a wet kiss, and his breath on her face. She wanted to draw away, but she sat motionless. She mustn't let him know.

"Good night, Bob," she managed at last, breathlessly. "Good night, d—dear, remember tomorrer!"

Then she hurried indoors, straight to her room. She stood there quite still, in the middle of it. There was so much to wonder about. Mama could have told her lots of things now. She walked across to her bed and sat down, staring blankly before her. Suddenly she started. What was the matter with her? Why, it was wonderful! She had a beau, a beau! She was just like other girls now!

Sheila slept late the next day. When she awoke the morning breeze had died down, the slender poplar trees outside were motionless. She got up slowly, feeling like a naughty child. She hoped her father wouldn't question her about last night. But he had gone already; and sighing with relief, she fried herself an egg, and sat down excitedly to eat it. Bob would be here soon. She would go running out to him with her eyebrows way up, like Lucille's. And she'd tell him [*Continued on page 90*]

A
Modern
Fairy
Tale

by

VIRGINIA
MacFADYEN

"Pardon me, but you were—crying," he said with what casualness he could summon.

The PRINCESS

SHE looked like a princess—a princess out of a fairy tale. That was Cyril Grant's first thought as he glanced up in response to his chief's discreet whisper that the Princess Eleanora was arriving with her party.

It was Cyril's first night in the little Balkan kingdom—we may call it Demania—where he had been sent as a sort of envoy extraordinary to assist in the securing of certain mining concessions.

Cyril's father was greatly interested in mining concessions. Mines were responsible for the Park Avenue house, the Long Island estate, the speed boats, the luxurious motors—were, in fact, responsible for the entire gilded and upholstered background of Cyril's life. Oddly enough, in spite of mines, Cyril had remained unspoiled. Oddly, too, on leaving Harvard he had expressed a quite plebeian desire to go to work. And this trip to the tiny, mountainous capital was his father's response to that estimable wish.

"Jacobs is a good man, but I've an idea he'd be more successful if he had a bit more social experience. Those people like formality and our American hustle isn't always

About a
Real King's
Daughter
and a
Copper King's
Son

Who Cried over NOTHING

the best line to take with them. Now you," old Grant had paused and surveyed his son with a pride the more obvious because of his endeavor at concealment, "you've got the manner. You'll work with Jacobs, of course—go over the ground, find out what it's all about—then act as a sort of buffer between Jake and these ceremonious foreigners. Jake'll be tickled to death to get out of the pink-tea side of the job while you'll learn a lot—and have a good time in the bargain, if I know you." He grinned quite wickedly for such a respectable old gentleman. "Have a drink?"

So a month later Cyril and Jacobs were enjoying an excellent dinner in the most fashionable restaurant of Demania's capital when the entrance of the Princess Eleanora put to flight Cyril's interest in such mundane matters as food, and caused his comfortable and secure world to do such a flip-flop that of a sudden all wealth-and-Harvard-fostered confidence deserted him.

Now Cyril was a man of the world and as such he was not without experience of women. Bright butterfly memories of the women he had known fluttered occasionally

through Cyril's mind, causing him to smile indulgently. Charming beings! Their grace and fragility delighted his æsthetic sense. Their smooth curves, their tiny, perfumed hands, the yielding warmth of them had power, as he knew, to sooth many a black mood. While their ridiculously transparent designs on the Grant fortune had left him only tolerantly amused.

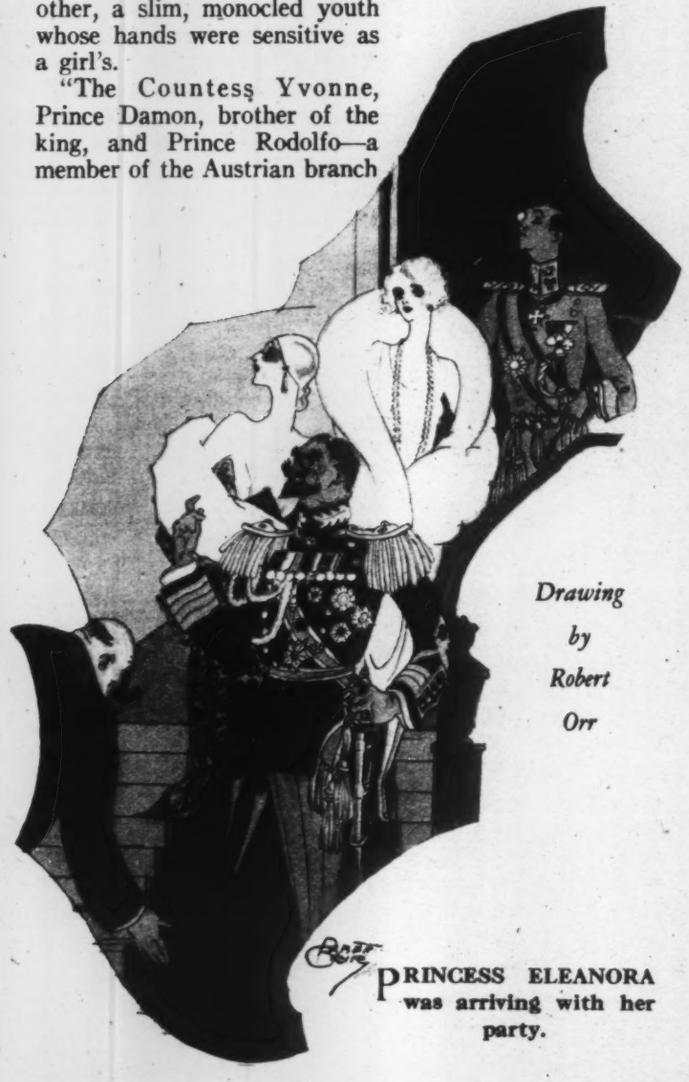
Women were the liqueur and black coffee that top a good dinner, pleasant attributes of civilization. You gave them jewels or kisses as you gave toys to a child. They were like children, or savages, he thought. Kindness and baubles were the certain roads that led to what a man desired. Some day one would select a very pretty, very suitable woman for a wife and eventually she would present one with a son.

Love, the searing, devastating emotion which makes fools out of wise men and Solomons of fools, was quite unknown to Cyril Grant. Unknown, that is, until Eleanora, looking like Goldilocks and Cinderella before twelve, came trailing her silken draperies into the Opera Café and with one look made all his philosophy seem about as sensible as the ravings of an average maniac.

His eye singled her out at once as the little group appeared in the doorway. Hair the precise color of yellow chartreuse, eyes tenderly, deeply blue as the distant mountains encircling Demania, a slender, erect figure and a proudly poised head. But it was her expression which set her apart from the common mold of mortals. It was an extraordinary blend of pride, gentleness and candor, the more amazing in consideration of her youth. She could not be more than twenty, he decided.

Her companions were a woman, blonde like herself, but less radiant and with a petulant twist to her scarlet mouth, and two uniformed men; one middle-aged, hawk-nosed, piercing-eyed, with the ramrod carriage of the soldier: the other, a slim, monocled youth whose hands were sensitive as a girl's.

"The Countess Yvonne, Prince Damon, brother of the king, and Prince Rodolfo—a member of the Austrian branch of the family," Jacobs identified them in an undertone.



Drawing by Robert Orr

PRINCESS ELEANORA was arriving with her party.

"Just a quiet family party," Cyril remarked, hoping his voice gave no hint of the inner turmoil that had assailed him.

"Oh, absolutely," Jacobs admitted. "No one else good enough for that crowd. Talking of snobs! The royalty in these little two-by-four monarchies has the world's record beat for high-hatting."

At these words Cyril's heart seemed to drop into a pit of immeasurable depth. She *would* be the proudest princess in Europe! Though why he should become so depressed at that or anything else concerning her he failed to understand. He struggled out of his depression to catch what his host was saying.

"Family enough, but as for being quiet," Jacobs added with a curious smile, "that's exceedingly doubtful. Princess Eleanora is not particularly fond of *tame* parties, so they say."

Suddenly Cyril was aware of an overmastering disinclination to hearing Eleanora discussed by this unimaginative man of business.

"The wine is superb," he drawled, lifting his glass and sipping its golden contents.

Jacobs looked at him quizzically, understanding that his employer's son was switching the conversation, yet failing to understand his motive for doing so. Vaguely his mind fumbled for the explanation of this lack of curiosity. Some code of honor, doubtless. He was aware of gaps in his own finer education. Oh, well! If the boy possessed a ray of the old man's business sense, this ritzy manner would be so much velvet in dealing with these hand kissing Demanians. Jacobs followed Cyril's lead and from wine the talk drifted to plays and, by easy stages, to mining concessions.

Cyril showed an unexpected grasp of business procedure, interrupting from time to time with a pertinent question the older man's explanation of his Demanian plans, nodding approval of the progress recounted, occasionally interjecting a suggestion, and finally summing up the whole situation with a brevity and understanding worthy of old Grant himself.

If his eyes wandered now and then toward the palm screened corner table where the royal party dined, Jacobs was unaware of it. And as a matter of fact, had they been observed, Cyril's glances were too casually well-bred to be taken as indications of any especial interest. Only the glimmer of the Princess' bare shoulders and the curving line of her slender neck were visible from where he sat, yet Cyril imagined every play of expression, every gesture she made; and once when Prince Damon leaned next that glimmering shoulder and whispered close to her ear, Grant was amazed at the depression which seized him once more.

"If you don't mind, I think I'd rather get to bed early; the trip up was a bit tiring," he declined Jacob's tentative suggestion of entertainment.

But back in his suite at the hotel, Cyril felt no desire to sleep. He undressed and, turning on the bedside light, tried to read; but the image of a small, proudly poised head kept coming between his eyes and the printed page, until at last with a muttered imprecation at his moonstruck state he rose, gulped down a scotch and soda, and went on the balcony outside his windows.

It was the first bird's-eye view of Riba and the beauty of the little city was sufficient to draw an exclamation of sheer pleasure from even a very blasé young man. From the height at which he stood it appeared like a jewel dropped in the lap of the valley. Far away towered the black hulk of the mountains, those mountains whose tree-covered sides guarded so much priceless wealth. But it was not of mines that Cyril was thinking. Set above the town on the side of a nearer range was a turreted pile of stone, brightly lighted. The royal palace, he decided; and quite without his violation thoughts of the Princess crept into his mind . . .

Those walls sheltered Eleanora! Somewhere within

Here anything might happen, Cyril thought, as he strode into the sinister atmosphere of the neighborhood.

that maze of corridors and rooms of state she had her own intimate quarters. Somewhere her golden hair was brushed and braided. On a pillow somewhere there her creamy lids closed over the blue, blue eyes and Eleanora slept like any woman!

What do princesses think about? Cyril wondered. He was familiar enough with visiting titles in America—fortune hunters he had found them in general. But this girl . . . Hang it all, she looked like a princess, like different, finer clay! No doubt her life was arranged—a marriage to further some state consideration. That Prince Damon . . . "But Damon's her uncle," he remembered. "Though acting in a decidedly unavuncular manner," he added savagely. Maybe Prince Rodolfo was the chosen husband . . . Precious little competition there—and Princess or not, he'd a right to try! A presentation would be easy enough to arrange, but somehow Cyril shrank superstitiously from so obvious a course.

They were bound to come together in this little capital where his business involved contact with government departments and officials. Meantime, he would reconnoiter. Perhaps luck would give him a good break . . . Tomorrow he would follow that twisting street to the palace. A glimpse of her . . . Cyril [*Continued on page 82*]

Phillips Carlin, half of the reason that Carlin and McNamee are called "the good-looking team."

Try TALKING

When He who is Listened in Upon, Listens in Himself

FOR the same reason, I suppose, that mailmen take a walk and telephone operators are given wrong numbers on their day off, I've been listening in on radio programs ever since I've been off the air.

And, no doubt for the same reason, every time I listen in I feel and act like the automobile driver in the back seat of somebody else's car, who goes through the motions of driving himself, and mutters that if he'd been at the wheel he could have avoided that truck.

Listening in at home the way I've been doing has made me realize that prophets without honor in their immediate neighborhood aren't the only ones. While Mrs. Roxy always listens in to me and tells me if, or how, I got over, my two youngsters—a boy and a girl—have never heard me on the air. Or so they tell me. The only satisfaction I get is that they don't listen to other announcers either.

Once I prevailed upon my boy—he's sixteen—to come with me to the studio. While I was announcing I noticed that he was watching—not me but one of the singers, a very pretty girl.

When it was over and we were driving home I said, "Well, son, what did you think of the program?"

"It was fine, dad," he replied. "Her eyes"—he's just reached that stage—"are wonderful."

WHEN I'm at that end of the radio where you can't talk back, I naturally pay more attention to the announcers, analyzing the way they handle their programs. When a singer whom I have trained is introduced, I hang nervously onto each note just as if I were conducting the number myself. When an announcer becomes unduly facetious, I look around for something heavy to throw at him—and then wonder who has wanted to throw things when I have been on the air.

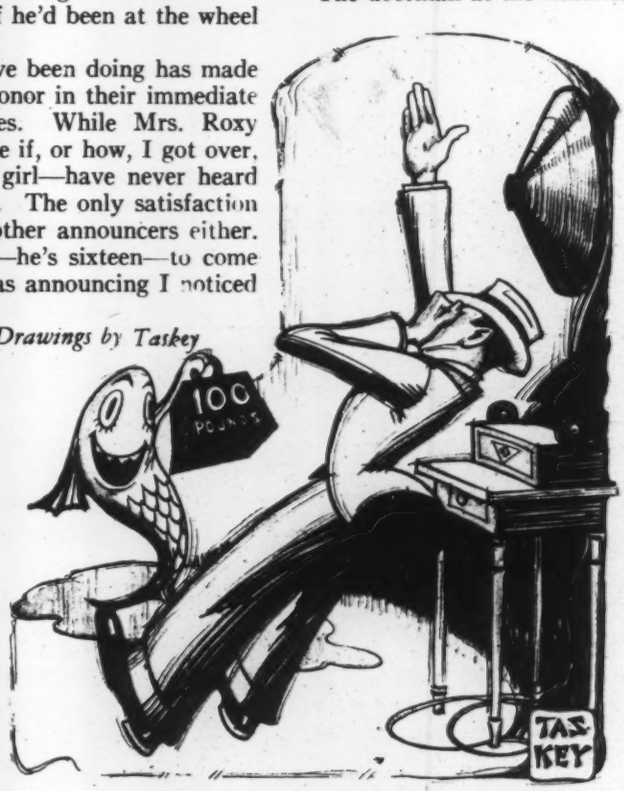
I miss mike. Wonder if he misses me? Wonder how I'll sound when I get back? Wonder if I'll get stage fright after my absence? I'm extremely anxious to get back on the air. I've been off now since March, but I'm going back in February or thereabouts, as soon as the new Roxy Theater opens.

Since March I've been on the air only four times. I broadcast at the inaugural dinner of McClure's Magazine; at the Victor Herbert Memorial at Atlantic City; and conducted the Marine band in Washington. At Atlantic City I didn't say my customary, "Hello everybody," and letters, they tell me, came in to the station asking who the new announcer was—saying that he sounded just like Roxy.

ONE Wednesday—Wednesday was my night on the air—I got so lonesome for mike that I decided to go up to WEAF and see the boys.

The doorman at the American Telephone and Telegraph Company recognized me and let me in without a pass. Attempting to get by him without a slip of identification is generally as useless as trying to teach a middle-aged goldfish how to swim.

Drawings by Taskey



When Phil walked into the booth Monday morning that husky baby fainted!

When I got up in the familiar reception room, there was Kathleen Stewart, the hostess, being very tactful and diplomatic to the visitors who were wandering about curiously. Several artists with heavy musical instruments were studying their music. A little girl in blue was practising her mi-mi-mis in a corner. Through one of the glass doors I could see a saxophone octet rehearsing until it was time to go on.

I went into the studio. The "Hello, Roxy, gee we've missed you a lot" made me want to take off my coat and join in.

Just before I arrived, they told me, D. W. Griffith, the motion picture director, had been up for a voice test. They made him take four tests—placing him at various distances from the mike in order to ascertain the exact place from which his voice would sound best. D. W., by the way, has a radio voice of unusual excellence.

BACK to a HORN!

By

S. L. ROTHAFEL

The Famous ROXY of the Radio

IF a dog bites a man, that's not news. But if a man bites a dog, that is.

"ONCE more," Phil Carlin told him. He placed the megaphone manipulator before the instrument, and asked D. W. to say something—anything—for just one more test. When the announcer went into the booth to listen he heard a weary voice come out of the loud speaker:

"I'm not going to say one more word until I get a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich."

Graham McNamee and Phillips Carlin, the good-looking team, were announcing that night. I sat down behind a big bass drum, to watch—just like any other sightseer.

IT WAS hot. A real stiflingly hot New York night. But I loved it. The stuffy atmosphere of the sound-proof studio hadn't changed at all. The men had taken off their coats. Collars were off. Sleeves were rolled up. Faces were being mopped with damp handkerchiefs. Carlin was melting away. It must be for his special benefit that a small store in the vicinity is open at night, for he sends out two or three times in one hot evening for a fresh collar in order to look presentable.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience." Mac was announcing. The visitors leaned forward and watched intently, as if expecting a trick. Mac raised his hand and asked for quiet. The woman sitting next to me almost choked. She took him so literally that she waited for an entire orchestral number to be over before she allowed herself to sneeze.

Mac stationed himself in a room right next to the studio. It's as small and hot as a telephone booth, only more so. He sits there listening to the music and voices that come out of the loud speaker, so that he can correct anything that needs to be corrected. Now and then he'd dash into the studio and yell, "Closer to the mike, Jerry," or reassure some distressed and wilting blonde soprano that she's doing great.

He was chuckling over what had happened the week before in that booth. During the summer they sometimes put a fifty pound chunk of ice on the floor to cool off the place.

One Saturday morning, after a series of talks by a fishery company, a man came in with a large basket of bass. He gave one to each of the boys.

"When he gave me mine," said Mac, "I was so terribly busy that I put it on the ice. And when I left for the day I had forgotten all about the darn fish.

"No one was at the studio on Sunday. Monday morning Phil came in. He walked into the booth—temperature about 110—and I give you my word of honor that that husky baby fainted."

Graham McNamee in one of his more serious moments. Possibly announcing the Democratic Convention.

McNAMEE and Carlin cover football games, the World Series, elections, inaugurations, and every other event worth covering.

"Roxy," said Mac, "did I ever tell you the one that happened while I was announcing the Democratic convention? One of our men happened to be in a small Middle West town at the time and wrote me about it.

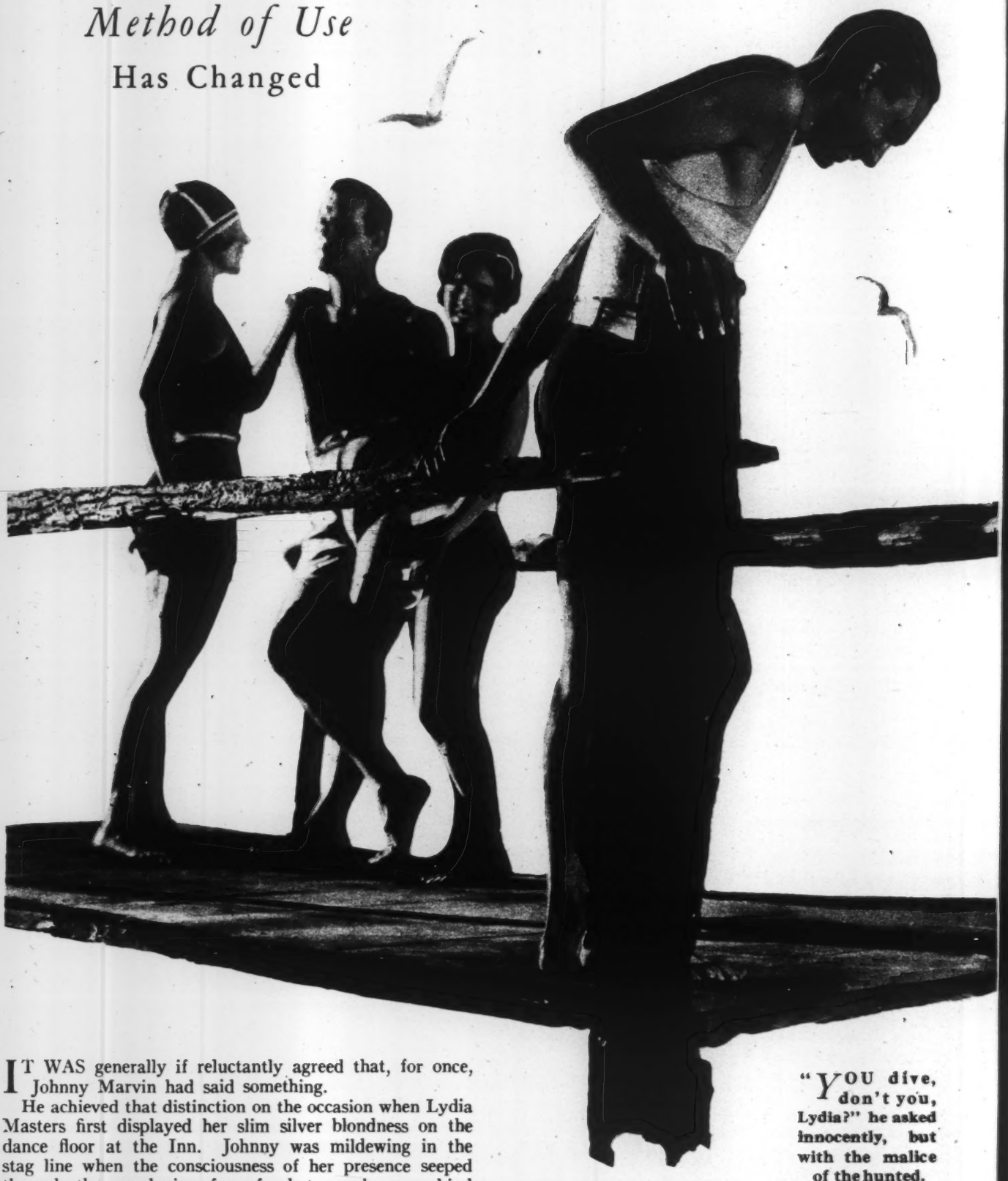
"It seems that they had a loud speaker in front of one of the stores, and the people of the village—a Republican stronghold—gathered around to hear the returns. A Grand Army man, leaning on a cane, stopped casually to listen. I was announcing, 'Alabama gives twenty-four to Underwood.'

"Entirely uninterested, he ambled on. Half an

[*Continued on page 116*]

Love Still Resorts to Potions, but the *Method of Use* Has Changed

How Much



"YOU dive, don't you, Lydia?" he asked innocently, but with the malice of the hunted.

IT WAS generally if reluctantly agreed that, for once, Johnny Marvin had said something.

He achieved that distinction on the occasion when Lydia Masters first displayed her slim silver blondness on the dance floor at the Inn. Johnny was mildewing in the stag line when the consciousness of her presence seeped through the enveloping fog of what people were kind enough to call his Harvard indifference. For a moment he stared, unbelieving, and then his groping fingers found the nearest blue serge sleeve.

"I was sure," he breathed softly in the manner of a young man whose prayer has been answered; "I was entirely sure."

"Of what?"

The question was provoked by the realization that Johnny could be sure of anything. It seemed impossible.

The youth with the certainty did not remove his fascinated gaze from the drifting loveliness that was Lydia. "I was sure," he whispered reverently, "that the Lord had some good reason for Kansas!"

Considering that Lydia admitted residence in Topeka young Mr. Marvin must be credited with a nifty. It was an especially good nifty, for if you did know Lydia you

a GALLON?

By J. Freeman LINCOLN

realized that Kansas had been complimented rather than belittled, and if you didn't know Lydia it told you something about her.

It told you, to drop into the conveniently expressive vernacular of Grayport, that Lydia Masters was something pretty nasty in damsels.

She had almost everything—clothes, money, beauty, charm—and yet escaped the stigma of the halo by the miracle of a single silver eyelash. She was worshiped without reservation by young and old, male and female, dog and caddie; and still none of them accused her of being perfect. The fact that they didn't, was, perhaps, the ultimate testimonial.

Yes, she had her little human frailties, but in Grayport one pointed them out almost with pride, as one might point out a mole on the fair cheek of Venus.

Her inability to swim might have been unworthy of comment in the arid wastes of her native heath, but on the Massachusetts coast, with the blue Atlantic stretching out limitlessly toward Portugal, it provided grounds for indictment. Then, too, gentlemen of the jury, Lydia had her own share of vanity. It was an entirely unobjectionable and jealously concealed vanity, discernible only to such keen observers as her mother, but it was vanity none the less. As such it must be entered, along with her disinclination and ineptness for aquatic activities, on the red ink side of Lydia's ledger.

Such were her deficiencies, all fully set down in one short paragraph, and you must admit that they would give the attorney for the prosecution very slim pickings. Yet it is a matter of record that they rose up in their twofold ~~might~~ and ~~occasioned our~~ young lady more than one unpleasant hour. In fact, they did their efficient darndest to ruin for Lydia what promised to be a perfectly good summer.

Things had started off with a rush, almost on the golden heels of Johnny Marvin's lone rise to brilliance. Of course, Johnny fell in love with her promptly, but not promptly enough to avoid being badly trampled in the panic. Lydia handled the situation well. She administered a general anesthetic to the myriad Harvard boys who graced the Inn's broad verandas and then began on more serious things.

In three weeks she had occasioned six proposals exclusive of those collegiate, twelve amorous sonnets, and two threatened suicides. Bill Farson, proprietor of the local candy emporium, sent a frantic wire to Boston for more five-pound boxes of assorted chocolates. Lydia was quite calm. She was queen in her own little kingdom of Grayport and held court at the Inn from noon till midnight, Sundays included.

Where there is a queen there must be a king and that gets us deftly to our hero. It also gets us to our plot, for Hugh McCord, unimpressed with his part of leading man, calmly supplied the necessary complications by assuming, simultaneously, the rôle of fly-in-the-ointment.

It was a rôle to which he was quite unaccustomed, even though, in this case, he played it with rare finesse. For all the world liked Hugh even as it loved Lydia. What would you? Here was a Yale graduate with a certain humility, a Bones man with a sense of humor, and a mountain climber of a positively goatish dexterity. In fact Grayport, on the subject of Hugh's desirability, presented a unanimous front of approval. There was not a suggestion of dissent.

For several summers prior to the arrival of Lydia, Grayport had been Hugh's personal little principality, and considering that the throne had been usurped while the previous incumbent—all unaware—was extricating himself in leisurely fashion from the trivialities of New York business, almost any one would have cheerfully granted the fallen ruler the right to at least one small snort of disgust. And having so granted, the same person would have been quite unsurprised when Hugh failed to take advantage of the privilege. He was like that.

Of course, Lydia heard of Hugh, and Hugh of Lydia, and each listened to glowing accounts of the other with just the correct amount of enthusiasm. If two mental noses were inclined upward ever so slightly in skepticism, it is no affair of ours. It is a weak worm that won't emit a tiny snarl in defence of his possessions.

To us, with even our sketchy blue-prints of their mental processes, the events which attended the meeting of this Jovian twain are completely comprehensible. To those most closely concerned they were, and still are, shrouded in a distinct and pardonable opacity.

The hour was, drowsily, immediately after lunch, and the place, prosaically, the veranda at the Inn. Hugh was waylaid by some one just as he was about to be presented to Lydia and she could hear every word of the ensuing conversation. It was merely slither-slather and of no importance whatsoever, but it did queer things to her. Maybe it was some overtone in his voice; anyway, she could feel the tingle of the warm blood as it glowed in the lobes of her ears.

Love at first sight is an untarnished weapon still used with great effect by some of our very best romancers, for it speeds up the action, which is commendable, and it obviates the necessity for difficult and delicate exposition, which is invaluable. In this case it is employed with particular ruthlessness because it actually happened.

Lydia and Hugh shook hands, looked into each other's eyes, and were both instantly and irrevocably certain.

To Lydia, still clasping his hand, it seemed as though the whole population of the porch must hear what her brain was shouting: "I love this man, I love this man." And, as if from a great distance, she heard her own voice saying sweetly, "Oh, yes, Mr. McCord, I've heard of you. You're the mountaineer!"

It was the tones not the word. The word, applied to Hugh, was entirely innocuous if not complimentary, but what damage a little tonal variation can do to an innocent aggregation of letters! Some scientist avers that, properly trained, a Scotchman can learn to say "profit" as though the word had unpleasant associations—but that, probably, is exaggeration. It is certain, however, that when Lydia enunciated "mountaineer" she conjured up images of squalid poverty, abysmal ignorance, and shaggy ears.

There was the gage of battle, laid down as insolently as you please by vanity prancing up and down in the subconscious, fearful at the sight of a potential rival.

Lydia was aghast, and numb with the horror of the thing. She was forced to watch the warmth die out of his eyes as he narrowed them ever so slightly, and to endure the torture of his chill, disinterested politeness. Had he retorted in kind it would have been so much easier. But he was merely fatherly. Having been hurt he instinctively chose the most effective method of striking back, and with every phrase Lydia writhed under the ignominy of being verbally patted on the head.

The tragedy of it was that she lost her poise, and the moment she did that her tactics went all to pieces.

She attempted searching repartee in retaliation, but achieved only childish vituperation; and when she tried on the mantle of dignity it changed her, by some sort of black magic, into a sulking little girl. She experienced all the horrors of a nightmare, and fifteen minutes later flung herself on the chaise-longue in her bedroom, shaken by quite un-queenly sobs.

"I hate him," she cried thickly into an inoffensive cretonne pillow. And then, burying her face still more deeply, "I hate him like—like hell!"

Saying it was some satisfaction, and swearing in un-Kansasian fashion was still more, but even at the time she was keenly aware of the enormity of the lie.

The days thereafter weren't exactly easy. Lydia looked at Hugh, and loved him, but her tongue took the nice things her brain meant to say and twisted them into gibes —nasty little gibes. Hugh looked at Lydia, and adored her, but his pride resented gibes, and he was very distant and haughty.

It was really awful, and there was the swimming incident. That nearly ruined everything.

Lydia went swimming once a day even though she couldn't swim. She did it because it was done, and because she knew perfectly well the potency of her appearance in a bathing suit. It did strange things to strong men and Hugh was no exception. Lydia was sitting on the rail of the pier, trying not to look down at the emerald green of the deep water so close beneath her, when Hugh, maddened by the bathing suit, made the remark.

"You dive, don't you, Lydia?" he asked innocently, but with the malice of the hunted.

The blood flamed in her cheeks as though he had slapped her. "Oh, yes, Hugh," she replied sweetly, "I dive beautifully."

Before any one could move she slipped suddenly from the rail and descended with an awe-inspiring splash into fifteen feet of salt water.

Hugh went in after her, and dragged her out spluttering, by the nape of the neck, exactly as though she were a puppy; and when he reached the shallows he picked her up in his arms and carried her to the dry sand. He was angry because he had been frightened.

"You're a darn little fool," he whispered savagely, and at that she bit him fiercely on the arm.

Lydia lay in the sand where he dropped her and sobbed openly and bitterly, for this was humiliation too deep for toleration. "I hate him," she repeated to herself solemnly, and this time she actually thought she meant it.

Hugh's motor-boat gave Lydia her chance for revenge. It was a dingy, gray, antiquated catboat from which the mast had been removed and in which a one-cylinder marine engine had been installed. The [*Continued on page 120*]

Drawing by Arthur Dove

The beak of the *Retch* began to rise and fall with alarming regularity.

Yellow is SO EASY to SOIL

A Borrowed Man, like a Borrowed Hat, Still Belongs to the Other Woman

By ORRIE LASHIN

"O—OH!" she says, looking at herself, "don't I look like a million dollars!"

DEARIE, take it from one who knows, when a girl gets herself a steady boy friend, immediately is none too soon to make her girl friends a sweet but distant memory. Did you say: even her best girl friend? Especially her best G. F.

Now don't go off with the notion that jealousy has anything to do this. Say, the rosy colored glasses my B. F. sees me through protects me from anything the wind might blow around. And besides, the particular G. F. which has learned me the lesson I want to pass along to you was the only girl I knew that wouldn't a' handed me the cup in a beauty contest between us two.

No, dearie. There are other handles besides jealousy with which your girl friend can pump bad blood between you and your sweetie.

Lola—her name was Lil to begin with and it was my suggestion which made it a Broadway label—she was my best friend. Many's the night Lola has stayed at my house, an' kept me awake till morning talkin' about her latest inflammation of the heart and what he said to her; and how she said, "Oh, go on, you're kiddin'!" But she'd get sore at me when I'd say, "Sure, he was kiddin'!"

Of course I done my bit to the rag of conversation, though I had to pull it outa Lola's teeth, she being the kind who thinks chewing the rag is like chewing gum—it should be exclusive.

Well, dearie, when Jim and me begun to go around steady, Lola was still doin' the repertoire stuff, which may be interestin', but as you know, it's the long run that'll get you a ring in the long run. So Jim and me introduced her to Jim's boy friend Martin, and she takes a shine to him right off, though I must say at first he didn't throw any reflection her way. But I talked her up to him and pretty soon Martin comes to see her as often as Jim comes to see me.

Well, we had some swell times together, believe me. But do you think Lola ever kissed the hand that led her to a swell steady like Martin? Not her.

One day we was in Coney Island and went on all the rides, which is nothing new to me or to Lola either except the fellow who takes her every time. Of course it's only natural if you cuddle up to your friend for protection, as on some of them rides it's dark, and others, when they take a sudden drop, your heart does, too, and it's only human to hold on to some one. All the rides where Martin and Lola was in the back of us, Lola screeched and giggled and whispered: "Don't . . . Stop! Martin!"

Well, I don't need to tell you . . . Anyway when we got off Lola's all shiny-eyed and fixing her hair, and I says to her:

"Lola," I says, "ain't you lucky to have Martin for a steady!"

"Yeah," she says, "ain't he crazy about me?"

Not a word of thanks to me, and the way I played her up to him! But still and all I was glad I done it, as I was her friend and would 'a' done anything for her. And ain't that the way with friends? You'll do anything for them and they'll do anything to you.

Me and Lola worked in the same office together. You know how it is in office buildings around Wall Street; there are a lot of mislaid sheiks from all avenues of life. Now some girls have to get burnt or else how'll the others know it's hot stuff? That's Lola. She must light the match and see it burn from one end to the other. Jim's the jim-dandy for me and I ain't interested to find out about other dandies, if they're fake or genuine. But Lola, even after she's going steady with Martin, is riskin' eye-strain by rollin' them blue orbits in any direction there's a man.

One day I see her in the elevator real chummy with a fellow what's a dead give-away for the villain in "The Kind of a Man Girls Regret". He wears spats, a cane, a stuck-up mustache which has ends like needles, a bow tie, a flower in his button-hole and everything. Later, Lola tells me that he's got a suit of offices on the tenth floor, and that he told her "there's something about her."

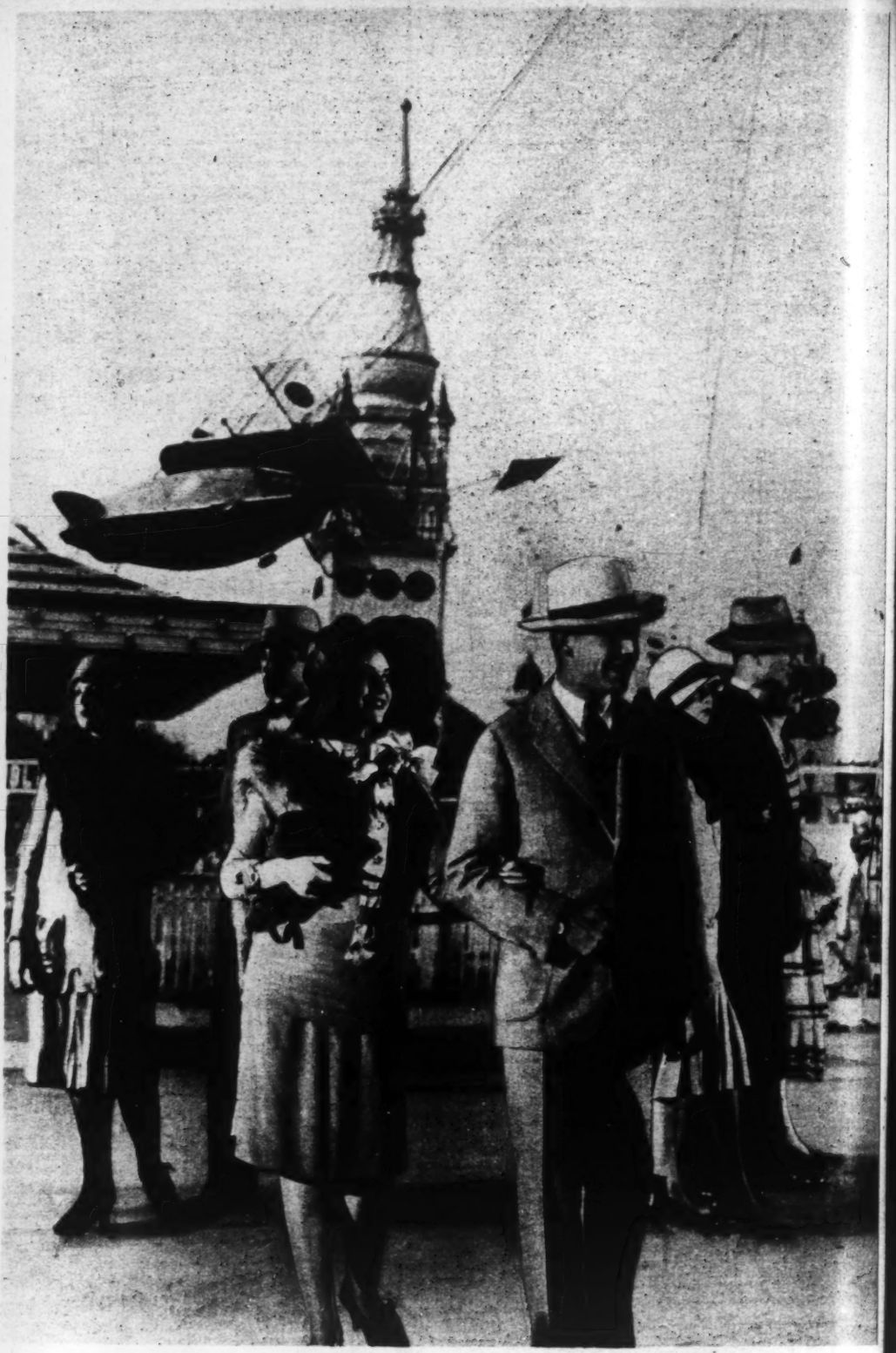
"Did he tell you what but?" I says sarcastic.

"No—just something he likes," she says, dreamy.

"Lola," I says solemn, "if there's something about you he likes he'll get it. And let us hope it is only your goat. Because," I says, "he's the kind of a man who'll take a girl like a flower, and then throw her away crushed."

But Lola, the smart Alexandra, only give the merry blah-ha to my few but impressive words.

"All right," I says, "but remember I warned you," I says, "and that Martin has got a jealous disposition. Also," I says, "a fling with him ain't worth a ring from Martin."



One day we went to Coney—which is nothing new to me, or to

That hit the home plate. She grows very sweet and says: "Oh now, May," she says, "no fellow's putting anything over on me. I'm on to their tricks, and I'm holding on to Martin, don't you worry. I like Martin," she says, "but a lunch with this fellow can't come to nothing."

Drawings by L. Townsend

"Lunches lead to suppers," I says, "and suppers lead to trouble."

Well, I can't put the brakes on Lola. She kep' going to lunches with this fellow Mr. Thomas, and telling me how so far from his getting her goat, she was getting his.

"May," she says to me, "he's dead gone on me. I never knew I could inspire a man. That's what he said, May. I inspire him. And he wants to take me out some evening."

"He don't want to take you out, Lola," I says, "he wants to take you in."

"No," she says, kind of warm. "You don't know him. He's a perfect gentleman. He's wild about me; he told me so. And dearie," she says, "he's got loads of money. Oh, May," she says, her eyes shining, "just think if I can

Lola either, except the fellow who takes her every time.

really make him! Aw!" She even rolls her eyes at me!

"He'll make you," I says sharp and final. "What does a man like him want with a girl like you?"

"Aw, don't be a crepe hanger," she says. "I bet if I wanted I could get him to marry me. What's wrong with me?" she says, getting all excited. "Lots of rich men marry working girls."

"Well," I says slow and impressive, "in the first place how do you know he ain't hitched already?"

"Oh, my no!" she says positive and sure. "He don't act like it."

Beat that will you?

I SAW the cutest hat on Broadway near Times Square. I had to get it. It was a golden yellow one and it's the cat's! When I brought it home, my ma looked kinda worried. My married brother Henry just gave one long whistle and said: "You won't need much besides to make men leave their home, kid," he said. My sister Edna who wants to be a grand operator and don't care much about clothes herself said, yeah, it was chick. And I saw a look in Pa's eyes before he rattled his newspaper and said:

"Fifteen berries! You can buy a half a dozen hats for that!" Which maybe he could but not me. And anyway I'd seen the look in his eyes.

That's the kind of a hat it was. And though it cost me a half a week's salary, you don't buy hats like that often. When a girl's got a steady she's got to dress nice and going without lunches is good for the figure anyway.

Well, first thing, when Lola lamps the hat she wants to try it on. Without asking even to see how it looks on me she says:

"You're too dark for that color," she says. "But I bet I look swell in that hat."

I don't say anything and she asks me again can she try it on.

"All right," I says, "but be careful please. Yellow's so easy to soil."

"Oh," she says impatient, "I won't hurt your old hat!"

And she tries it on.

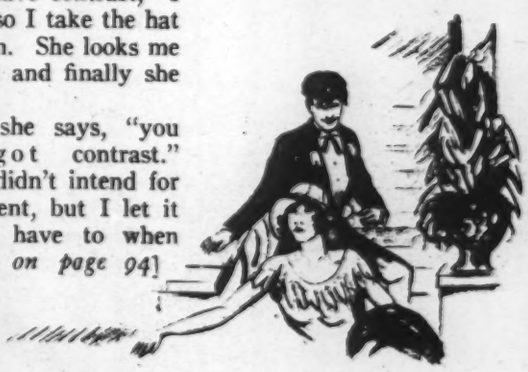
"O—oh!" she says, looking at herself in the mirror. "Don't I look like a million dollars!"

Well, I'll say for her that though she wasn't exactly a sight for sore eyes, she wasn't a sight to make eyes sore either. But I leave it to you if golden yellow next to an honest-to-goodness brunette can't make a touchdown against a touched-up blonde.

"Well, yeah, it looks good on you, Lola," I says, giving her her due, "though a person couldn't tell where the hat ended and your hair begun. You gotta have contrast," I says. And so I take the hat and try it on. She looks me over critical and finally she says:

"Yeah," she says, "you certainly got contrast." Which she didn't intend for no compliment, but I let it pass. You have to when

[*Continued on page 94*]



For SALE

By

The Most Thankless TASK *in the* World is Trying to Hold a MAN *Against* His WILL

BARBARA'S brown eyes danced merrily, and the becoming flush mounted higher on her smooth cheeks as she looked about the brightly lighted supper-club whose guests were becoming more than a little hilarious as the hours grew small. Barbara beamed frankly, conscious that her one evening frock, for which she had been saving a whole year, and which was a straight sheath of gold cloth that wrapped her lithe, girlish body in suave folds, was as smart as the gown of any woman in the place. She held her sleek, black-satin head higher, and her eyes, as she smiled across at her handsome young husband, twinkled with sunny lights.

Dick had turned half round in his chair to watch Moss and Fontana do their celebrated tango, giving his wife a chance to study his well-bred, nice-featured face topped by thick blond hair that would break into a rippling wave as soon as he was an hour away from the stiff brushes he plied so rigorously.

Barbara retained enough common sense to laugh inwardly at herself as she thrilled to the sight of Dick's good looks. Married five years—this "spree" and the new frock were in celebration of their anniversary—and still insanely in love with her husband!

At the moment a passing couple stopped and looked down at them, the man hailing Dick with great enthusiasm. There was the business of introductions; Barbara was given to understand that the newcomers were Mrs. Stacy—Lydia Stacy—and Allan Winthrop. More chairs were brought and the four of them sat and chatted until the exhibition dancers bowed themselves off the floor and the dancing became general. Then Winthrop rose and offered his arm to Barbara, who was whisked away smiling—but not before she caught a black look on her husband's face, and thrilled again. Dick was jealous—the darling! After being married five years!

Barbara was feminine enough, despite her adoration of Dick, to flirt just a little with Allan. But when she came back to the table Dick's miserable face made her a bit remorseful. He did look so woebegone—dear silly! So when he suggested home she agreed promptly, said good night to the other two, and allowed Dick to tuck her into a taxi.

He sat beside her in glowering silence until she snuggled close, her lips against his cheek murmuring soft foolishness:

"And was him jealous, the darling? Didn't like other men to think his wife was nice—not just an old married lady!"

Dick caught her close in his arms, holding her hard against him.

"Damn it, I won't have you flirting round with other fellows—you're mine—do you hear? And the next time I catch you at it—I'll—I'll—well, I'll lock you up some place and beat you!" he told her sternly.

Barbara cooed with delight at the threat and snuggled closer as Dick buried his lips in the white curve of her throat. He did make love so deliciously!

That had been in August. And now it was November, and Barbara was face to face with the biggest blow of her short life. Dick was untrue to her. She clung, sobbing, to the window drapes, looking with blind, unseeing eyes down into the street, while she tried to force herself to realize the hideous fact.

Her Dick, the man she adored with all her heart; the man with whom she had eloped at the ripe age of eighteen, a step which she had never regretted. They had been so happy, she and Dick. There had been very little money to begin on; there was very little still. The small, pretty apartment, the appetizing meals for two, the occasional new dress for Barbara or suit for Dick—all were due to the careful management, the rigid "budgeting" of a girl who had been brought up to fling money to the four winds, if the flinging gave her pleasure.

Every step of the way they had climbed together; and now Dick was modestly successful, with really big things just around the corner. They had planned, jubilantly, to spend next summer in the country—within commuting distance for Dick—where Barbara could have a garden and flowers, and real neighbors were not unheard of. They even had dreamed of being able to buy a little house somewhere next autumn. Dear, intimate plans; and now—Dick was being won away from her by Lydia Stacy!

She remembered that night in August when she had met Lydia for the first time; the night she had innocently flirted with Allan Winthrop just to tease Dick, and had been so remorseful about it. Lydia, an exquisite white-

PEGGY GADDIS

—One HUSBAND

and-gold-and-blue blonde; a young widow with an ample fortune and no domestic ties.

Forlornly Barbara studied herself in the mirror, comparing her bobbed black hair, sunny brown eyes and olive skin with the creamy beauty of Lydia, whose eyes were like Italian skies and whose skin was like an apple blossom for texture—so delicately and skilfully made up that at a first glance it was not at all evident that it *was* made up. And she had hair like spun gold—this other girl—fluffy, fine hair that set off her dainty features and small beautifully poised head. And clothes—last night she had worn white chiffon crystal-beaded, and a corsage of orchids. Dick's orchids. Barbara flung out her hands in a little futile gesture as she recalled the many parties Dick had dragged her to since that night in August, always in the same gold dress. And always Lydia was there, beautifully gowned, perfectly groomed with those expensively elusive touches whose lack, as every woman knows, all the cunning in the world cannot supply.

But what use torturing herself with the memory of the woman who had supplanted her with Dick? It had scarcely needed his half sullen, half shamed admission after the dance last night of his interest in Lydia to convince Barbara that the end had come for her own dreams and plans. What chance had she, a drab, cheerfully poor, little housewife to compete with a woman who had all the arts and wiles, as well as money, to enhance her charms?

Barbara looked at the clock. Seven-thirty. Dick would be sitting down to dinner with the lovely Lydia, in that young woman's smart Park Avenue apartment. There would be delicious viands cooked by a French chef, served by an impeccable English butler. It was not the first time lately that the widowed Lydia had summoned Dick to "talk over and advise her concerning an important business matter." Business. Huh!

Barbara looked at the dinner she had planned for Dick: broiled steak, potatoes cooked the way he liked them, piping-hot biscuits and home-made blackberry jam! And she was dissolved in tears!

However, she was a modern young person, not particularly given to sitting and weeping while another woman took her man. It was about eight o'clock when the idea struck her full between the eyes, and for a long ten minutes she sat wrapped in thought, slender silk-clad legs curled up beneath her, elbow on knee, and her chin in her hand. Gradually the tearful brown eyes brightened, and a hint of an impish smile touched the corners of the wistful, cherry-red mouth. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, doing a sort of whirling-dervish dance of delight.

"It *might* work—it's *got* to work," she cried aloud.

IT TOOK a full moment for Lydia and Dick to grasp Barbara's astounding proposition. Then, "What!" shouted Dick furiously.

She dashed into her bedroom and flung open the door of the clothes closet. For a moment, her lower lip caught between the thumb and finger of her right hand, she viewed the closet's meager contents with serious intent. At last she chose a street suit of severe cut, dragged a little scarlet felt hat well down over her straight dark brows, that gave her an indescribably jaunty air. A scarf of scarlet to match the hat, a little crêpe de Chine handkerchief of the same shade in the breast pocket of the coat, and she looked at herself in the mirror with frowning eyes of concentration. She hesitated a moment over a tiny box of rouge with its tinier puff, and then thrust it away.

"Nope, no rouge! I'll walk up, and in this wind I'll have a darn sight better color than the fair Lydia," she told herself decidedly. "And Lydia looks artificial even under a careful light!"

LYDIA STACY'S drawing room was an alluring place with its open fire, its carefully chosen pictures, piano scattered with music, and bowls of fragrant flowers. And Lydia in a charming frock of soft, delicate lace that draped her lovely figure intriguingly, the bright gold of her hair in vivid relief against the velvet pillow of the big divan where she sat, was a bit of [*Continued on page 129*]

The $125,000 MARRIAGE LICENSE

She Found that

She came on deck at quarantine with the ship's officers holding back

"GOD help her husband," said the wise ones when Annette Ordway married. Not merely because of the recent Plummer case, from which she had emerged with little cash and less credit. That was no fatal setback to a lady who was not only a beauty and a celebrity, but a personality with the double distinction of the best voice in light opera and the best figure in grand opera. But, said the wise ones, she was hard and pitiless and ungrateful; she had kicked down every ladder that had ever helped her rise. Her new husband looked like another ladder; so, God help him.

Thus the wise ones, who thought they knew. But those who really knew—Annette herself, and Dick Chase, and Max Minsker, yes, and John Stavropoulos—seemed to think it would be a successful marriage, whether they liked it or not. Oh, yes; Annette liked it . . .

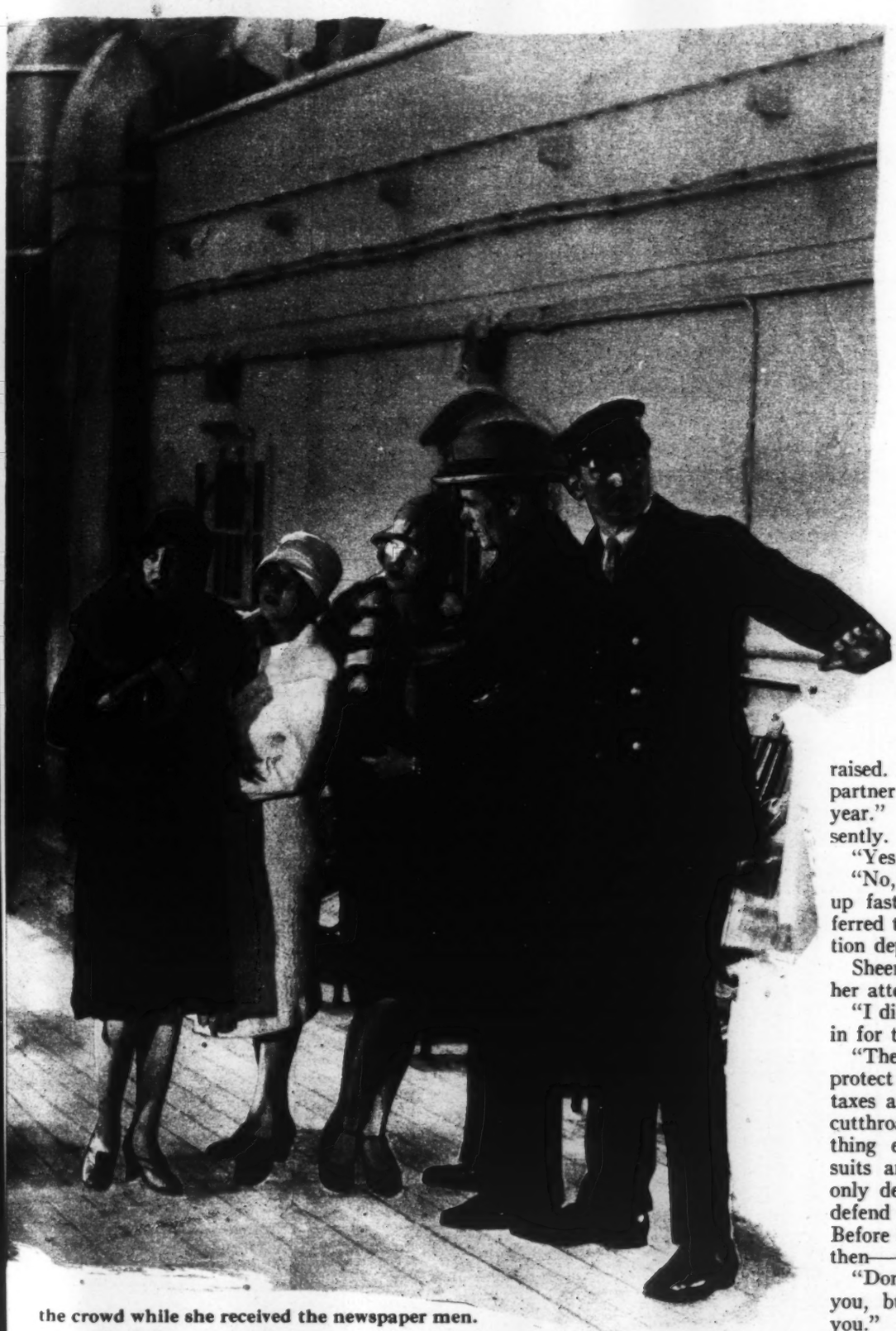
EVERYBODY remembers how Annette came back from Paris in noisy triumph—like the A. E. F.—with a sable coat and a French car, three maids, a chauffeur, and a registered and pedigreed countess as chaperone. But only one man knew of the drizzly November morning four years earlier when she had set out for Paris, furtively and silently, with small hope of triumph—which, come to think of it, was also like the A. E. F.

"Furtively" is too strong; it implies trying to escape notice. When Annette went to Paris there was no notice to escape. Nobody in New York cared whether she went to Paris or back home to Des Moines; nobody but Dick Chase. He strolled on deck with her in that last hour before her liner left, a cheap one-class liner, and told her over and over that she was a fool to go to Paris with only a hundred dollars and no introductions that counted for anything—and then fell silent as he saw she wasn't listening.

Her face was rosy above the draggled fur collar of her cloth coat, for her matchless natural complexion was nature's gift to one woman in a million. But her eyes were cold and distant, she was morose and self-absorbed as she had been last summer.

Last summer they had dined together, cheaply but sufficiently, almost every night. She had admitted since that she would have starved to death last summer but for the dinners Dick bought her; she had been reduced to a breakfast of coffee, and no lunch at all. Dick also had breakfasted on coffee and gone without lunch in order to buy the dinners, but naturally he never told her that. She might have guessed it if she had ever thought about his

the Highest Priced Love was the Dearest



the crowd while she received the newspaper men.

By
ELMER DAVIS

Author of "The Friends of Mr. Sweeney," "Times Have Changed," etc.

side of the case, but she never thought about anybody but Annette. Whatever he gave her, at whatever cost, she took with the serene thankless egotism of the self-conscious artist.

And now she was sinking windfall money in her trip to Paris.

"For the last time, Annette, don't try this crazy adventure."

"What else is there to do? Stay here and look for a job in the chorus?"

"No. B—but—if you'd marry me you could go right on with your studies."

"On your hundred a month?"

"I'm getting two hundred now. Just raised. And some day I'll be a partner at thirty thousand a year." She laughed at him absently.

"Yes, when I'm forty-eight."

"No," he assured her, "I'll go up fast now. I've been transferred to the divorce and alienation department."

Sheer surprise brought back her attention.

"I didn't know your firm went in for that."

"The business of our firm is to protect money—against income taxes and confiscatory laws and cutthroat competition and everything else, including alienation suits and alimony claims. We only defend suits, but when we defend them it means big money. Before long I'll be getting it, and then——"

"Don't be silly, Dick. I like you, but I'm not crazy about you."

He faced her, driven to utter desperation by her cold-blooded attitude, her aloofness.

"You'll never be crazy about anybody but yourself. I—I don't expect that. I'd be willing to do without it . . . But you've got to live. You're too proud to go into the chorus; you flat on the high notes and you're too stubborn to let any singing teacher show you how to keep on pitch——"

Compelled to notice him, she hated him.

"So you want me to marry you for a meal ticket? That's attractive!"

"You may find yourself doing worse for a meal ticket

in Paris." The hateful words were said without thought.

"If I have to," she told him with an icy laugh. He shivered.

"You might do it," he admitted. "You're hard. No sentiment——"

She regarded his pale thin face, his bright but rather vague eyes. Yes, she was hard; and he was soft. A nice boy, but too soft for her . . . And it didn't occur to her that what she took for signs of softness really came from undernourishment . . . Below them, a clanging bell went up and down the ship.

"There's no time for sentiment when you're going somewhere," she said. "Come, Dick, you must go. You've been nice and I'll miss you. Good-bye."

He kissed her, as she had intended; and held her, as she had not intended.

"I'm glad we don't part quarreling, anyway," he said huskily. "When I think how happy I was last summer——"

But Annette's eyes were already seeing Paris.

"Last summer?" she said absently. "I've forgotten. Where were you last summer?"

He saw that it wasn't a deliberate stab; in her eyes he wasn't worth that. She really had forgotten.

So he never answered her first perfunctory letter, and never got a second. If he cared he didn't show it; he too was growing hard.

IT WAS roses, roses all the way, when Annette came back four years later; or rather it would have been roses all the way if she hadn't locked herself in the presidential suite on the Leviathan, with her countess and her three maids, like a foreign statesman coming over to fund a debt.

To that suite no one had access but Max Minsker, her manager. Nightly Max Minsker's clipped gray hair and thick spectacles were on display at the captain's table, and from the aristocracy who there dined with him the news radiated through the whole first cabin that Miss Ordway was in seclusion, trying to decide whether to sign up with the Metropolitan Opera or the Follies. Which was the truth, but not the whole truth. That was only one of Miss Ordway's worries, and the smallest.

Drawing by Russell Patterson

ANNETTE came back from Europe in noisy triumph, like the A. E. F.

But she came out on deck at quarantine, with the ship's officers, themselves, forming fire lines to hold back the curious crowd of fellow passengers while she received the newspapermen. First the camera men, a dozen of them; then ship news reporters, music critics, Sunday feature writers, the glory girls who have replaced the sob sisters of old; theatrical managers in person and proxy, singing teachers who had told her she could never sing and now wanted her to say that they alone had taught her; and agents for facial creams, perfumes, tooth-pastes, toilet soaps, corsets, and reducing girdles, waving their checkbooks and begging the owner of the Most Perfect Complexion in Paris and the Most Perfect Figure in Paris to sign on the dotted lines which, if laid end to end, would have stretched all the way from the Champs Elysées back to Des Moines.

Her lovely proud face with the perfect complexion peeped from the collar of her sable cloak, and a score of women murmured, "Oh, isn't she a darling!" while she answered questions as follows:

"Yes indeed, it's great to be home . . . I love Paris, but New York will always be home to me . . . No, I am not engaged to the Duke of Caerleon . . . No, I have signed no contracts, and shall sign none without the approval of my friend and manager Mr. Minsker . . . The only singing teacher who ever did me any good was Osberti of Paris. I think American women are the most charming in the world . . . No, I never danced with the Prince of Wales . . . I attribute my success solely to hard work and the principles I learned at my mother's knee . . . What were they? Oh, dear—don't ask for particulars . . . Corsets? You want me to endorse a make of corsets? What are corsets? . . . Yes, even in four years the sky-line has changed unbelievably . . . No, I am not engaged to Charles K. Plummer, whoever he may be. I never heard of the man——"

At last she was through with it, past the customs and rolling uptown in her own car, the countess beside her and Max Minsker facing them, while a platoon of motor-cycle police cleared their way to the Plaza.

"Ziegfeld at lunch," said Minsker, "Gatti-Casazza at tea. Don't promise either anything. In between you see the agent for Lolita Facial Cream at three, Des Noisettes Perfumes at three-thirty, and Slim-Thin Corsets at four. I think they'll pay higher than any of the others."

"What would I do without you, Max? But I got away with the interview pretty well, didn't I?"

Minsker looked at her with mingled admiration and disgust, as a coach might look at a beefy moron who wants to play quarter-back.

"Some of it was good, but you certainly pulled a boner about Plummer."

"A boner?" Her brows knit. "Oh! You mean a—a *gaffe?*"

"Now listen!" he exploded. "Hand that stuff to the public, they eat it up. But if you start eating it up yourself, you're done."

"I still catch myself thinking in French," she apologized.

"I wish you could think in any language, including the Scandinavian. You know what a boner is and you know you pulled one when you said you never heard of Plummer. Too many people know better. And if that woman sues you——"

"But I didn't know he was married for ever so long!"

"Everybody else knew it."

"But she can't accuse me——"

"Who cares what she accuses you of? That's publicity—you need it. But if she tries to shake you down that's money. You need that too."

"Maybe she isn't going to sue," said Annette

SOMETHING seemed to be happening to Dick; something always happened to anybody at whom she looked like that.

hopefully. "Goodness knows I have worries enough without that. Look at this radiogram that was waiting for me at the dock."

He read:

Annette Ordway, S. S. Leviathan, New York
Taking next boat you must marry me no refusal tolerated
JOHN STAVROPOULOS

"He's wild enough to mean it, too," she observed.

"Then you'd better marry him," Minsker advised. "You haven't got brains enough to be running around alone with only a manager."

"What a pity you're married already," she sighed.

Minsker emitted a sound which might, by courtesy, be taken as expressing regret; but which Annette and the countess knew perfectly well meant satisfaction. His wife was chairman of the managing committee of the Beth Israel Home; he was proud of her.

"But Stavropoulos—" Annette protested laughing lightly, her hands outspread. "He's so—oily."

"In more ways than one. He's got money and you may need it."

"I don't believe she'll sue," said Annette firmly.

The countess said nothing, which was what she was paid to say.

But as Annette went up the steps of the Plaza a man dodged between two of the policemen who were holding back the crowd and thrust a paper into her hands. Scornfully she let it drop, but Max Minsker was used to picking up after her. And presently, in her suite, she was reading a summons in the suit of Ellen Rackhoff Plummer, who accused her of alienating the affections of Charles Kenneth Plummer, and asked for damages, punitive and exemplary, in the sum of *one million dollars.*

And at this trumpet blast the wall fell down, the façade of the singing actress that had been four years in building. As she looked at the paper Annette felt like the little girl who had learned at her mother's knee that no Good Woman ever falls in love with a married man. She also experienced the same sinking sensation she had felt when as a penniless student pacing the Boulevard Montparnasse with the rent due and three paper francs in her pocket, she had met Charlie Plummer for the first time.

Minsker saved the situation, as usual.

"A million? She's crazy! Stop worrying, Annette. Ten to one it will never come to trial—at worst we can buy her off cheap. Let's not think about it—lawyers are paid to think. I'll call up Nathanson . . ."

"Max!" Her voice broke. "I want a lawyer I know . . . I want Dick Chase."

"In a million-dollar suit I want a lawyer I know! Who's Dick Chase?"

"He defends alienation suits for Carroway, Brannigan, Wilson & Hale."

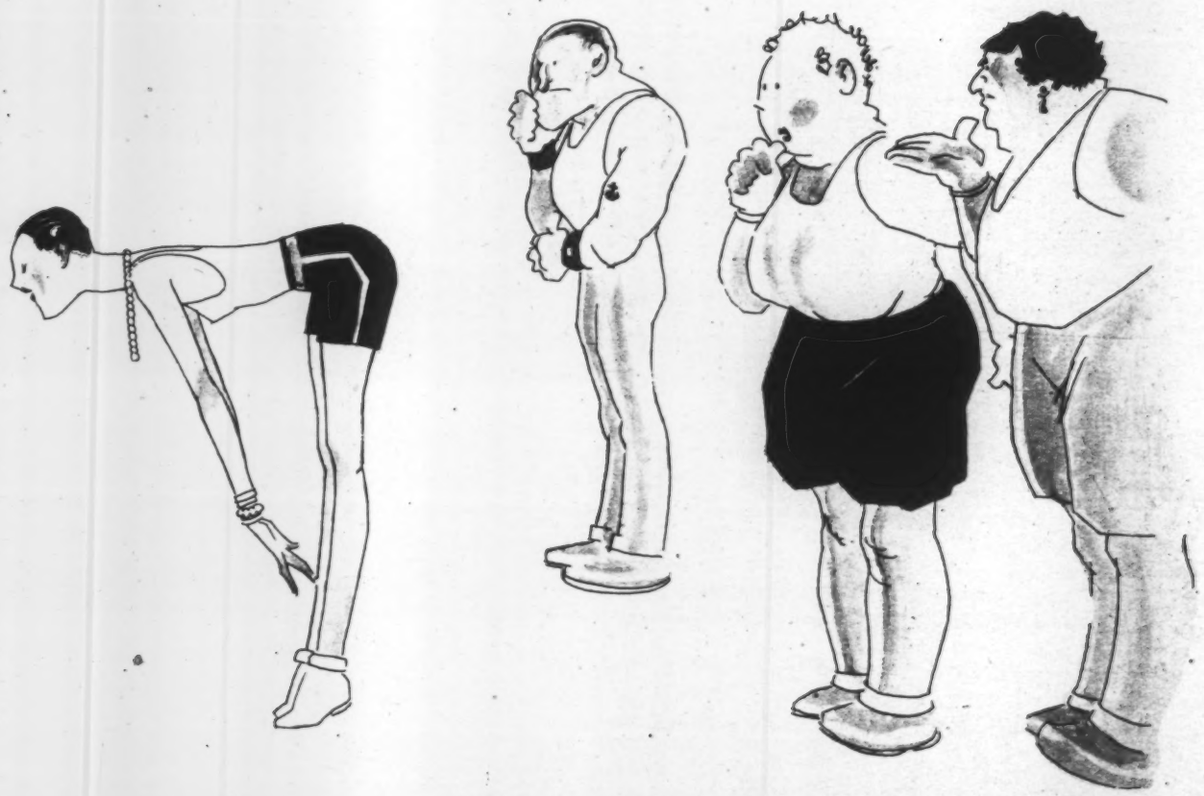
"Oh! That's different. We'll see him as quick as we can—even if Ziegfeld has to wait."

The firm of Carroway, Brannigan, Wilson & Hale occupying three floors of a [*Continued on page 116*]

You Can't Keep

THAT McCLURE GIRL is No College Grad but She was *Born* with PHYSICAL CULTURE

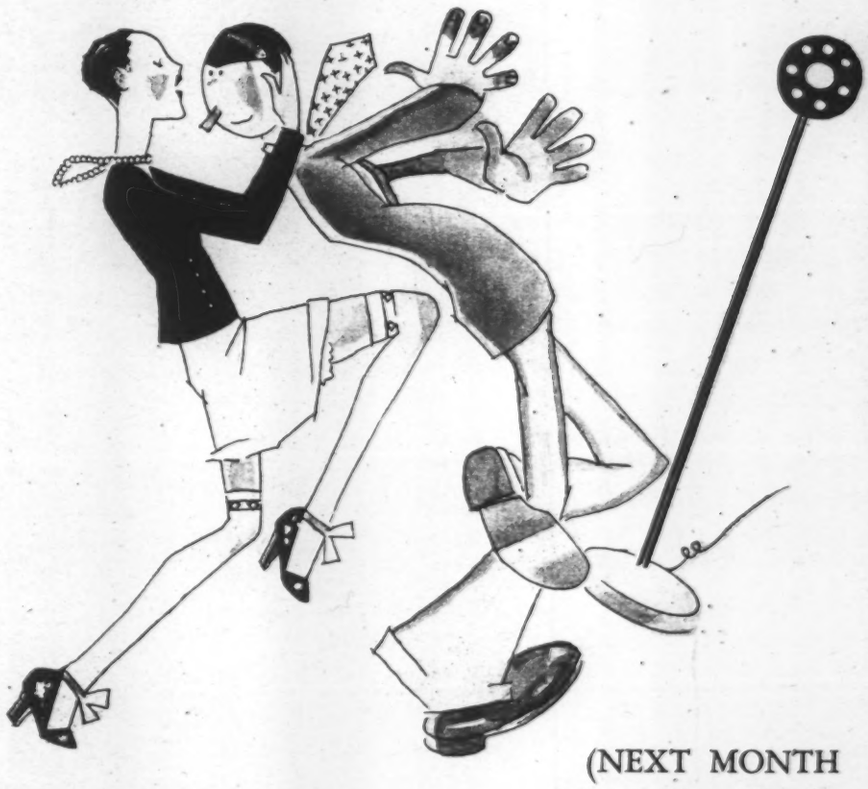
1. *With her taste for sports whetted by golf, tennis, and yachting, Patsy, who has been fired from all her theatrical connections, applies for work at a women's health institute. Her — shall we say — personality knocks the "Doctor"—who used to be a prize-fighter in the Bavarian navy — for a row of punching bags. She gets a job as assistant.*



2. *Here we have Patsy at the head of a class of women whose looks would stop your grandfather's bravest clock. So divine is the kid's form in her little gym suit that there's jealous mutiny among the ranks of the pupils—and the "Doctor," with a Bavarian sigh of regret, has to let her out.*

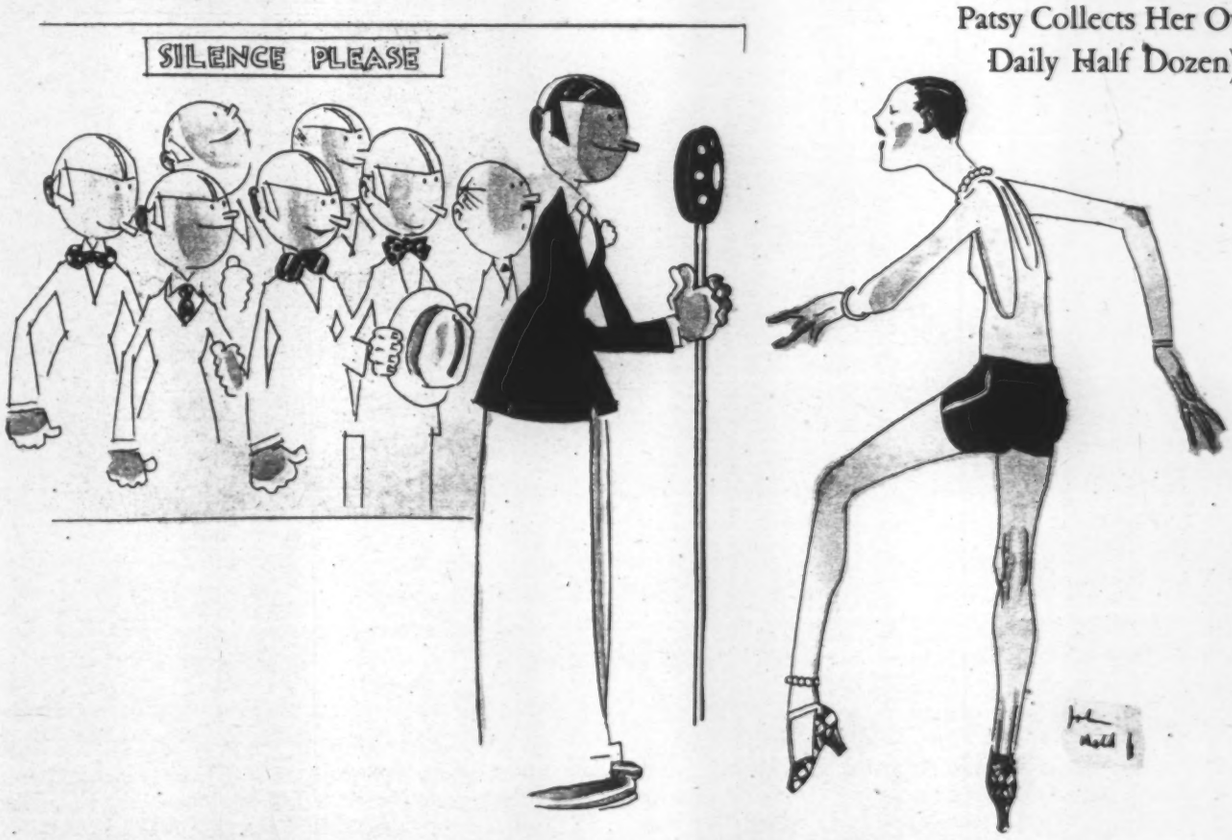
a Good Dimple Down!

By JOHN HELD, Jr.



3. *Jobless again, Patsy applies at a radio broadcasting station as teacher of the early morning physical exercises. She pulls a lot of Swedish jiu-jitsu on the program director. He mistakes it for affection and decides that life will lose all interest for him if she doesn't lead the listeners-in on WOOF in their daily dozen.*

(NEXT MONTH
Patsy Collects Her Own
Daily Half Dozen)



4. *To his delight, when Patsy shows up for her act, she is wearing her gym suit. Of course this doesn't get the radio fans any place until the boys around the broadcasting station all begin to arrive at 7 A. M. for exercises. Then the word buzzes forth about the dimple in Patsy's left knee and all. After that, the WOOF-ers begin to take a personal interest in their station. And WOOF is so overrun with visiting listeners-in that it becomes necessary to call out the reserves. Which only shows that you can't keep a good dimple down.*

By

SUSAN ERTZ

Author of the Popular Novel, "AFTER NOON"

THE room was in wild disorder, the bedclothes clawed off the bed, chairs broken and overturned. And against the wall lay a limp form.

FACE to FACE

WHEN Vincent Portal received his niece's letter he was amused at its simplicity and trustfulness. Although she must be twenty-three she wrote like a child who had never had a rebuff. He answered it at once and told her he would be delighted to have her, and that he would expect her on the eighteenth.

On the sixteenth he wrote again and said he was very sorry to disappoint her, but as he was unused to women about the house, he was afraid, on second thought, the experiment would be unsuccessful.

Then to his chagrin a wire came from her that evening to say she was leaving a day earlier and would arrive on the seventeenth. He thought of sending a wire to stop her, but realized she was already on her way. The little surprise he had prepared for her had missed fire. His sense of humor had baited the trap and he had fallen into it himself. Well, let her come then.

She came, on the seventeenth of November, as wet and bleak a morning as London could produce. The house, an old one, was in Westminster, not five minutes walk from Big Ben, and as she drove up to the door in a taxi the air was quivering and humming with the eleven deep sonorous notes that were being released from the clock tower. Alighting on the pavement as the last of the strokes sounded, she felt there was something dramatic about her arrival; it was as though the curtain were being rung up on a new scene in a play that fate had written for her. Let it be comedy, she thought. She had had enough of tragedy.

A butler opened the door and said that Mr. Portal was sorry he could not be there to receive her, as he was obliged to be at his office, but that he looked forward to

He Baited the Trap for an Unsuspecting Girl, and then Fell into it Himself

seeing her at a little after six that evening. Anna was relieved. She wanted time to settle herself in her room and to write a letter to Dennis Craig, her fiancé, who was a young doctor at the Middlesex Hospital.

The house, though admirable as a house, was gloomy and unlovely inside, the colors drab, the carpets ugly, the pictures numerous and undesirable. She tried to imagine, as she went up the stairs, what the man who surrounded himself with such unbeautiful things was like, for she had not seen her uncle since she was a child. He had been considered a promising but peculiar young man, and certainly, thanks to the money her grandfather had so unfairly left to him, he had done well. He had always been a man of very uncertain temper, difficult to get on with, and she knew her father had disliked him, though he had refrained from saying so. But she was of such a calm and even temper herself that she felt certain she could get on with anybody, and her determination to come to London had led her to propose herself to him while she looked for a secretarial job. His letter had surprised her by its cordial tone.

Her room was on the third floor at the back of the house, but she had a pleasant view from her windows of roofs and a small garden or two.

When she had unpacked, she inspected the living rooms. The library was the best room, for there were plenty of books, and deep leather chairs in which to read them. She spent the afternoon there reading and sewing.

Vincent Portal left the office at six and walked home. He was a civil servant in the Treasury, and his work and his home were conveniently near together. He was conscious of a feeling of irritation traced, easily enough, to the fact that his niece was now installed in his house, and that he had brought this calamity upon himself. His first letter to her was merely the prelude to the sort of jest he was fond of perpetrating. To have done an unselfish thing, even unintentionally, irked him. He had not had, he thanked heaven, the smallest kindly impulse toward her. Those kindly impulses which so disgusted him, and which were, in his opinion, mere weaknesses, rarely came to him nowadays. Little by little, painstakingly, and after years of effort he had succeeded in eradicating from his nature every warm and human instinct, thus achieving an absolute freedom that he believed few men possessed.

To her horror her eyes caught her own name and the word "lunacy."

As he approached the house he noticed the blind of one of the library windows had not been drawn down all the way and that a light from it slanted out into the night. It was a quiet street, a *cul-de-sac*, and there was no one about. Obeying one of those other impulses to which he was becoming increasingly subject, he looked in, under the blind. He saw what he had hoped to see, the figure of his niece sitting by the fire. It gave him pleasure to scrutinize the unconscious girl in this way. She was plainly dressed, and not particularly pretty, though she possessed a certain fresh and vigorous charm. She kept looking at the clock, and from the expression of her face he judged her to be listening. Nervous? Excellent. He would give her something to be nervous about.

He opened the front door quietly with his latch-key and closed it without a sound. Noiselessly he took off his hat and coat and as noiselessly crossed the carpeted hall to the door of the library. With a quick twist of the knob he flung it open and entered. Her little scream of alarm compensated him for his trouble. He turned a pleasantly smiling face toward her.

"My dear Anna, how delightful to see you! I'm afraid I frightened you. I thought you would surely have heard me come in."

She composed herself with creditable quickness and held out her hand.

"You did frighten me, Uncle Vincent. I was just thinking how still the house was when crash!—the door opened. Well, here I am."

"You had a good journey, I hope?"

"Oh, yes. It's wonderful to be in London, and I can't tell you how grateful I am. I hope you didn't think I was forward in suggesting myself, but you would have said so, wouldn't you, if you hadn't wanted me?"

"Most certainly I would. The pleasure is mine, my dear. Surely I could do no less for my only brother's only child." He added: "I hope you won't find it dull. I'm afraid I can't offer you any gaieties."

"Gaieties?" she smiled a little sadly. "I don't want gaieties. I want work. Besides," she said, looking at him with frank brown eyes, "I'm engaged to a young doctor at the Middlesex Hospital. His name is Dennis Craig. If I can see him

Drawing by Arthur Litle

Wrapping the folds of his dressing gown about him, Vincent Portal mounted the stairs like a ghost.

from time to time I assure you I shall be perfectly happy."

"Engaged?" He was clearly surprised. "Then you mean to leave me almost at once?"

She shook her head.

"We can't afford to marry yet."

"Ah, I see. Well, let's have a look at him."

Her face brightened.

"Oh, then may he come tomorrow evening? I do want you to meet him so much."

"Certainly. Ask him to dinner—eight o'clock. I never entertain, so I shan't ask any one else."

Anna said it would be far nicer with just themselves, and later as she dressed for dinner she thought:

"How extraordinary to find him so kind and agreeable! He's quite different from what I expected. So far he's easy enough to get on with. I must write to Dennis tonight."

DENNIS CRAIG was an intelligent young man with a passion for his work, and an alert and critical mind. He had spent one interesting and profitable holiday in Vienna where he had managed to absorb, in two months, as much of the theory of psychoanalysis as he felt would be useful to him in his profession. He was deeply interested in abnormalities and quick to appreciate normality. The delightful normality of Anna Portal enchanted him. She was a strong, well-rounded character, full of the love of life and the love of such a love as she and Dennis felt for one another. He had known her since she was a child and he had never thought of marrying any one else.

Her scribbled note to him the next day was a pleasant surprise, for he had had his doubts about the success of this visit.

"He couldn't be nicer," Anna wrote, "and he wants you to dine, so come at eight, punctually."

He arrived at the door at eight exactly. Mr. Portal's greeting was everything that could have been desired, and Dennis found the atmosphere so agreeable that he even dared to kiss Anna's round, cool cheek.

At dinner, sitting opposite his host, he set his mind to work to solve the riddle of his personality; for to Dennis each individual he met presented a riddle, and Mr. Portal, he thought, would take more solving than most. His manner was certainly agreeable, but it seemed to Dennis to be a sort of barrage, hiding something that the world never saw and little guessed. He talked, he thought, like a sham book agent whose real and secret business is the selling of drugs. But there he pulled himself up. He was going a little far, perhaps, in his similes, and without sufficient cause. But when Anna left them to their port for a long twenty minutes, something happened that put him on his guard again.

The butler, in pouring out a glass of port for his host, spilt a single drop on the tablecloth. Mr. Portal coughed, raised his eyes to the butler's face, lowered them again to that spot of red, and made a slight gesture with his hand. The butler, with a frightened and apologetic face, began removing the silver, the flowers, the glasses. Mr. Portal made affable conversation with his guest. Then the tablecloth was removed deftly and quickly, a clean one substituted, and the various articles put back again. Once more the port was poured out, into a fresh glass, and this having been done successfully, the butler quietly left the room. Mr. Portal made no comment, and Dennis's only comments were mental ones. The whole thing seemed to him so odd, so unnecessary, so un-human, that he made up his mind to say nothing about it to Anna. It affected him most unpleasantly.

After dinner, when they had joined Anna in the library, Mr. Portal talked politics. He appeared to be a Conservative with broad views.

"By all means let the Socialists govern," he said, "if, by governing, they can cure or even [*Continued on page 130*]

With a cry he recoiled from the mirror—but his reflection remained motionless, malignantly watching him.

And HE Learned about WOMEN

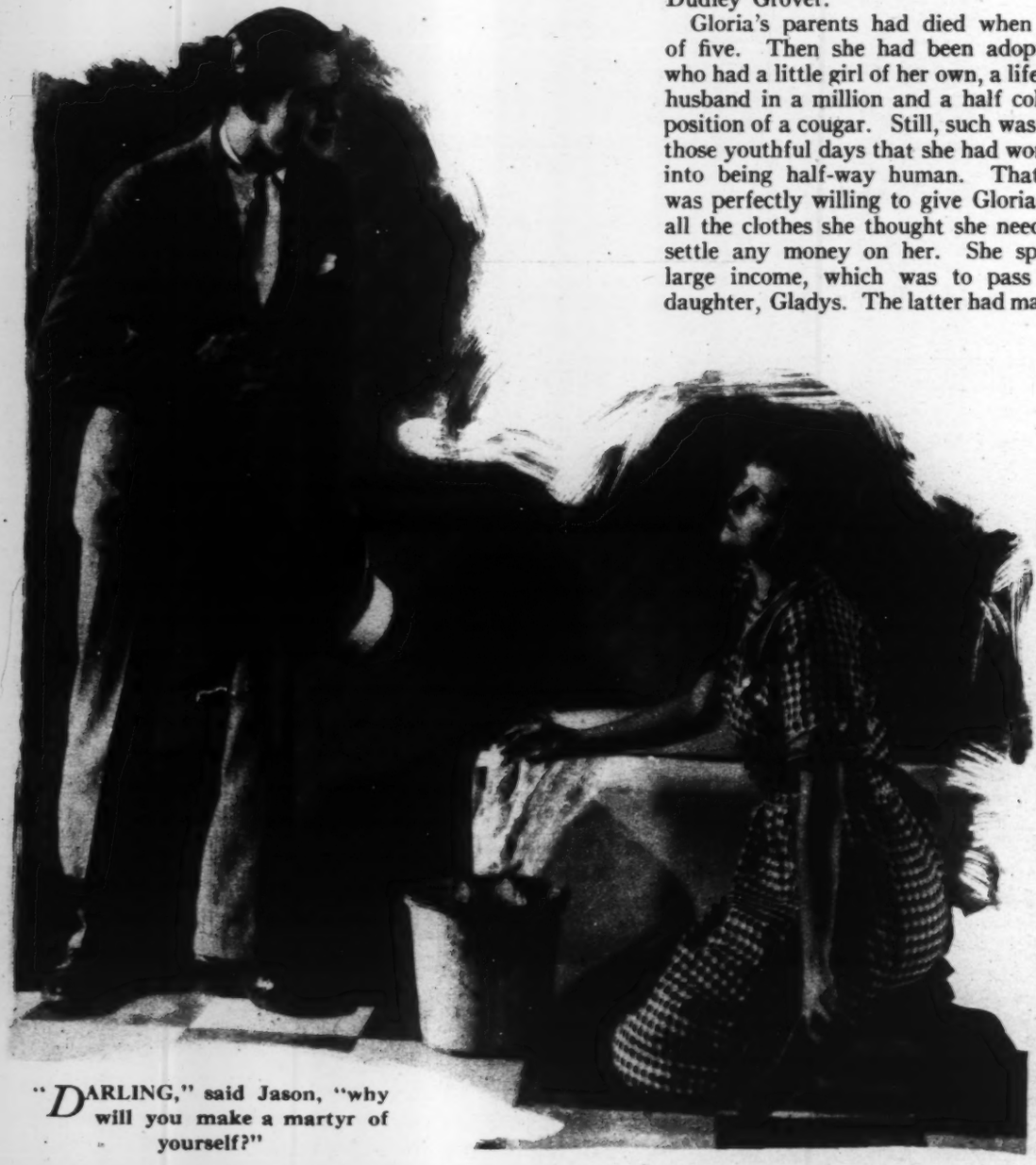
By THOMAS EDGELOW

GLORIA HARVEY was so pretty that she could have driven a car up Fifth Avenue against the traffic lights on the wrong side of the road and gotten away with it. The cops would have sprung to attention and bawled out any luckless driver into whom she might have bumped. Gloria was as pretty as all that. She had silky blond hair, big cornflower-blue eyes, long, dark lashes, a bow of a mouth, an oval face and a trim little figure. Added to all this Gloria possessed a musically sweet speaking voice, tiny hands and feet and delightful little mannerisms. Also, she was twenty-two.

Consequently a certain percentage of the population on the Island of Manhattan loathed and detested Gloria, hated and despised her, but as this percentage was feminine and consisted of her closer girl friends, Gloria did not worry much. She had enough adoration and flattery and orchids at five dollars and more a bloom thrown at her pretty feet every day; so that she took it all as a matter of course.

Gloria could have married a bank president or a building contractor or a moving picture star, all of them mentioned in Mr. Mellon's well-known exclusive income tax list among the best payers. She could have married a fairly well off English baronet, a celebrated tenor and a butter and egg man. Most certainly she could have married Dudley Grover.

Gloria's parents had died when she had been a mite of five. Then she had been adopted by her Aunt Ella, who had a little girl of her own, a life interest from her dead husband in a million and a half cold dollars, and the disposition of a cougar. Still, such was Gloria's charm even in those youthful days that she had won over Ella Burlingame into being half-way human. That is to say Aunt Ella was perfectly willing to give Gloria a luxurious home and all the clothes she thought she needed, but she would not settle any money on her. She spent every cent of her large income, which was to pass on her death to her daughter, Gladys. The latter had married Gloria's baronet, after Sir Percival Dunnel had recovered from his broken heart caused by Gloria's indifference. She had gone to reside in London, while Gloria continued to live with Aunt Ella in her expensive apartment on Park Avenue.



"DARLING," said Jason, "why will you make a martyr of yourself?"

Between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-two, Gloria received seventeen offers of marriage, six of them being from Dudley Grover, who proposed regularly every two months.

Dudley was not quite but nearly twice Gloria's age, though he looked less than his actual thirty-eight years. His dark hair was untouched with gray; he was thin and rather distinguished-looking. He

A Kiss in Time Saves ALIMONY

"Watch out, Gloria!" Dudley Grover laughed easily. "Jason's falling in love with you."

had been married and divorced; he was very rich even for the City of New York; and he lived in an exquisitely appointed house on the block beautiful, over on East Nineteenth Street, where he pretended to collect rare editions and manuscripts.

"Dudley's only eight years too old for you," Aunt Ella urged his cause.

"He's thirty-eight," Gloria objected.

"Exactly! Just eight years too old!" Aunt Ella's tone was that of an expert. "And what's eight years?"

"But I don't love him," Gloria complained with youthful lack of originality. "I like Dudley, but as a husband I think he'd be terribly uninteresting."

"It's not a question of making life like a movie," Aunt Ella sighed. "And it isn't as if you had any money. As you know, while I can give you a home, I can't leave you anything. All I have naturally passes to Gladys when I go, and I can't save anything. If you are bound to make a fool of yourself, don't expect any help from me."

It was shortly after this conversation that Gloria did just that. She met Jason Orth at a party and promptly fell head over heels in love with him. Nothing more impractical could possibly have been imagined. It was flying in the face of Providence.

Gloria said afterwards that she liked Jason's untidy brown hair, but the greatest experts on household budgets are unanimous in stating that you simply can't live on that. She liked his blue-gray eyes and his height and the absent way in which he would pull at an old pipe long since gone out. One should not smoke an old briar pipe at a smart party, but Jason smoked his without realizing what he was doing, just as he was unconscious of the fact that men are wearing tails these days instead of a very ancient dinner jacket which had seen happier and more prosperous days. Indeed, Jason Orth seemed unconscious of everything and everybody that night except of Gloria Harvey and her many charms.

Inappropriately, it was at Dudley Grover's beautiful house that this party was given. People were asked to dinner and others, among them Jason, drifted in afterwards for the usual auction bridge, drinks, and dancing.

Gloria danced with Jason around the big drawing room that looked more like a chapel in an ancient cathedral. Once was enough to show her that Jason Orth was the third worst dancer in greater New York.

"Can't we go and sit somewhere?" Jason asked as he trod on Gloria's silver slipper.

"I think it's a good idea," the beautiful Gloria smiled on him, feeling that it was really rather cute of him to tread on her so clumsily.

They went up a narrow stairway to a minstrel's gallery, behind which lay the supper room. They found comfortable chairs, and Jason absent-mindedly pulled out his ancient briar and lighted it, while Gloria smoked a cigaret.

"I can cook fairly well," Jason informed her.

"You can cook! Why did you say that?" Gloria asked him.

"If you can't, and I don't think you can," Jason said

conversationally, "it will be sort of useful, don't you think so, when we're married?"

"Are we going to be married?" asked Gloria.

"Of course we are," said Jason. "I have been looking for you for years and I had almost begun to believe that I shouldn't find you. You see, you had to be so beautiful and you had to think beautifully. Then old Dudley Grover telephoned to me and asked me for tonight, and I never go anywhere, but something made me come here. Then I saw you and I knew. I knew the second I saw you, and though I greatly appreciate it I almost wish at the moment that you hadn't got it."

"Got what?" Gloria demanded.

"That dimple on your chin," he explained politely. "It's difficult for me to concentrate and tell you things when I will keep looking at it. I think your mind has dimples, too."

"And I think you are half mad," Gloria told him. "It's all right," she added kindly. "I like mad people. Tell me—what are you?"

"I'm Jason Orth," he informed her.

"I know that, but what do you do?"

"I write verse and—oh, I'll show you some of my stuff," he told her. "I have a three act play in blank verse. That gave me a lot of fun, but of course nobody will produce it, just as they never take my verses. That's why I work for J. Taintor."

"Who is J. Taintor and what do you do for him?" Gloria asked, and it was at that moment that she decided definitely that she liked his hair.

"J. Taintor and Sons, the publishers," he explained, as he struck a match on the sole of his shoe. "I work for them in the mornings correcting proof and so on. They pay me twenty-five dollars a week. I came into fifty thousand dollars when I was twenty-one—I'm twenty-seven now—and that brings me in about fifty dollars a week. We could manage on seventy-five dollars, don't you think so?"

From where they were sitting they could see the dancers below them without being seen, and it was at this moment that Jason took Gloria in his arms and kissed her enthusiastically. Indeed, he kissed her again, and Gloria closed her eyes and sighed—the sigh of the well-beloved.

"You realize that I love you?" Jason asked as he released her, and they were interrupted by Dudley Grover.

Dudley, who suspected nothing, as his knowledge of the world told him that Jason Orth could not possibly be thought of as a rival—as, naturally, no one as beautiful or as extravagant as Gloria could ever consider Jason seriously—suggested sandwiches and champagne. Jason ate three sandwiches untidily and said that one day he hoped to be able to eat all the caviar he possibly could at one sitting. He explained why.

"Then I would never want any more," he said. "I had the same idea about mushrooms. So I went to a restaurant and dined on mushrooms."

"And nothing else?" asked Dudley.

"Not even bread," Jason assured him. "Just mushrooms and then more mushrooms."

"Do you think it's the same with people?" Gloria asked, sipping her champagne. "I mean that if you see enough of one person, then you don't want to see them again?"

"Just the same," Jason agreed, "with people in general. It would be the same with all the people all the time, except the one person." And he looked at Gloria.

"Watch out, Gloria!" Dudley Grover laughed easily. "Jason's falling in love with you. I have been watching him for years, waiting for him to crash, and now he's done it!" His tone was that of light banter.

Jason moved away, but later that night he sought out Gloria who was ready to go. She was wrapped in an ermine cloak, while Jason did not know that an imported car waited outside with two servants.

"Can I see you home?" Jason asked.

"I'll drop you somewhere," Gloria offered.

"I live way uptown," he told her, "so I'll get a cab and take you back and then go home by subway. I can't afford to drive to a Hundred and Eighty-third Street."

"The car's waiting," Gloria said as she watched him struggle into an old tweed overcoat. "Drive back with me and they can take you on afterwards."

As the motor, with the chauffeur and footman in their dark green liveries, purred like a big cat from the curb, Jason turned to Gloria.

"What a pity that you are used to all this luxury," he said. "I didn't know you were rich."

"I haven't a penny of my own," she answered and told him of her aunt.

"That dimple!" Jason answered ignoring the question of Mrs. Burlingame. "That dimple!"

"I don't believe you generally behave like this," Gloria smiled on him, "for if I did I wouldn't let you."

"Will you lunch with me tomorrow?" he asked. "I leave the office at one. Will you meet me at a quarter-past?"

She accepted without hesitation.

As Gloria went up in the elevator to the simple apartment of nine rooms and five baths that she and Aunt Ella and the servants had between them, she was smiling as she thought of Jason. She was smiling happily, confidently, for she knew with delicious suddenness that she had fallen madly in love for the first time.

Aunt Ella was sitting up for her in a mid-Victorian mood and a quilted silk dressing-gown.

"Late for you to be getting in," grumbled Aunt Ella. "When you are unchaperoned, you know I expect you home early. I'd have gone with you if it hadn't been at Dudley Grover's. Did he propose to you again?"

Gloria sat down and crossed her silken knees. She lighted a cigaret, for Aunt Ella's Victorian complexes were not always with her. Her eyes were shining as she announced: "Auntie, I'm going to be married very soon."

"At last," sighed Mrs. Burlingame, "at last you're going to be Aunt Ella's sensible little girl."

"We won't have so much to live on," Gloria said courageously.

"Grover has at least four times what I have," Mrs. Burlingame replied unsuspectingly.

"But I'm not going to marry Grover," Gloria dimpled. "I'm going to marry Jason Orth."

Aunt Ella thoroughly enjoyed the following hour and a half though at the time she was unaware of the fun she was really having. But for ninety minutes she thought up different ways to call Gloria a fool, varied by prophecies of the miseries that lay ahead and the best methods of lying in your bed once you have

[*Continued on page 111*]

Drawing by Arthur Dove

ONE word led to another and the final word led Jason to the street.

A Story of Silver Heels and Silver Dollars

EVERY ONE thought Leslie Jordan a terribly good egg.

The Charleston GIRL

By Josephine Bentham

YOU saw Leslie Jordan during the gay months. You had bright pictures of her in your mind—like snapshots, taken casually. Yes, there was Leslie in a short white skirt and striped sweater, smashing a tennis ball across the net. And Leslie at the bridge table, a silk-tipped cigaret drooping from her hand. Leslie at the swimming pool, diving like a boy. Leslie, at the center of a noisy, clapping circle, doing the Charleston. Leslie jotting down her address in other women's note-books; laughing, "You'll never be able to read this!" But her handwriting was minute and perfect.

People went away to Europe and left their apartments in her care. People asked her to the mountains, to the sea, to the California coast. People thought of her, vaguely, as one of the post-war poor—a subtle compliment which she didn't in the least deserve. But she was attractive from her sleek head to her sleek heels, and her best dinner frock had been copied from a Paris model, most cleverly. Twenty-four she was, unmarried, and so tactful that she would have brought pitying tears into the eyes of anybody who loved her. But no one loved her, of course. Everybody just liked her. Everybody thought she was a terribly good egg . . .

Laura Greenquist counted on her, always. The Greenquists had what they called a summer home just outside Burlingame, which is a rich young relative of the city of San Francisco. Leslie usually spent July and August with Laura there, between week-ends playing bridge with Max and Laura Greenquist and their daughter Mary, and during the week-ends very busy arranging, as Mrs. Greenquist never could have done, that Mary should be somewhere in the neighborhood of the most attractive man.

It was imperative that Mary should be married. You couldn't go on forever talking about the poor child's health and the absolute *convent* life she'd led and her *first* little fling. You couldn't do that much longer, even if

you were Mary's mother. Because Mary was twenty-nine, with large bones bungled in the arranging, and a face always going scarlet with embarrassment and general wretchedness—and perfect health. The trouble was that Mrs. Greenquist was still inviting men like Gene Gardner to the house. Before he came Laura told Leslie how important it was that "everything should go off nicely." The whole week-end was to be elaborately informal, with young people and the country club and even a picnic. But even before she met young Gardner, Leslie could have told Laura that the effort was useless. Mary would only fall in love with some little miserable helpless man whom she could mother. Some day Mary would meet a boy selling tapestries in a department store — and she would marry him.

But Leslie herself dressed carefully on the night Gene Gardner was to arrive—so that she might not seem to be carefully dressed — and slipped almost unnoticed into the midst of the gathering downstairs. There was the usual patter over cocktails.

"She comes from Boston . . ."

"Why *is* it that being from Boston is so absurd? I'd rather almost any place, though as a matter of fact . . ."

"His bootlegger . . ."

"And he went around in ninety, I think it was . . ."

"Oh, did you *see* the way she was looking at him? My dear, I . . ."

"And did you read . . ."

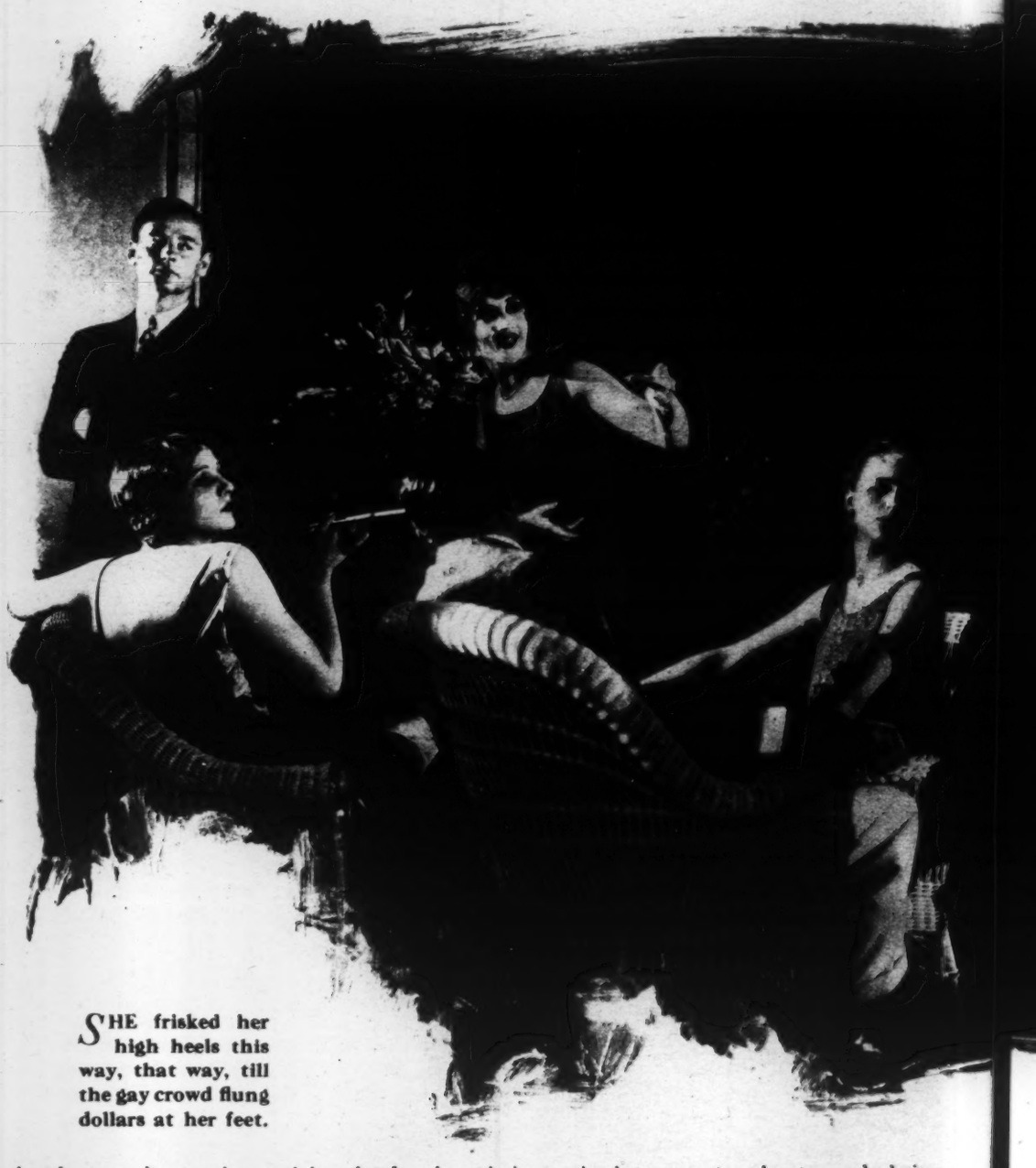
"Well, I'm not exaggerating at all, because my sister-in-law came over on the same boat . . ."

Leslie Jordan, sleek and inconspicuous as a little cat, heard everything, absorbed every detail down to four-inch heels and sallow blotches under rouge. She even traced most of the stray comments back to their origins of jealousy and envy and queasy digestions. It was easy, once one learned how. Easy to be a perennial house guest, continually jotting down one's name in people's address-books, tactfully accepting a box of chiffon stockings or a frock *just* from Lisette's. Easy to live without working by the simple expedient of smiling when one didn't particularly want to smile, by dancing when one really longed to dig sharp little heels into other people's shins. But Leslie Jordan, with these philosophies milling about at the bottom of her mind, managed effortlessly enough to absorb all the stray frowns and comments, glances and smirks—because a frown at the psychological time can topple a marriage, and a smile can be the foundation of another. Useful odds and ends of wisdom out of a grubby bag . . .

Well, what was the matter with her tonight? Her head ached, she told herself, but not for the world would she have risked easing it with the flat of her palm. She imagined drawling to Mrs. Greenquist, "Laura, I think I'll go on up and lie down. Feeling kind of shot. D'you mind?" And she imagined Laura Greenquist's acid green eyes belying her smile.

"We're waiting for Mr. Gardner," the hostess was saying, her glance straying by her daughter Mary. "He's just arriving in San Francisco on his way to Los Angeles. I suppose the train was late. It usually is."

"My dear! I had the most terrible experience the other day. I'd been down in Hollywood, you know, but this particular morning I had an appointment with a specialist in the city who's an absolute *monster* about people being late . . ."



SHE frisked her high heels this way, that way, till the gay crowd flung dollars at her feet.

"Mr. Gardner," went on Mrs. Greenquist, "is a New Yorker, of course, but he's been in Africa laying out a bridge or something of the sort for three years, and I'm sure you're going to find him terribly sunburned and thrilling . . ."

Leslie, accepting a light for her cigaret from somebody, wondered idly why no one had ever told Laura Greenquist what a terrible fool she was, what an utter ass. She was so tired, so exhausted really, with Laura Greenquist's adjectives. They were appliquéd like the pink rabbits on a child's apron all over her conversation . . . incongruous and vapid . . . Well, she wasn't disloyal exactly. She

couldn't be blamed for what she thought. Or at least—uneasily—she supposed she couldn't. Leslie permitted herself a little sigh which never could have been noticed. Not by the man with her, at any rate. He was talking about golf, swinging an imaginary golf club with his wrists just so.

"What's your handicap, Mr. McVey?"

"Oh—uh——"

Alert Leslie! "If you'll play in any of the little tournaments around here, I'm going to be out to watch you. I'm terrible myself . . ."

Then Gene Gardner came. There was the fuss of getting into the dining room, Laura Greenquist surging around

in green. She herded people too much. She went barking about . . . at which vagrant thought Leslie glanced down at her slim fingers and smiled, half expecting to see the tips of them curved like shining claws. It was not until dinner was well under way that she had time covertly to study Gene Gardner.

Even Laura's advance publicity hadn't spoiled him. His thin, pleasant face was bronzed, his head suggestive of sculpturing, agreeably so. He said very little but when he did speak his face lit up eagerly. People, in their vague way, would call this man the "real thing," thought Leslie. Nowadays one so dreaded to use the word gentleman. Still, Gene Gardner was the sort of man she'd dreamed about at eighteen, when the nicest and richest girls at boarding-school had been so fond of her and she had seen beyond them, quite innocently, to their brothers at Amherst, Princeton . . . Well, she had been very clever during the six years that followed, but she had failed. None of the men who had proposed to her had been the men of her imaginings. She had been arrogant and overconfident at first, with her birthdays stretching ahead like distant stepping-stones. But lately she had shut her eyes to birthdays. She hadn't seemed important, even to herself, which may be a salutary state for the soul, but a perilous one for a woman who likes her morning chocolate in a fragile china cup.

She didn't say much during dinner. Neither did Gene. But waves of talk washed back and forth between them, down the table and across. *Bootleggers. Ma Ferguson. Hollywood Boulevard. John Barrymore. Anita Loos. What's happened to Margot Asquith. The Berlins.* And then another great wash of talk from Max Greenquist's end of the table. *Malacca sticks. Gershwin. A little place in Harlem.* But neither Leslie nor Gene said very much during dinner, and afterwards they were somehow alone together in the great beautiful gardens that ran down from the Greenquist house to the highway.

A person of consequence had advised Laura Greenquist against landscape gardening here. Nothing on the grounds had been fashionably tortured. There were great, uneven beds of marigolds and poppies, and scarlet geraniums twisting past tree-trunks into ragged patches of color. The flat magnolia leaves were shining sleek and silken in the moonlight, and the eucalyptus trees were sending out their strange and almost pungent fragrance.

Leslie picked up some of the fallen eucalyptus berries and juggled them between her hands. The man beside her watched the arrows of light darting gently against her bare arms. "You know," he said suddenly, "I've found myself almost inarticulate—since Africa. All through dinner tonight I was strangling. But I had an idea that if you said something, I might say something too. Idiotic? And you didn't."

"I usually chatter," she told him. "Blah-blah-blah. You haven't heard me. I think I know what your reaction is, though. And tonight I think I heard it for the first time, through your ears. Listen—tell me about Africa."

And so, quite naturally, he told her. For three years he had been in Uganda as a consulting engineer for the new branch of the Cape-to-Cairo railway. He talked of bridges of steel patterned against hot skies. Of the high, strange places, impassable for centuries, that these loops of steel now ribboned together. He talked of tropical nights, and of huge black men, lithe as jungle cats. Of great tents set down along the river banks. Of moons like golden oranges, clean-drawn against African skies.

But again and again he came back to the steel, to the girders and derricks, the gigantic spans and cantilevers. And Leslie Jordan's eyes were gravely intent upon his face; she did not notice that her hands were grubby from the eucalyptus berries she was rubbing between her palms. Very close she was to the dirt and the scent and the strangeness of Uganda, very sensitive to the beauty and the splendor of steel. And he didn't apologize, as another man might have done, because he had spoken for so long a time of that which was near to his heart.

"You see," he said suddenly, [*Continued on page 114*]

DIARY of a Little French

By MARCELINE d'ALROY

AFTER dinner we repeated the same conversation, only in a higher key, with the radio turned on.

Friday Evening.

TODAY I have had a veritable stream of women. It seems the procession has really started. *Mon Dieu!* What a procession it was. Never shall I forget it.

Short stout women, long thin women, young ones, old ones, the timid, the arrogant, the woman who knows she is losing her looks, the woman who never had any to lose.

It seems all the maimed, the halt and the blind in Fashion have come, these last few days, to me—the Style Adviser in this hugest of department stores. I am nearly crazy.

With all these wrong-dressed women on my mind, I feel I shall go out of it. Then I shall be what my aide, Ethel, called the silk buyer: "Nuts." Or was it "Nutty"?

Then, too, the merchandise, though marvelous, is mixed. Millions of everything. I am aghast. I am stupefied by the size and speed of everything.

Voyons, I get so excited that I forget my system.

RE the Women who seek Style.

In my Data Book at the store I have to think what I say. But in my own book I can say what I think, for no one will ever see it.

Well, I have heard people say that women are like flowers. It is a pretty thought, but I would like to "Say it with Vegetables!"

Everywhere I go, I see quantities of lovely girls blooming radiantly. But evidently they get so much from men of admiration, that the last thing they are looking for is advices from me. Still, if I stay here long enough they will all come . . . Beauty fades, charm endures.

Even the dumb ones know enough to "put on" beauty; yet, few of them seem wise enough to put in a foundation of charm for later use.

Some girls bloom like flowers before marriage, then afterward develop like vegetables.

And then they wonder why their husbands take them for granted.

Ethel says I take all these women too much to heart. But, *Mon Dieu!* that is the only place to take any woman if you want to help her.

LIKE some exotic perfume she drifted into my salon.

RE Mrs. Travelli, the String Bean.

Into my salon today has come a tall, terribly thin woman like a string bean. On her head she wore a huge black mushroom hat, and her thin body was covered by a limp gray voile dress with a dull, drizzling pattern all over it.

When she came in, I knew at once what they meant when they said a person was "all wet."

She told me she was the wife of an expert in plumbing, and she was afraid if she did not do something about her clothes she might lose him, as he had begun to make remarks.

Pertinent thoughts flitted through my mind concerning holding a plumber—Mrs. Travelli would never see forty again—but I pushed them out; and finding that *Monsieur le Husband* had given her a very substantial check to "get herself fixed up," we got down to business.

Finally, the gray December day that had drifted into my salon, walked out looking like a smiling afternoon in early Fall.

In tones of beige, with brown shoes, gloves and bag, and a rose camellia on her left shoulder that brought out the pink flush in her cheeks, that I had so much trouble to get on; with a hat of pinky beige in grosgrain ribbon that was so much softer to her face than straw, she left

GIRL

She Learns that Millionaire STEEL MEN May Have ARMS of IRON

Drawings by Robert Orr.

me with a song in her heart. She must have had a song in her heart, because, when she got in the door of my salon, she turned suddenly, and coming back, she put her thin arms about me and kissed me.

"You are wonderful!" she said. "For all your funny Frenchiness you have a heart."

How amazing these women are!

RE Miss Dorothea Dresden—the Show Girl.

She was exquisite. Like some exotic perfume, she drifted into my salon. Taking up a charming pose on the divan she was still sticking to it when I entered—to the pose, I mean.

"I am a show girl," she announced, the softness of her voice suggesting cunning rather than culture, "and I want advice."

"Will you not be good enough to stand up, *mademoiselle?*" She could have been nineteen. She might be twenty-six. It is impossible to tell the age in this country. But she was beautiful. Her body was long, slender and graceful. She did not walk, but gave the impression of drifting through life. Which, maybe, she did. Her face was of an extreme pallor, and in its perfect oval there burned a full-lipped scarlet mouth. One would expect nothing more intelligent than kisses from a mouth as soft as that. Until one saw her eyes. Such eyes! Big, and black and shining. Hard eyes, but *Mon Dieu,* her lashes! Like a black silk fringe they hung from her lids, veiling their discontent in mystery.

"It would be a joy to dress you, *mademoiselle!*" I said.

At that she has leaned forward eagerly.

"You're French, so I don't have to be fussy. Here's the story . . ."

What did she mean—"fussy?"

Finally she finished with: "The man is rich, and though I cannot sing or dance or act, I have a chance now to be famous, if I can arouse enough interest. My best bet is clothes. I want something different. These American women can't help me. They sell clothes, but I want an idea."

"What is your name, *mademoiselle?*"

"Miss Dorothea Dresden," she answered me proudly.

"I think you chose unintelligently, Miss Dresden."

"Why! I think it is swell."

"Yes, but you don't look like china. You see, china looks cool."

She laughed. "You're all right," she said. "I knew it the moment you came in. Analyze me, Immortal One, and if necessary, I will be born again."

"You must come again," I told her. "You made no appointment and a lady who did so, she is waiting."

She would not go till I told her what she looked like if she did not look like china. "Not brass—I hope?" she had said. So I told her what I thought.

"You look like a tall, flaming poppy on a slender stem. Poppies hypnotize. They drug men with their beauty, and make them dream—and forget."

"I like that," she said, her eyes veiled. "But say, I make them remember! What name have you given this flaming woman?"

"Now, *mademoiselle,* don't read this till you are in bed tonight. Then think it over carefully. I believe a clever publicity man could make something of it."

I handed her an envelope, which she was so interested in that she forgot to thank me.

The moment she was gone, Ethel reentered the salon.

"What's the vamp's name?" she asked immediately. Women, I find, are always interested in the type Dorothea Dresden represents.

"Poppy Lane," I replied.

"I thought she was related to the Primrose Path," said Ethel, laughing. But before I could get an explanation of this she was called away.

RE the Home of the President.

Tonight I went to the "Home Sweet Home" of the President. Such a home! It was on a drive called Riverside. Magnificent entrance, liveried servants, quick service, gay lighting effects, "efficient" atmosphere, and in passing through the courtyard, I wondered if the figure [*Continued on page 122*]

I STRUGGLED, but *Mon Dieu!* I was helpless.

FREAM met them in the hall, and its cool loftiness seemed to offer a spacious entry to Mary Viner's dreams. Fream was speaking to her. "I hope you like my house?" She looked up quickly into his face: "It's lovely." He replied with only an abrupt nod, yet from that moment she knew that she was the live flame, and the others mere accompanying shadows.

The NEW EVE

By WARWICK DEEPING

Author of the best-seller, "SORRELL and SON"

A Powerful Story of a Rebellious Woman Afraid to Love

In the First Instalment:

IT WAS a drab life for Mary Viner in Cinder Town, a fourth rate real estate development set down in rural England, where retired army people eked out an indifferent existence on curtailed incomes. Most pathetic of all the family groups in the little community was old Captain Viner, his wife, and their pretty daughter Mary, who occupied a flimsy cottage called Green Shutters. Mary it was who drudged from morning till night to keep the three of them fed and clean and warm. The eternal cooking, fire mending, scrubbing and clothes washing brought Mary to a point of rebellion against life that made her hate even her own youth.

And then one cold morning when she was building early fires and her hands and face were streaked with soot, Captain Arnold Furze of Doomsday delivered the milk himself instead of sending his farm-boy as usual. So they met, two lonely, young people, drawn together by the similarity of their fortunes.

Five years before, after the end of the war, Furze had put every penny he had into the purchase of Doomsday, an old, deserted and run-down farm overlooking Cinder Town. He loved the place—its fields and woods and rambling, centuries-old house; and to rehabilitate it all, he had sweat and sacrificed and denied himself even ordinary needs. Then Mary came into his life and he fell in love with and worshiped her as only a simple, one-ideaed man can. She made all the years of loneliness and work seem worth while and he joyfully planned for the time when she would come to Doomsday. For Mary loved him in return; at least she loved his love. But when she saw him actually getting the old house ready for her as mistress, the kitchen with a new shining sink at which she—not a servant—was expected to wash dishes, it seemed to her as if life had tricked her again. This was only more drudgery Arnold was asking her to share.

Then one evening when they were strolling through hay fields, Arnold making jubilant plans for their approaching marriage, their love suddenly reached an almost overwhelming crisis of longing, so that Mary literally ran home from her desires. She was frightened, and the unexpected emotional upheaval brought her to an abrupt and vivid realization of what an irrevocable and serious step marriage was. She went to bed that night to sleep but fitfully, and was up and stealing through the garden of Green Shutters long before any other inhabitant of Cinder Town was awake.

CHAPTER IX

ARNOLD FURZE was up at half past four. He came down in his shirt and breeches to light the stove for an early cup of tea, and he saw the sunrise through the kitchen window, a great yellow circle hanging between the gnarled black trunks of two apple trees. Another fine day. He stood and looked at the new sink over which Mary's hands had drooped, and the lover in him had a seriousness that did not remember to smile over the fact that a glazed sink could be a vessel of romance.

When he went to the garden door and opened it, everything was wet with dew. White mist lay in the valley. He could smell the hay, and the smell of it was tangled up in the darkness of a girl's hair. But that mist meant fine weather, with a blazing sun, and crisped swaths ready for gathering in. It would be a busy day, but in the cool of the evening his beloved would steal down to him.

Before beginning the day's work Furze walked down to the Long Meadow. Bobbo following at his heels, saw his master go to a haycock under the over-hanging boughs of an oak. Some one had reclined there. Furze picked up a handful of the dry grass and held it to his nostrils, uttering

HILL HOUSE was the only really old place in the hills.

an inward prayer: "Wife, little wife that is to be, may this good harvest be an omen." And then he took a hay rake Will had left against the rails of Gore Wood fence, and combed down the haycock so that the marks upon it were effaced.

The sun ascended in his strength, and the smell of the hay rose like incense. The day grew very hot, and the shadow of Furze's hat cut a sharper line across the brown of his face. Eleven o'clock came, and the gray horses were put under the shade of the chestnut, while Furze, Will, and the boy rested in the shade of a hedge, ruddy and shining.

"We shall get it in tonight, Will."

"We shall that, sir."

It was the boy who spotted Captain Viner coming down across the Doom Paddock.

"Some 'un be wantin' you."

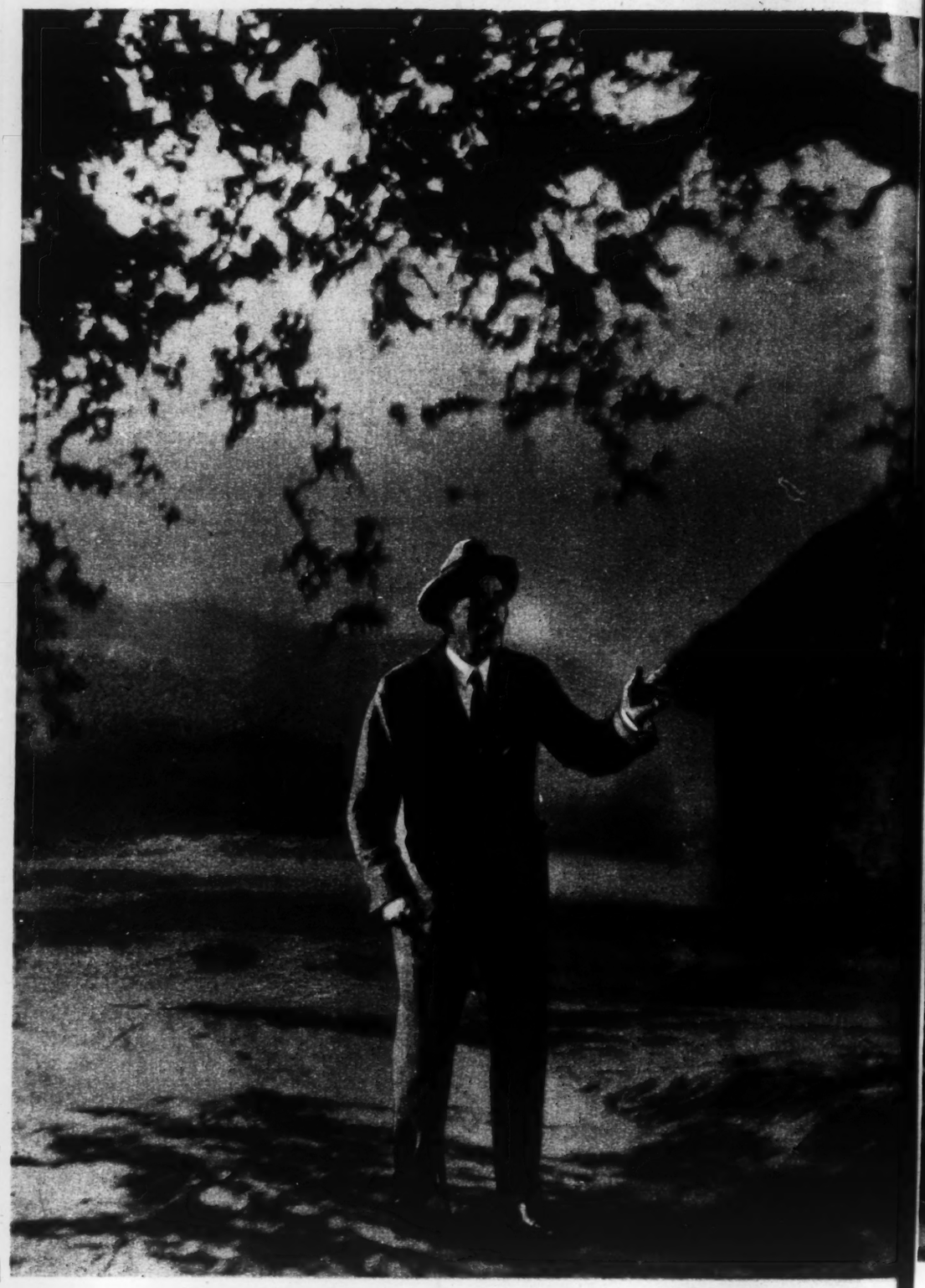
Furze scrambled up to meet Mary's father. Life glowed so strong in him that it was not apparent to him at once that old Viner was the wooden soldier, buttoned up in a tight distress.

"Good morning, sir. Come down to see our hay crop?"

Old Viner looked through the gateway at the hay field, and pulled his mustache. It began to dawn upon Mary's lover that her father was upset about something.

"Can I have a few words, my dear fellow?"

"Nothing wrong I hope, sir?"



Life glowed so strong in Mary's lover that it was not apparent to him

Old Viner glanced at the two Blossoms under the hedge, faced about, and walked some twenty paces back toward the house before he answered the man beside him.

"Fact is, Furze, my daughter has run away. Early this morning. Left a letter."

Furze's eyes looked as blank as the blue sky. "Run away! But—why? She was down here last evening, and we were making plans. I don't understand, sir."

Captain Hesketh fumbled for something in his pocket.

"Better read that, my dear fellow. Don't be shocked, don't be shocked. Young things and young soldiers are prone to panic. Know that, don't you? But I must say—I'm—I'm upset about it—very. As if you and I had wanted to make her unhappy!"

But Furze was reading the letter, his eyes growing strange under the shadow of his hat. He read it through to the end, folded it deliberately, and handed it back to the father.

"My fault—for loving her." His whole face seemed to grow lean and dusky.

"My dear fellow——"

"But—I don't understand. Loneliness—yes. And a woman's work may be dull. All work is dull—unless you have got the spirit in you. I thought . . ."

He turned away to master something in himself, and old Viner's mustache twitched.

"I'm sorry, my dear fellow, more sorry than I can say."

Furze's voice was very deep.

"Poor little girl—fright—I know—like the feeling before zero hour. She ought to have told me. Love makes one

at once that old Viner was upset about something.

rather blind. But you know, sir, it is a bit of a facer——"

He glanced at old Viner, and felt a big man's pity.

"It was good of you to come, sir. All my fault. Look here—I'll take it quietly. The thing is not to frighten her any further. It's—it's just temporary. She'll get her courage back. I'm not a selfish beast, though I must have seemed so."

"You are a good chap, Arnold. I'd like her to marry you."

"Where is she, sir?"

Old Viner looked very humble.

"We don't know."

THREE days later Furze had his letter. It came to him without an address, and with a London postmark on the envelope. It was the first time he had seen her handwriting, sensitive and a little emotional. He took the letter into Mrs. Damaris's parlor, and sat in the window seat and read it. The fine weather had gone, and rain was pouring down.

> Try not to think hardly of me, Arnold. I ought to have told you before. I'm not fit for the life on a farm. It would have been wrong of me to marry you.
>
> I suppose I have had too much of that kind of work. I loathe it. I'm pleasure loving, really, and a town bird. I like places where things happen.
>
> You will say that I am being frivolous and selfish. I cannot help it. I am going to get a job of some kind—but not in a house. I expect my cousin will come to Green Shutters. She is forty-three, and her hobby is cooking.
>
> Try and forgive me—and don't worry. I'm quite all right, and feeling so much happier now that I have been honest. And please don't try to find me. It will only hurt—you and me.

But that letter hurt him more than she could have guessed. She had let him go so far and plan so much. He had idealized the woman in the house, the sacred presence, the beloved hands. Either her love was different from his, or his estimate of woman was masculine and fallacious. Cinderella! Yes, but Cinderella married a prince and not a farmer in the old story.

He sat and watched the wet dusk gather. He felt very lonely and sad. He thought of the home he was preparing for her, the luster tea service, the simple and secret joy of his contrivings. Oh, it could not be final. He would have to fell those oaks in the winter, and she could not let him fell trees and not come to him. This was but a panic mood. She loved him. Why, down there in the hay—almost she had been his wife. Perhaps he had been too passionate, but this panic would pass, and she would come back.

Sitting there in the dusk, a man who had learned to be patient with things, and who typified the immense constancy of the tiller of the soil, he felt that he had to be patient with her. She would find things out.

CHAPTER X

CLARE BIDDULPH—née Viner—was waiting for her husband.

She had no difficulty in understanding the impulse that had swept her sister out of the arms of a man and brought her breathless to Weyfleet.

Seven years ago Clare had escaped the same sort of hazardous romance. Seated now at her writing table in the bay window of the Caradoc drawing-room, she looked out on the drive and the garden, a stretch of grass with formal rose beds grouped about a bird's bath. The garden was small, yet it contrived to convey an impression of space and dignity. Clare herself had demanded dignity and a pleasant smoothness, and had attained them by marrying an easy-going husband. Like the rest of the moderns her god was A Good Time, but it was a god with a difference, for she had taste and a loathing of cheapness.

She had had a trying day of it with Mary. She sympathized because she understood, but depth of feeling was not her métier. She sided with the woman and the sister against the man and the parents. Mary was lying down with a headache. Clare never had headache or heartache. That delicate white face and throat above her black dress displayed pale and capable fineness. She was ambitious.

She set herself objectives and attained them. Caradoc had been an objective, this white house with its multitude of gables and Gothic iron lantern over its loggia-porch.

Caradoc had spelt accomplishment, and already it was behind her, as wrong as that Gothic lantern. She had turned herself towards something simpler, more spacious, more Georgian.

But what of Mary the refugee; the possessor of a few odd shillings, an old suitcase, and a deplorable wardrobe? "Let me stay here two or three weeks, and I'll get something to do!" Something to do! Good Lord! Still, the impulse towards freedom was admirable. The simplest solution of the problem would be to get her married to some convenient man, though the competition in Weyfleet was furious. Six marriageable young women to every marriageable man.

Clare glanced at her desk clock. If Leslie had caught the 4:40, he should appear in the drive at any moment, his bowler hat well back above his surprisingly young-looking face and his very blue eyes sighting dinner. She would have no trouble with Leslie. He was an easy man, fresh and florid, and pleasantly pleased with himself. He would accept Mary and her panic mood. The thing would be to prevent him from taking her and her romance too seriously. Her man could be histrionic. He liked to appear munificent and wonder working. He was quite capable of launching an indefinite invitation to Mary: "My dear girl, make this your home for as long as you like—" Men can be so generously vague.

Again Claire glanced at her desk clock.

"A month—at the outside. We can arrange something."

Then she saw him.

"Leslie."

Her voice fastened upon him as he reached the porch.

"Hallo, darling." He came to the window.

"Mary is here."

"Mary!" He stepped into the room over the low sill.

"Yes—a little trouble. The romantic moment arrived, and she ran away from it."

Leslie looked solemn and a little shocked. He took romance very seriously.

"Love affair?"

"Well, yes. And a general reaction against Sussex clay. We have got to be kind to her, Leslie, for two or three weeks."

"Of course, darling."

He sat down on the back of the sofa. It was obvious that he wanted to know exactly what sort of kindness he had to display.

"Anything serious?"

"A woman's first love affair always seems serious—to her. But she'll get over it. We must help her to get over it."

"Of course, darling. Rather."

And then, when she had told him just as much as she thought it good for him to know, she chose to remember the John Bull in him, also that he was a legal light, and rather punctilious about it.

"As a man of the world, Leslie, don't you agree?"

Of course he agreed. He mounted his chivalrous horse. That farmer fellow deserved to be kicked. Selfish, tyrannical, obsolete fool! To expect a sensitive modern girl, and a gentlewoman—mark you—to bury herself in an old barn of a place, and scrub and cook and mend and make butter! Preposterous! Did the fellow think that a wife was nothing but a servant? No, by Jove! Sort of case

Drawings by Arthur Litle

MARY was full of wonder. She almost pointed her finger toward the polo ground.

"Fream is the richest man in Weyfleet," Clare told her sister. "Married before and divorced his wife."

that made you feel hot because you knew just where it would end. The divorce court. Oh, yes, as a lawyer, he knew a little. And the old people too. They appeared to have encouraged the affair; having made a slave of poor Mary, they had been pushing her into married slavery. Not that he was saying anything against "Darling's parents." Old people were old people. Let them send for their Cousin Nellie. Meanwhile poor little Mary should be comforted. And she wanted to work, did she? Splendid! Oh yes, he was quite sure that he could find her a job. Yes, but it was their business to give her a good time for a month or so; she needed a holiday.

"You are a dear," said his wife. "I like a man to be a rock, but a kind rock."

So Mary was persuaded down to eat a little dinner. She was made to drink two glasses of port, poured out in person by Darling's husband. He was consciously tactful, and nothing was said about the Sussex romance.

Mary must have a good time. They would put her up as a temporary member at the Hills Club. Did she play much tennis? Clare, who was a regular pro these days, would give her some coaching. And of course they must go to Wimbledon. And Henley.

Mary spent a week at Weyfleet three years ago, but that was before the Biddulphs had climbed as high as Caradoc. They had lived in a rather stuffy villa near the river. A lucky speculation in real estate had given the firm of Thomason & Biddulph considerable pickings. Caradoc was half way up. The Biddulphs had left the Valley, but they had not quite reached the Hills, though they played tennis, and golfed and danced there. Clare had her eyes on the heights, and she meant her man to scale them.

In order to live upon the Hills it was necessary to possess a considerable income. That and that alone was necessary for the mere dweller upon Olympus. But you had to back your money bluff with something better if you desired to be the real thing. There were other values, Clare knew. To play games superlatively well was one of the most important. Smartness counted, that ultra refinement of smartness, expensive simplicity. You must dance well, and play a good game of bridge. If you had one or two cultured hobbies and did not advertise them too flagrantly, a little mysterious radiance was added. You might know something about mezzotints or lacquer, or collect first editions. The Hills had their select few, some really charming and knowable people, and Clare had her eyes upon these.

But primarily the Hills stood for material success, physical self-expression. The community represented the pleasant paganism of the fortunate few. It was a woman's veritable paradise. Your car took you to the station, or straight to town. You had your choice of half a dozen golf clubs in the neighborhood, tennis, bridge, dancing, the river; Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Wimbledon were not far away. Not only could you dress, but you had a stage for the showing of your dresses.

Clare had understanding, and so had Mary Viner. She was less clever than her elder sister, but she too knew instinctively all that the Hills offered to a woman. It was a sumptuous little corner full of cushions. Life was very easy, or seemed so.

Mary lay in bed and purred. She had run away from her poor lover, and her running away had made her angry with him. Clare and her husband had reinforced this anger. She had been shamefully proposed to. A common drudge in a farm house! So she insisted upon her anger, because she was not quite sure [*Continued on page 100*]

The Butter and Leg Man

By
NANETTE KUTNER

THIS really is Mildred's story. And she claims an easy conscience in the Gwen Harlan de Costa affair. Because, she says, when you fight against such a frank little barbarian as Gwen you have to use uncivilized weapons.

Of course every one has heard of the much married Gwen Harlan de Costa. She is the world's most famous—or is it infamous—vampire. She has had more front page publicity than Mary Pickford and foreign debts combined; and her rise from the hovel of a street cleaner to the mortgaged chateau of La Comptesse de Costa is the favorite fiction story of every good American housewife who stacks the supper dishes to make the first show at the nearest movie. Naturally we every day women use the de Costa perfume and dream of the famous de Costa gown. For, although in this day of the *short* short skirt we haven't quite the nerve to copy that slinky draped affair, we cherish a sneaking admiration for the individuality and distinction it lends to Gwen's charms.

Mildred met Gwen after the latter had divorced hubby number four, the impoverished Compte. The friendship was casual on Mildred's part—the outgrowth of various parties in and around New York. It was Gwen who appeared to feel the warm attachment. It is often true of very beautiful women that they annex themselves in this way to one of their own sex—some one, of course, who cannot hold a candle to them. Not that Mildred was plain. She was decidedly pretty, and had reputedly the neatest pair of ankles in the Zeigler chorus. Only next to Gwen she was likely to be overlooked . . .

NOW Mildred knew that Gwen at this time was looking about for a fifth husband. This much married lady was not quite as rich as rumor would have it. The dear Compte had been something of a drain on her purse, and she was thinking that a millionaire would come in rather handy. Moreover, Mildred was in love with a millionaire, and it so happened that Gwen had never met the gentleman. She would have liked an introduction, but Mildred, being an astute young person, had managed to turn a deaf ear to her insinuations.

His name was J. Barrington Sumner, and some Broadway lassie in an enthusiastic moment had attached the label, "the butter and leg man." And how the name had stuck! You see, Barrington had made his fortune in artificial legs, and no one would allow him to forget it. His penchant for legs, moreover, did not end with the commercial variety. In fact, the White Way wags had it that J. Barrington looked not first but second at a girl's face. Legs were his veritable weakness—his Achilles' heel—and undoubtedly one of the reasons he had first become interested in Mildred. That affair by now was one of long standing.

Then, one fine Friday, Mildred was forced to introduce Barrington to Gwen Harlan de Costa. The two girls were strolling up Fifth Avenue when they bumped square into him. Naturally an introduction was forthcoming. And naturally the outcome was what Mildred expected. The man is yet to be found who can resist this Circe-like creature when she chooses to exercise her dazzling charms. Gwen had only to turn her face toward him, to look at him adoringly with eyes half-veiled. And in spite of the fact that her pedal extremities were hidden beneath the famous de Costa dress, J. Barrington took the bait—hook, line, and sinker.

WELL, the three of them strolled on up the Avenue, and Mildred might have been thin air for all the notice they took of her. It was then, she relates, that she resolved to use Gwen's own methods against her. For she thought enough of Barrington to put up a fight.

Gwen had suggested that they all motor down to her country place for the week-end. Barrington was delighted, so there was nothing for Mildred to do but continue in her rôle of thin air—or evaporate entirely. But despite Mildred's presence, Gwen turned the long ride into good account, and by the time they had reached their destination it began to look as if J. Barrington Sumner would be hubby number five.

Mildred took good care to stay close to the dazzled Barrington, only leaving him for a few moments when Gwen insisted on sending her own maid to Mildred's room to help her dress for dinner. It was quite obvious that he wished to be alone with Gwen, but the two could not possibly get rid of Mildred, so they were ill at ease all during a long, boring meal. After coffee had been served, Gwen went upstairs in a pique. And then it was that Mildred had her innings.

After a bit of casual conversation she remarked:

"Extraordinary how beautifully Gwen gets herself up. She appears perfection itself."

Barrington assented to her perfection.

"I've always said," Mildred continued, "that a woman can do more with art than nature does for her. Now Gwen, for instance——"

Barrington showed uneasy interest.

"When she first tried to get into the movies no one would take her. Her face is perfect, of course. But with her figure——"

"Her figure! Why, what's wrong with it?"

"I thought every one knew. Oh, she's not deformed exactly, but you know why she wears those long, draped skirts clear down to her ankles——"

It was obvious that Barry didn't. It was also obvious that his curiosity was whetted. Mildred went on slyly:

"You've never seen her in a bathing suit? Well—it's some transformation. Poor dear, she loves to swim, but it's only at night, when she's sure every one is asleep, that she goes in for a dip. She has a wonderful pool here—must have cost thousands to build—at the end of that path leading past the balcony outside your window. It's all pink marble and . . ."

BUT why go into detail? Barrington suffered somewhat, as a man will when he fails to dismiss from his mind a woman's insinuations. But in the end curiosity got the better of him.

It's worth while making figures LIE *when the* answer totals a MILLION DOLLARS

Late that night he stood out on his balcony and caught a glimpse of some one wending her way toward the pool. The young lady was slim. The young lady was fair. But, alas! The young lady was ludicrously, tragically *bow-legged!*

The sight jarred J. Barrington terribly. For besides being a blow straight at his Achilles' heel, Barrington had a horror of ridicule. And he went cold when he thought how Broadway would take the news that its famous butter and leg man had married a bow-legged beauty.

EARLY next morning a maid brought a note to Mildred's room. It was signed, "Your Barry." She read its contents with a faint smile, and proceeded immediately to get up and dress. Then she penned a line to Gwen to the effect that business was taking Barry back to town, and that she was accompanying him. She added that she was so sorry to rush off this way!

The ride back was for the most part silent. Toward the end of the journey, however, Barry ventured one remark. He spoke with obvious heartiness.

"That was quite a little flurry I had over the de Costa girl, eh, Mildred? But that type has really no lasting appeal for me. I can honestly say that I never want to see her again."

His wish was granted. For from that day to this he has not laid eyes on the fascinating Gwen Harlan de Costa.

And now that Mildred is Mrs. J. Barrington Sumner could one expect her to tell her husband that on a certain July night she bribed Gwen's bow-legged maid to walk down to a marble pool in a bathing suit?

IN THIS day of short skirts we ordinary women haven't the nerve to copy the slinky draped effect of the famous de Costa gown.

Luck in LOVE

The TALL GALLEON

THE hot sunlight of the tropics spilled over the green cone of the volcano of Nevis, and shimmered on the ivory beaches where the blue Caribbean creams into long lines of foam. The island was a blaze of color, from the black-green of its shadowy ravines and mountain forests, to the emerald of its cane fields. And all along the hillsides the royal palms drooped their feathery fronds under the noon heat.

On a shaded terrace before a stone house overlooking the sea, stood a girl. She was leaning idly against the balustrade, her eyes on the distance, while at her feet a mulatto boy strummed a lute and raised his voice in a whining refrain. Her attitude was one of expectancy. She had let her fan of blue curled feathers droop from her hand. Her head was turned as if to catch a faint sound. Finally it came—a clear whistle like a bird-call from the garden, and the girl straightened and turned eagerly. But when she had satisfied herself that the newcomer was the one she hoped to see, she turned away again and feigned absorption in the distant view.

To the young man approaching the movement savored of haughtiness. There had been a change in the fortunes of Constance Cavan since Richard Chantrey had known her in England. Her father, Michael Cavan, had owned an impoverished grange adjoining the Chantrey estate. Back in those days she used to meet him secretly in primrose-studded lanes, and they had kissed and vowed eternal vows. She had aspired to him then with something of awe, as the younger son of a noble English family. But when Richard Chantrey had followed father and daughter overseas to the West Indies, he had found the quiet girl of his youth transformed into a great lady. It was he who aspired to her now. All he could offer her was the empty splendor of an old name—and the burning ambition to win himself a fortune to lay at her feet.

He approached her with deference, and raised her hand to his lips. She turned then, and a dimple in her cheek deepened. But her eyes remained demurely lowered.

"Richard! You startled me. I thought it one of the gardeners when first I heard your step. Bring you any gossip from the town to liven this dull afternoon?"

"None, save that a ship has been sighted from the other side of the island—a most monstrous tall ship, a long way off. It is yet uncertain whether she means to pass on or to cast anchor here in Nevis."

The girl sighed, and plied the bright blue

As Chantrey and the others came over the ship's side, Lolonais plunged toward

and Luck in CARDS *Sometimes* Go Together

By HELEN VASILOS

him with drawn sword. All about them the battle raged, but they fought as if alone.

feathers of her fan vigorously. With seriousness she said:

"Would it were the *Sea Bird* out from France and England, bringing a store of fashionable silks and velvets. But alas! she is not due for long weeks yet, and I have nothing that has not been at least twice worn, for the governor's party tonight."

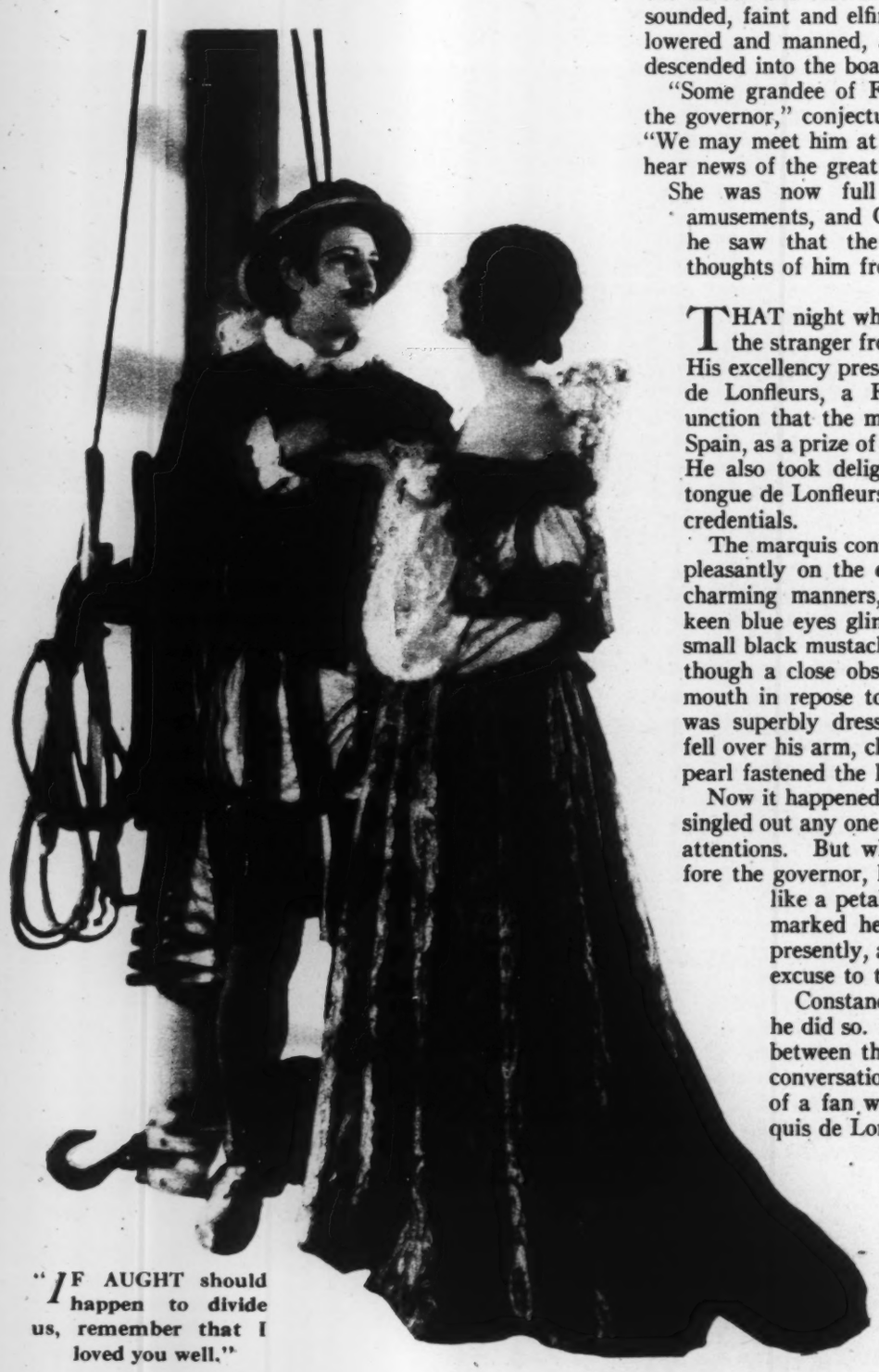
Chantrey's lips smiled at her earnestness, but his eyes did not smile as they glanced at her lovely flushed face.

"No man who looks into your eyes will ever remember the color of your gown," he replied soberly.

"My good Richard," she laughed, "it is not for the men but the women in Nevis that I adorn myself."

"Constance!" Chantrey broke through the light banter abruptly, "do you think no longer of our love there in the leafy lanes of Devon? Do you care not at all that I parted from my brother in anger because he would keep me from you; and that I followed you here?"

He looked down at her with longing in his eyes, and she turned her hand in his grasp and twined her soft fingers for an instant in his before gently withdrawing them.



"IF AUGHT should happen to divide us, remember that I loved you well."

"Three years is a long time, and I have changed as you say—" She saw him wince and hastened on—"but your love I have not forgotten. It is my father now who takes the rôle your brother took. He urges on me other suitors." Her tone assumed the languor of the great belle, but Richard saw the dimple deepen again in her cheek, and caught the gleam of laughter in her eyes.

"Yet some day, perhaps," she continued in a low tone, "shall I also say, 'I love you'—— Why look!" she glanced aside and pointed suddenly toward the sea. "The tall ship you spoke of! It makes for the harbor here."

She clutched Chantrey's arm in her excitement, and together they leaned on the wall to watch the towering craft moving dream-like over motionless water, the declining sun lighting her banners and turning her sails to cloth of gold.

"She has the look of a Spanish galleon," said Chantrey, "yet her colors are French. Some prize, no doubt, taken in warfare by France from her Spanish enemies."

Absorbed, the two stood silent while the ship entered the harbor and cast anchor. From her decks a bugle call sounded, faint and elfin in the distance; soon a boat was lowered and manned, and then a single figure appeared, descended into the boat, and was rowed ashore.

"Some grandee of France come to pay his respects to the governor," conjectured Constance, her eyes sparkling. "We may meet him at his excellency's party tonight, and hear news of the great world."

She was now full of eagerness for the evening's amusements, and Chantrey, watching her, sighed, for he saw that the bright contemplation swept all thoughts of him from her mind.

THAT night when the governor received his guests the stranger from the tall galleon stood beside him. His excellency presented the newcomer as the Marquis de Lonfleurs, a French nobleman, explaining with unction that the marquis had recently captured from Spain, as a prize of war, the ship which he commanded. He also took delight in rolling sonorously under his tongue de Lonfleurs' titles, which had appeared on his credentials.

The marquis conversed in English, his accent falling pleasantly on the ear. He was, moreover, a man of charming manners, young, slender, well-made. His keen blue eyes glinted with laughter and beneath his small black mustache his lips seldom forgot to smile—though a close observer might have marked how his mouth in repose took on a thin and cruel line. He was superbly dressed: a cloak of dark purple satin fell over his arm, clasped with sapphires, while a great pearl fastened the lace of his cravat.

Now it happened that hitherto de Lonfleurs had not singled out any one of the fair ladies to flatter with his attentions. But when Constance Cavan curtsied before the governor, her dress of rose taffetas spreading like a petaled flower about her, the nobleman marked her with an admiring glance. And presently, as she moved off, he made a smiling excuse to the governor and followed her.

Constance pretended not to perceive that he did so. She unfurled her fan like a barrier between them, redoubling the vivacity of her conversation with her father. But the barrier of a fan was not one to discourage the Marquis de Lonfleurs. He bowed very low, offering her his arm.

"May I have the honor, *mademoiselle*, the ver' great honor, to escort you through the garden? His excellency has but now recommend its beauties to my attention."

His eyes pled his cause more eloquently than his lips, and she,

not unaware of the envious and curious glances about her, lowered the barrier of her fan with a sudden smile of coquetry.

It was, indeed, an enchanted garden where they walked. Great pallid moon-flowers opened their sweetness to the night, and the stars burned low in crowding points of silver over the giant palms.

"*Mademoiselle,* aftaire I have see' your face I cannot bear the crowd, the light, the noise within. I have feel your beauty as I feel here the beauty of the night."

In the dim light Constance looked at her companion curiously, half ready to smile. But she did not see there the casual gallantry she expected. Instead, de Lonfleurs had grown pale, his lips had straightened to a thin, unsmiling line. His eyes in the darkness had a strange luminous quality, and the girl felt, momentarily, a faint thrill of fear.

"Monsieur de Lonfleurs, you are a flatterer," she said lightly, shaking off the feeling; "but tell me of the gay world outside this lonely isle of Nevis. Tell me of Paris——"

She looked at him expectantly, twirling a flower between her fingers.

De Lonfleurs bent nearer, till she could feel his hurried, uneven breath upon her cheek.

"The lonely isle of Nevis," he repeated. "I have not guess so rare a flower could bloom in Nevis. You have long' for the gay world *mademoiselle,* and it was made for you." Suddenly his teeth gleamed in a smile. "My ship lies in harbor. Could I but bear you in it to France——"

The girl moved away from him restlessly. This man was strange. His gallantries held an undercurrent of seriousness. He repelled her. Yet at the same time she was conscious of an unwilling fascination.

He sensed her recoil instantly, but he came still closer and laid a touch arresting as a steel band upon her wrist.

"Your English blood is cold, slow to fire, and ours of southern France is hot, and quick as mercury. Stay, *mademoiselle.* Let me teach you of love which I have learn' tonight in an hour."

Constance stood poised for flight, but his fingers did not release her. Instead with a quick movement he drew her into his embrace. Hoarsely he voiced his passion in a more familiar tongue:

"Ma belle, je t'aime, je te le jure! Viens a moi——"

He bent his head and his mouth sought hers, when a step sounded on the flagged walk. The girl sprang away as Chantrey emerged from the shadow of the palms. His face was white and his voice shook as he bowed and offered his arm.

"Lolonais!" she gasped, affrighted. "You are Francis Lolonais?"

"Monsieur de Lonfleurs will excuse you I am sure, since you were promised to me for supper, long ago."

And in silence he escorted her within to the supper-room.

After Chantrey had left Constance with her father, he started moodily in the direction of the town. He knew that in his present mood of depression sleep would be impossible. There was an unwonted stir in the habitually quiet place; the strange, dark-faced men from the tall galleon were everywhere, and the sound of roistering songs in a foreign tongue disturbed the night. Chantrey

bent his steps toward a certain inn on the road that led to the harbor, and presently, at a table in a secluded corner, dallied with the glass set before him while he looked about the room. These were formidable, even ferocious men, these sailors from de Lonfleur's ship. The dark old wine-room with its blackened oak tables and iron lamps resounded to the din of their rough voices, the rattle of dice, the slap of cards, and above all to the metallic clink and ring of gold pieces. They seemed to have much gold, and gambled freely.

It was not long after Chantrey had arrived when a quick, imperative voice spoke outside the inn door and de Lonfleurs entered. His habitual smile had left his lips, and his brows were drawn into a scowl. He did not notice Chantrey in his dim corner, for sitting down with his back toward him he called for more wine and took up a dice-box.

For a full half hour the marquis played with silent ferocity, throwing down his gold and seeing it swept away by the coveteous hands. At length de Lonfleur's store was exhausted. He hesitated, as if weighing a hazard in his mind, and seeking to tear himself from the lure of the game, then with sudden decision he drew from an inner pocket an unset diamond which glittered brilliantly between his thumb and finger.

"This diamond against all the gold that I have lost," he said thickly in French—of which tongue Chantrey was a fair scholar—and threw the dice.

The sailor gave the diamond a quick look and his face darkened. He picked up the dice-box, shook it, and cast. The next moment with a triumphant laugh he swept gold and diamond together into his pouch.

Chantrey was on his feet as the sailor rose to go. He felt a peculiar urge to talk with this man who used diamonds for counters. He approached de Lonfleurs and laid a hand on his chair as the marquis would have pushed it furiously from the table.

"*Monsieur*," I have watched your losses with distress," he said in French. "Perhaps a change of partners may bring you luck. Will you cast with me?"

De Lonfleurs stared at him, his senses clouded, his face flushed with the wine he had been drinking. When he recognized Chantrey his frown deepened, but the gambling frenzy was upon him too strongly to be denied. He spread his hands with a shrug, then fingered the great moon-white pearl at his throat. Chantrey saw the movement and shook his head. The other looked surprised.

"But *monsieur*—you understand—your note will suffice!"

They played, and Chantrey won. Again they cast, and again he won. Three times de Lonfleurs was the loser, but as he would have made a fourth cast Chantrey took the dice-box from him.

"No, *monsieur*. We will play again when you are in better luck."

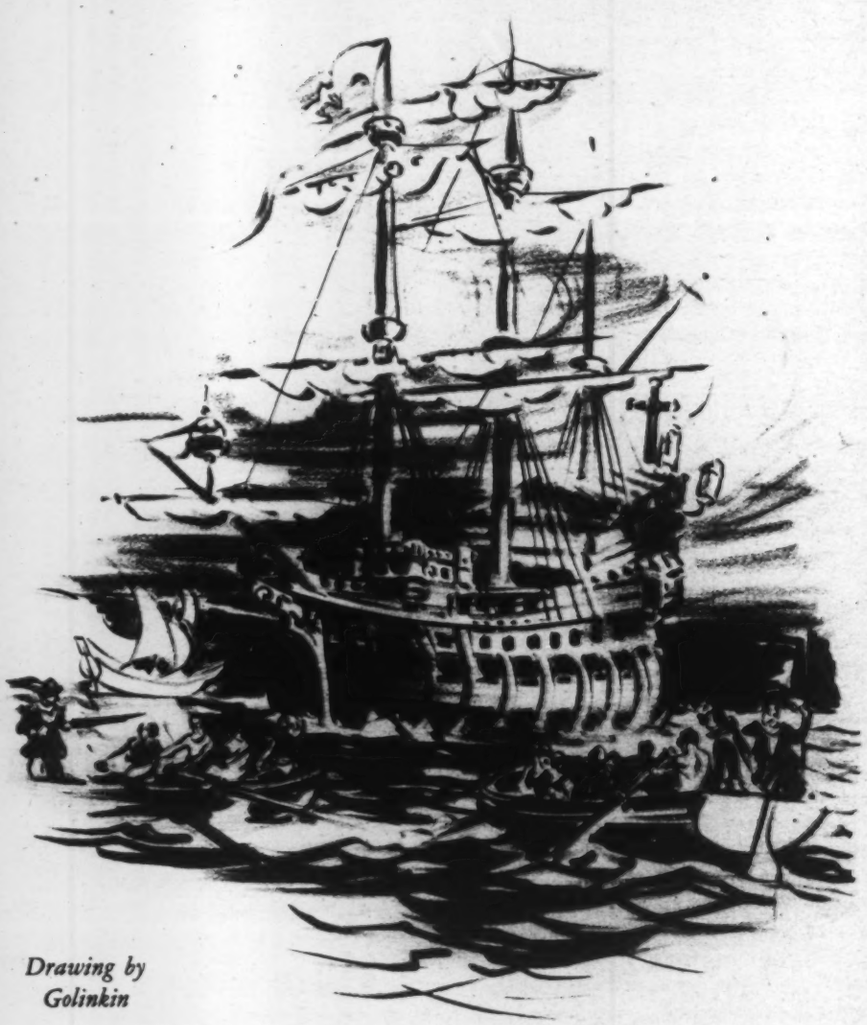
At his courteous words the Frenchman smiled. It was a smile of triumph, however, with which he favored the Englishman.

"Luck! 'Tis no wonder I lose so prodigiously since luck at cards and luck in love never went together!"

The taunt drew the blood to Chantrey's cheeks, but he was silent while his opponent called for a quill and inkhorn, and tumbling some parchments from his pockets selected a scrap. The papers were those which he had presented for the governor's inspection on landing, and Chantrey's quick eye caught the bold, flowing signature, "De Lonfleurs," on one. The Frenchman, seeing his glance, instantly picked up the documents and returned them to his pocket.

"*Brévet d'aristocracie*," he said with a sneer, and taking up the quill began to write, handing the paper when he had finished at once to Chantrey.

But though de Lonfleurs did not suspect it, Chantrey had won more than the three casts of dice, for the signature on the paper the governor had seen and the one on the note the nobleman had just made out were not written in the same hand.



Drawing by Golinkin

Now from the shore boat after boat put out, filled with armed men

THE sound of a violin, faint with distance, phrasing an old French melody, drew Constance to her window the following evening. A flaming scarlet blossom fell at her feet as she drew back the curtain, and she saw de Lonfleurs looking up at her from the dimness of the garden.

"I have toss' up my heart to you," he said quietly. "Come down, *ma douce amie*, and bring it back to me."

The girl stood immobile in the shadows of the room, reluctant to leave its shelter, repelled yet fascinated and curious. Then, with feet that lagged a little she descended the stairs and emerged into the fragrant evening.

De Lonfleurs approached her and raised her hands, palms upward, to his lips. She could not deny his intensity. For good or evil she had roused in him a very real passion, and it frightened her. In the distance the violin music, delicate, elfin, with its heart-wringing refrain, drifted away into silence.

"One of my sailors," the [*Continued on page 127*]

Rustle or Rust is as True in Love as in Business

WHEN I meets Nancy Saxon I goes down for the count.

Shear and Shear Alike

By MAURICE MARKS

I FIRST meets Barney Swift down at the track. Not that I plays 'em often. I don't fall fer the geegees much. But I falls that day all right all right, with a double back-flop and a gurgle. This is how it come about. I'm doin' my old tramp act in the two-a-day. It's a nice warm Saturday and I ain't due nowhere but Scranton next day, playin' a split week with Wilkesbarre. So I calls up my old side kick, Lou Fraser.

"Come along with us," Lou suggests. "I'm takin' the frau and her cousin from Brooklyn to the races."

"A frail at the track," I comes back, "not much!"

"The prettiest ever you seen in a magazine page."

"You're on!" I changes my mind quick. I don't get nothin' at all when I meets Nancy Saxon but the smile. She shoots me a sure enough sunbeam that sizzles my map a bright red. I goes down for the count; out like a 4th of July roamin' candle. Lou drives us down in his tire-burner and all the ways to the track I can't think of nothin' to say but "ain't it a grand day." I'm clean cookoo. Soon as we gets the skirts parked in the grand stand Lou steers away to the bettin' ring.

"Pretty, ain't she?" he throws out, kinda careless like.

"You ain't said nothin'," I squawks.

"Yeh," says Lou, "you said it. And she's a good girl, too. None of your Ritz Kay stories for her."

By this time we're down by the books and Lou is givin' the high sign to a great husky guy wearin' field glasses and a big black cigar. He introduces us, and I'm shakin' hands with old Barney Swift. I've heard of him, of course, a producer of musical comedy and such that used to was a light heavy weight. I takes a shine to Barney Swift from the jump. He's got a way about him that makes you want to do him a favor, and a line of chatter that could sell mudguards to a push-cart peddler.

The rest of that day is a sort of hazy dream. I'm sufferin' from shell shock or kick back or whatever it is you gets when a frail fries you to a frazzle. So, natural like, I gets no winnin' bets from the books. Anyways, after the fifth race, when Lou and me counts up the house, there's a slim V between us and poverty, two women on our hands, and me with a hotel bill and Scranton to make. I'm trailin' out of the bettin' ring when who stops me but Barney.

"Why so glum, kid?" he asks. "Beat 'em out of a fortune today?"

"More or less," I nods, "mostly less."

"Broke?"

"Stony."

"Thought so," chuckles Barney, "from the way you was pickin' 'em, I figures you was bettin' Rockyfeller's bankroll."

"Oh," says I, "I blows that the first two races. What you seen me parlayin' later was the 4th and 3rd Liberty loans."

"Speakin' of which," says he, "take this."

And before I really gets him, he pulls something out of his pocket what looks like a roll of stair carpet, peels off the top, sticks it in my mitt and does a fade-out. I takes a quick flash. It's a century!

"You is all artists," I says to the company. "I believe in you boys and girls

"Hey, what the helenamontanna," I shouts, but he just waves me a flipper and is gone . . .

I meets a lot of bimboes up and down the line in my time, and I ain't sayin' I ain't never made a touch. But most generally it was after givin' 'em gas or a hypo. Here's a guy that ain't had a chance to more than see I'm white and ain't got smallpox, and he shakes a hundred iron men into my maw like they was prune pits!

Lou is waitin' for me with the frails and don't look none too cheerful. I has a hunch his frau, Flora, has been gettin' in some of her nifty embroidery. That jane's so dumb she thinks Kipling is a chop suey joint.

"Lou's picked 'em so good," says she, "we gotta go home to eat."

"Don't let that guy kid you," I winks to Lou, "I got the winnin's," and I flashes the yellow boy.

"Well," she smiles kinda cute, "s'long as that's winnin's, maybe we better go home for chow and Lou can gimme his shear for a new dress."

"If you're dressin' on this," says I, slippin' the bill in my jeans and an arm under Nancy's "you ain't gonna wear enough to get by the censors."

Nancy smiles one of them twelve cylinder T.N.T. loads of sunshine and red pepper that gets under my skin so deep I feels the heat all next day on the rattler to Scranton.

It's a week before I'm jerry to what's happened to me. First I blames the water, then maybe I thinks it's the food. After which, I guesses I'm sick. I can't snap into my work. Me, Ted Green, dancin' fool, the snappiest stepper that ever shook a shoe, the original Mr. Pep R. Mint hisself, gone stale? Then, in a flash it comes to me. I'm in love.

I CAN'T get back to Broadway quick enough. The four weeks bookin' I got to fill seems like they'd never finish. But they does at last and I bee lines it to the Flatbushes. Which same is a true test of love.

While I'm playin' the subway circuit I figures it's up to me to ease out a feeler. I got the whole thing doped out in my mind. But when it comes to a show-down it don't go so simple.

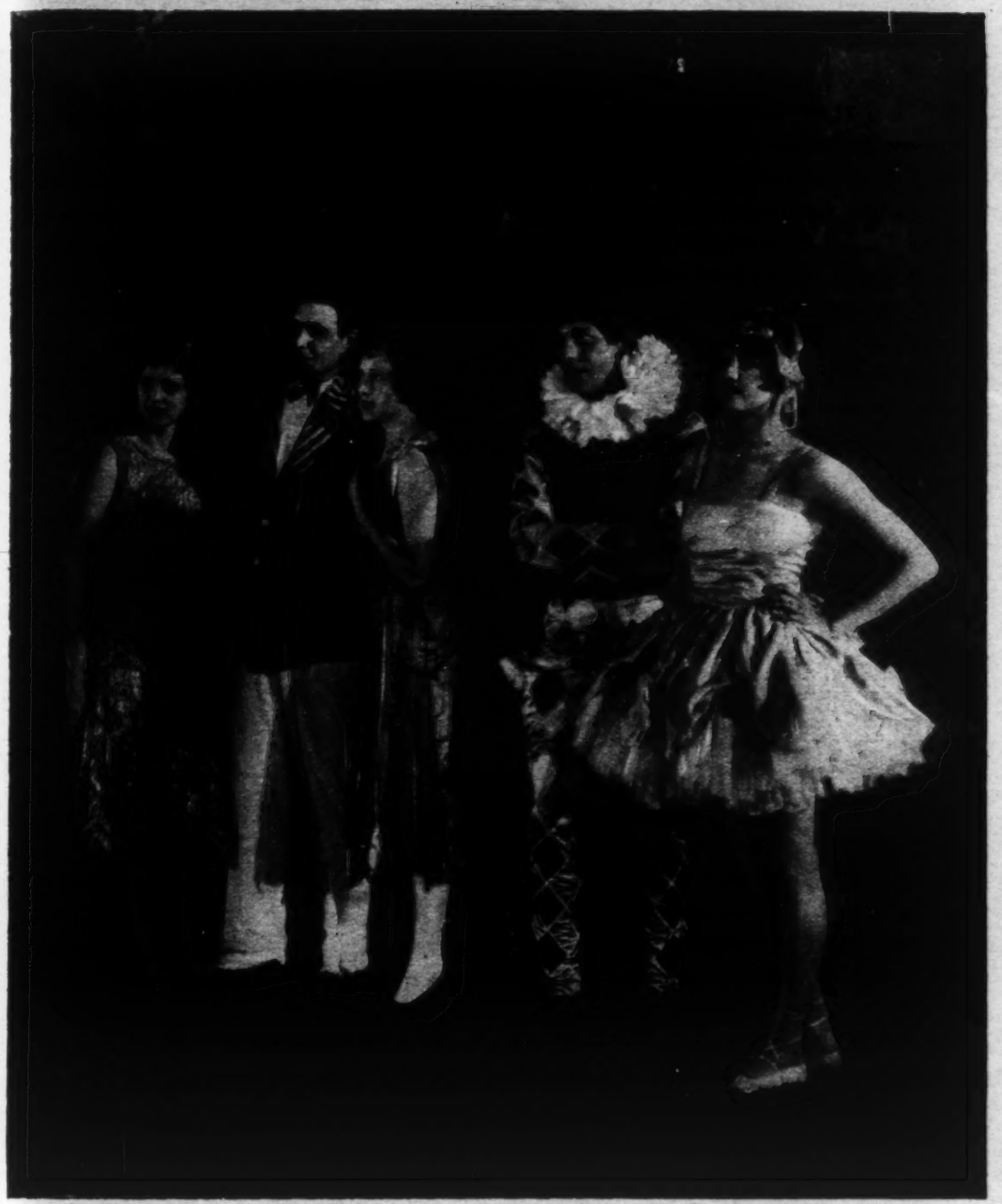
I gets a bad break from the jump. I been figurin' on seein' Nancy alone. But when I finally gets out to the wilderness who's there no less than Lou, Flora, Joe that's Lou's brother and his frau Sadie. That makes the Four Fallin' Frazers. With a house full of acrobats it ain't no wonder some one's büttin' in every second.

Nancy and me is out on the porch right after dinner.

"Oh, Nancy," I coughs, "I—er—ha—yeh—I'm——"

"How's that?" she murmurs.

"I says it—it was a fine dinner."



and that you'll put the show over. Good luck!"

Now that ain't what I wants to say at all. I got it rehearsed all different. But Nancy is quick on the cue.

"Yeh," she smiles, "mom's a grand cook."

"You just gamble she is," I flushes, "and I bet you kin run her a close split second, huh?" Which looks like I'm back on the track again and runnin' smooth. My heart's sputterin' so fast it's missin' two cylinders, when Nancy hands me the ice water sprinkle.

"No, I don't know much about cookin'."

"Maybe some day you'll want to," says I, "when—if you—if you was er—mangled."

"Huh?" she starts, "Mangled?"

"M—married," I sniffs, the heat pourin' out of me like rain which I tries to hide by moppin' with my handkerchief.

"I've got a perfectly good job, what would I want to be marryin', for?" asks Nancy. Which, begin' a perfectly good question and me not so fine for the moment at workin' out picture puzzles, goes by default.

There's time out while I stalls by pickin' up a magazine. One of the ads features a bungalow.

"Looks cozy. Maybe you'll have one some day," I ventures.

"Maybe, is right," says Nancy. "Maybe I will and maybe I won't; but if I does I wants it to live in."

"Meanin' which?" I ventures.

"Meanin'," says she, as though I'm not there at all, "I wants a home to be in, not away from all the time like Flora is."

"She's got the act to work in," I blunders.

"Sure," says Nancy, "that's all gettin' spliced brung her—work."

"She's got Lou," I mumbles.

"Yeh," she sniffs, "look at him. That's somethin' to leave home for—a cigaret crave and a system for keepin' broke playin' the ponies. Ain't life grand!"

"Then you wouldn't marry no vaudeville performer?" I shoots, a cold cramp creepin' down my spine.

"You said the whole lesson," says my torturer. "Any time I marries I don't pick a guy with no more home than a nervous grasshopper havin' saint-vitus-dance, I wants my man where I kin prove my perfect trust by watchin' him."

The cold cramp hits my feet.

"You sure is sour on the profesh," I says finally.

"It ain't the profesh," she counters, "it's this three and two a day. If I was in the profesh I'd be a top notcher or nothin'. Dozens of 'em has riz to be stars or directors or producers. So why be less?"

"Do you—do you guess maybe I could do that?" I gulps.

"I don't know why not," she hands me. "You just been too satisfied up to now. Get restless and you'll rustle. Rustle's the word—rustle or rust!" Then, to make up for the lecture, she blazes a smile that sizzles my one remainin' brain.

Next day I sits down for a conference with Me, I & Co. We empties the shelves and takes stock:

Item: Main works; Ted Green, age 30, 5 feet, 11 in., 162 lbs., shoe shaker. A little shop worn, but can be polished up good as new.

Item: Investments; (a) 2 liberty bonds. (b) mortgage on a hen house in Westchester.

Item: Jewelry; (1) blue diamonds sparkler ring shy three karats. Perfect except for two flaws and a touch of yellow. (2) ditto stick pin, not so shy but not so perfect.

Item: Cash; (a) in bank, $436.22. (b) in jeans, $28.60.

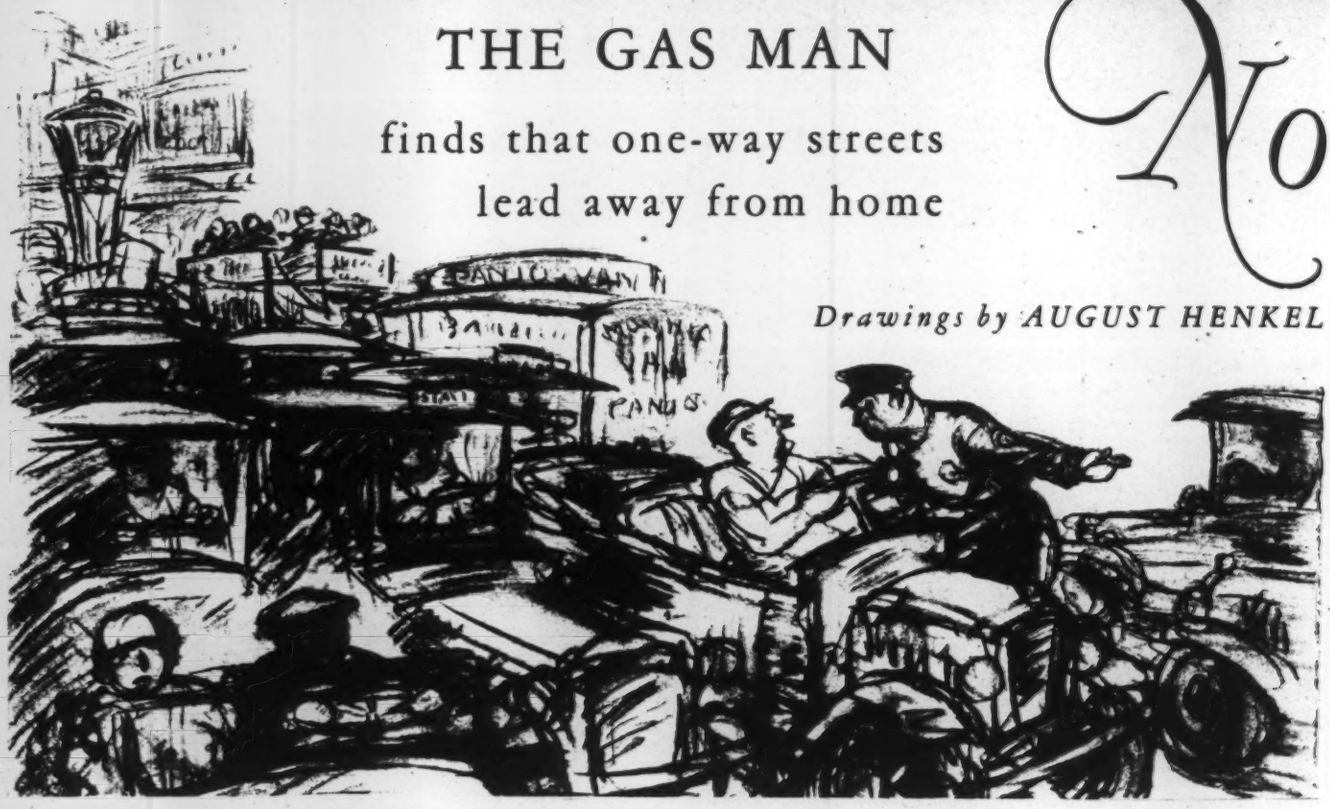
Item: Liabilities; one red Runabout 1923 model. Just bought her a new spare, so she's worth that much.

Add it up and it don't figure much. "Pal," says I to myself, "remember what she [*Continued on page 123*]

THE GAS MAN

finds that one-way streets lead away from home

Drawings by AUGUST HENKEL



"A cop boils up an' says, 'Wotellyathinkyare?' I says, 'You tell me, ossifer.'"

"WHY didn't you take his number?" wailed the little fat lady in the little fat runabout. A flivver-in-haste had sidewiped her car, taking away a hub-cap and knocking over a bird-cage which she had been holding in her lap. To a hysterical canary which had taken refuge on the roof of his gilded enclosure she addressed herself melodiously, after getting out of the car:

"Poor icky Dickie! Did bad man kare oo mose deff?"

"Lissen, Mrs. Zig," said Hen Dall, speaking around a large wad of gum, "whacha gonna do with a number whenya take it? I seen that number close enough to catch a lotta Z's and X's and K's into it. Z-22-KJ-44-X-09 — sompn like that. Since the State gotta puttin' all them letters inta the number plates ya don't know whether it's a radio broadcastin' or a football signal. No, m'am, Mrs. Zig, ya can't tell a thing."

"A grand looker like you, Mrs. Zig——"

"You don't even know his name, I suppose." Mrs. Zig, being comfortably padded, was having trouble to keep her temper at burning point.

"Sure. Everybody knows his name, I guess." Hen had attached a hose to her tank and was beginning to operate the red pump. "He's Juniper Pratt, the paper-hanger."

"Where was he going in such a hurry?"

"To a funeral, Mrs. Zig."

"A funeral!"

"Yes'm. His own. Maybe it won't be today. Maybe not tomorra. But if Juniper keeps jumpin' the fire-plugs the way he's doin' it's only a mattera time before he gits the big parade and a wreath of immortals from the Brother Elks. I suppose, Mrs. Zig, that a grand looker like you gits scadsa invitations to go joy-ridin'——"

"Mr. Dall!"

"I meanta say, Mrs. Zig, I was readin' in the papers a ediatorial by one o' them lady novelists that says any young goil is in danger when she goes joy-ridin' with a strange man. This Juniper Pratt is a strange man all right, all right. And I tellya one thing. Ya don't know wot danger is tillya go ridin' with Juniper. He ain't much of a heart-breaker, but what he can't do to arms an' legs ain't in the cross word puzzle books."

"Is there no law?" inquired Mrs. Zig.

Because her tank was running over Hen Dall hastily stopped the flow before she was aware of the wastage.

"I guess there's a law," he ventured. "Maybe two or

"'I am under arrest,' says I. 'I've heard them kind o' bum excuses before,' he says."

LEFT TURNS

By Wallace Irwin

"Poor icky Dickie!"

three of 'em. But the cops is too busy with the traffic to remember all them laws. Ya gotta pity the bulls nowdays, Mrs. Zig. To every two feet o' road in the U. S. today there's six feet o' car. Them's statistics. If the high price o' rubber wasn't so expensive I guess somebody'd invent a car ya could fold up like a Panama hat when it gits into a jam and let out agin when she's on the open road.

"An the cities! Ain't it a caution? I sippose you go to the city every day, Mrs. Zig. I can always tell folks that has the advantages of the city. They have that high-toned, nervous air. Well, I don't git away very often. But last week I took a tower to the city. Yes, I went in me own car. Ever see my car, Mrs. Zig? I'd show it to ya now, but Mrs. Arotta, livin' next door, has

"Ya know a joke when ya meet it, doncha goilie!"

got a settin' hen usin' it now to raise a family. It's a good car. I often says to Japonica—she's the wife and I call 'er Jap to get 'er goat—'Jap,' I says, 'that car's a dead ringer fer you—awful noisy on the hills and hell to look at, but she's still gotta lotta punch.'

"Well, last week I went to the city. Y'know I love ottomobiles, Mrs. Zig. Me business is sellin' car-juice, and I ain't got no reason to hate 'em. But 'fore I was over the bridge I was plumb sick and tired of 'em. Next thing I knew I come to a street. A truckload o' pig iron was approachin' at me from the right, a truckload o' concrete from the left; six taxicabs got stalled in front o' me and from behind a black boy drivin' a millionaire kep kicking me spare tire with 'is silver-mounted bumper.

"Well, becuz a fortune teller once tole me I was goin' to live to be a hundred I thought I'd better start in livin' right then and there. So I just rolled me old Liz up onta the safe and sane sidewalk and stood there politely, waitin' fer the others to pass.

"Pretty soon up boils a cop with 'is right glove out like he was goin' ta shake hands. Excuse me, Mrs. Zig, but I gotta tellya what he says. He says, 'Wotellyathingyare?'

"Wasn't that amusin'? I says, 'I forgot what I are. You tell me, ossifer.'

"'Ya're one o' them wooden things fer exercisin', with balls on the ends,' says he, 'and why do ya come ta the great city without yer sweetheart ta take care of ya? Doncha know the traffic laws? Drivin' yer car on the sidewalk. Shame onya! Ain't y' aware,' says he, 'that sidewalks is strickly made fer pedestrians?'

"'I'm a pedestrian from now on,' I says, 'and if I ever go anywheres agin on foot ya can carry me round New York in a bathtub full o' champagne.'

"I got the besta that argyment, all right, but I guess he'd a-pulled me, at that, if a coupla ottomobile bandits cross the street hadn't got ta shootin' up a joolry store.

"So I gently rolled off the sidewalk, only hittin' two cars on the way down, and all the way along the block I was comparatively safe, wedged in between a coupla pianna vans. At the next corner I was turnin' to the left when out jumps a bull, lookin' like Jack Dempsey might a-looked if he'd ever put on a uniform.

"'Where ya goin'?' he hollers.

"'Goin' home,' I says, 'if I can ever git turned around so I'm a-facing that way.'

"'Doncha know enough to turn to yer right?' he ast.

"So I turns to me right, and out jumps another cop.

"'Are ya cross-eyed?' he says. 'Can't yer see yer goin' wrong way of the traffic? Pull yer car agin the curb and wait till I git time ta arrest ya.'

"I pulls me car agin the curb and wast jest a-settin' there, hopin' fer the worst when 'long comes a fresh young cop on a motor-cycle.

"'Hey, fella,' says he, 'whatcha mean by parkin' yer car in front of that drug-store?'

"'I'm under arrest,' says I.

"'I've heard them kind o' bum excuses before,' says he, 'and [*Continued on page 119*]

"WHERE was he goin' in such a hurry? To a funeral, Mrs. Zig."

Concluding

the Brilliant Novel of New York Night Club Life

"He always wanted me to try the

SUMMER

In the Preceding Instalments:

THROUGH the hot New York summer Derry Thomas had been the center of a gay group of summer bachelors—married men whose wives have gone vacationing—but she determined to give them all up at the beginning of fall. Her employer Mr. Ostrander, whose trip to Europe had left Derry free to frivol, was returning then, and Derry was ambitious for her work. She had even promised Mr. Ostrander she would not marry for three years.

She had reason to fear the consequences of flirtations with married men, for she had seen the affair of a friend, Willowdean French, with Professor Blakely come to a tragic conclusion. But it was an unmarried suitor, Tony Landor, with whom Derry finally fell in love.

Derry had already tried to put Tony out of her life by the heroic measure of running away with Beverly Greenway. The expedient had failed when, one morning in a state of hypnosis brought on by a "hypnotizing globe"—a strange invention of Blakely's—something happened which mysteriously caused Bev to leave suddenly. With this way of escape closed, she thought to strengthen her resolution not to marry by making Tony promise not to mention marriage to her.

But at Claire Elway's houseparty in the mountains, Derry found herself piqued by Tony's strong-mindedness in keeping that promise. More and more often she found her mind veering to the tender thought of the man she loved.

BEFORE leaving Montreal for her return stop-over at Go As You Please, Derry had another message from her employer. His sailing was postponed another week. This news she received with mingled feelings. She was nearing the point of emotional stress where she would have been glad to have had him back, to have faced the necessity of settling herself into her groove, to have her life definitized. On the other hand there was so much the longer time to see Tony before she shut her life behind that barrier of a business career. But did she really intend to shut out Tony entirely? Theoretically, she did. But would he accept meekly being excluded? In the interests of her career, she ought to be rid of him finally and conclusively, since he constituted a more absorbing counter-interest than any other she had experienced.

Cold-bloodedly reasoned out, her wiser course would have been to hold to the companionship—if companionship she must have—of one of the others, a companionship easy of control, of regulation, which would leave the major portion of her life still free. Manifestly the part of wisdom was to put an end to the whole thing now, at once, while there was yet time. Accordingly Derry sat down and wrote a painfully sensible letter, and sealed it and addressed it and stamped it and went out to mail it, in which virtuous purpose she found a telegraph office—whereupon she sent off a wire which totally undid all that the letter had been intended to do, that painfully sensible letter which shortly after was whirled away in small fragments by the bright and wanton west wind. Derry reached the Elways' place Saturday evening and some time that night Tony Landor's car rolled in. On the following morning Claire Elway gave the two a canoe and a luncheon basket, and told them to go out and drown themselves. As soon as they were on the water Tony went straight to the main

experiment on him. Now I have."

BACHELORS

By

WARNER FABIAN

Author of

"FLAMING YOUTH"

she teased. "No, this lake is full of Sunday eyes. We've got to behave pretty-pretty like nice children."

"That'll be a party!" said he discontentedly. "May I wear spats?"

"Don't import Broadway slang into this peaceful scene."

"Is there such a place as Broadway?" he murmured dreamily. "It must be in some other world."

"Monday's world, where work begins."

"Do you have to go back tomorrow?"

"I have to *be* back tomorrow. There's a difference."

His eyes enveloped her. "I never can bring myself to think of you as having to work."

"I suppose not," she returned dryly, "though you've seen me in the act. But you don't like it because you're the protective type of male, which means the possessive type. And as you are that type, tell me this, Tony: haven't there been times when you wanted to ask me more about my escapade of the sloop with Dick Otley —Elway, I mean?"

"Not since I came to Go As You Please," was the prompt and unexpected response.

"Why not?"

"Because I know you, Derry dear."

"You don't really know anything about me," she contradicted. "What is this acute and mysterious knowledge of yours?"

"In plain words, I know that if you'd ever been anything but a friend to Dick Elway, you would never have set foot in Claire Elway's house."

"You win," conceded Derry. She dabbled one hand in the water; then the other. "I suppose you think I'm not that kind of a girl, anyway," she added in a peculiar, even tone.

Tony indicated a fish-hawk with his gesture, if not exclusively with his next words, which *might* have been aimed at his companion. "Trying for another rise," said he with the faintest upward inflection.

"I'm not!" cried Derry, outraged by this brutal and accurate interpretation.

"Missed it, anyway," he added at once. "My dear, if you stamp like that once more, we're sunk."

"Don't you *want* to know about me, Tony?" she asked, beseechingly.

"I've got my own theory," he said, just about as she had decided that—no other hawks being in sight—he wasn't going to make any reply at all. "It may be wrong or it may be right. Perhaps it doesn't matter, anyway." That rather chilled Derry, though her reason accepted it; what could it matter, indeed? "When I asked you to mar—

point without a moment's delay or beating about the bush.

"Derry, your sending for me doesn't mean that you've changed your mind, does it?"

"About what?"

"About the subject I'm not allowed to bring up."

"Oh, no; not about that."

"About what, then?"

"Nothing. I haven't changed at all."

"Lucky you! I have. You've made a perfect mess of me again. I can't get my mind on anything but you."

"Nice Tony," she purred. "Fortunate this is a canoe. Or I might come over there and kiss you."

"It could be done, with caution."

"A cautious kiss? Tony! How you've degenerated!"

I mean, when I made my unprofitable and unrepeatable proposal, I had made my estimate of you. It was not," he added slowly, "formed upon exclusively physical grounds." The gravity of the words absolved them from any offensiveness. Nevertheless, Derry was startled.

"You mean," she began. "No, I think I know what you mean. You *are* a dear, Tony. But you're rather formidable."

"A puppet in your hands," he assured her, smiling.

"That's what I'm so afraid of becoming in yours," she muttered, "if——" She stopped short. Why must all her thoughts predicate themselves on the possibility of marrying Tony, since she was absolutely determined not to? "Oh, let's talk about fish-hawks!" she exclaimed.

They talked and floated and paddled and lunched, and took delight of the eye and the mind in each other, deep into the warm afternoon, when Tony gave the bow of their craft a regretful turn toward home port.

"Time you were packing up, isn't it?"

"Not for hours. My train doesn't leave until ten."

"Claire said she'd give us early dinner so we could motor back."

"That's a thought!"

"I'll guarantee you there by one o'clock, bar accidents."

"All right," assented the girl. "Hit her up, then. We've got to get in."

At the float when he helped her out, she held to his hand for a moment, held to his eyes with hers. Some instinct, defensive, retractive, seemed to her to be dictating what she said next.

"You're a wonderful comrade, Tony, old Tony, besides being such a darling. And comradeships are rare, and rather precious, aren't they?"

"Well?" he interrogated.

"I'm sure it would be much better, much wiser if you took me over to the train and put me aboard, and went back by car yourself. Don't you really think so?"

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to?"

"No." The dictatorship had ceased and the real Derry spoke, clear and soft and quick.

CHAPTER XXII

THE sun set in a sky turbulent and vivid. Storm rumors were heavily murmurous beneath the horizon as Derry and Tony started. They climbed toward growling thunder-peaks which spat volcanic threads at them. Tony pulled up at a crossroad.

"This is going to be bad," he prophesied.

"I don't care," replied Derry recklessly. She was exultantly attuned to the spirit of the storm.

"There's a short cut by this country road, to Balhamville. We may be able to beat out the rain, if you want to risk it."

"I'll risk anything tonight."

The open runabout set its nose valiantly to the next ascent. Tony, absorbed in making what speed he might over the rugged, twisting road, spoke seldom and then only to practical purpose.

"Want the curtains up?"

"No. Don't waste the time. I love the wind."

After a long period of hard progress he said: "Derry, you're laughing."

"Was I?"

"You know you were. What's the excruciating jest?"

"You are."

"Why?"

"Because you've been lost for the last twenty minutes and have been keeping it from me."

"I thought you might be worried."

"I'm not. I just don't care."

"Listen! There it comes." There was a vast, high tumult of wind across the forest, and a billow of rain leapt upon them. He ran the car under a tree and put up the curtains. They sat huddled close together, while the disintegrating universe flamed and roared around them.

"Your little boat leaks, Tony."

"Are you getting wet?"

"Yes, and you're already soaked. Let's go on."

"I wouldn't dare risk the down grade, with the road afloat."

"Look for a house, then. There can't be a road without something on it."

"Right, young Wisdom."

"Step on her, then, old Beauty!"

"Reversing the terms," he chuckled. "I'm afraid I don't qualify as well as you do on both counts."

At the next hair-raising angle of the road, the girl said shortly: "Turn in. Here's our refuge."

The watery glare of the lights shone on a gaunt square structure, whose windows stared blankly back at them.

"Deserted," he said, and climbed out for investigation. "Locked and barred," he reported, "and apparently stripped. Don't suppose there's so much as a stove in it. I'm going to try the barn."

She saw his flashlight gleam and fade and vanish in the welter of the storm and felt absurdly lonely, absurdly little, without him. Presently he returned with tidings of dry hay in the loft and space for sheltering the car below. They drove in and he shut the ravening storm out, and themselves in, two alone in a primitive world of their own. He burrowed under the seat.

"Found: a pair of dry blankets," he said triumphantly. "Catch, Derry."

"What am I to do with 'em?"

"Climb the ladder and look for the hay in the left hand corner. The second floor is yours."

"Where are you going to stay?"

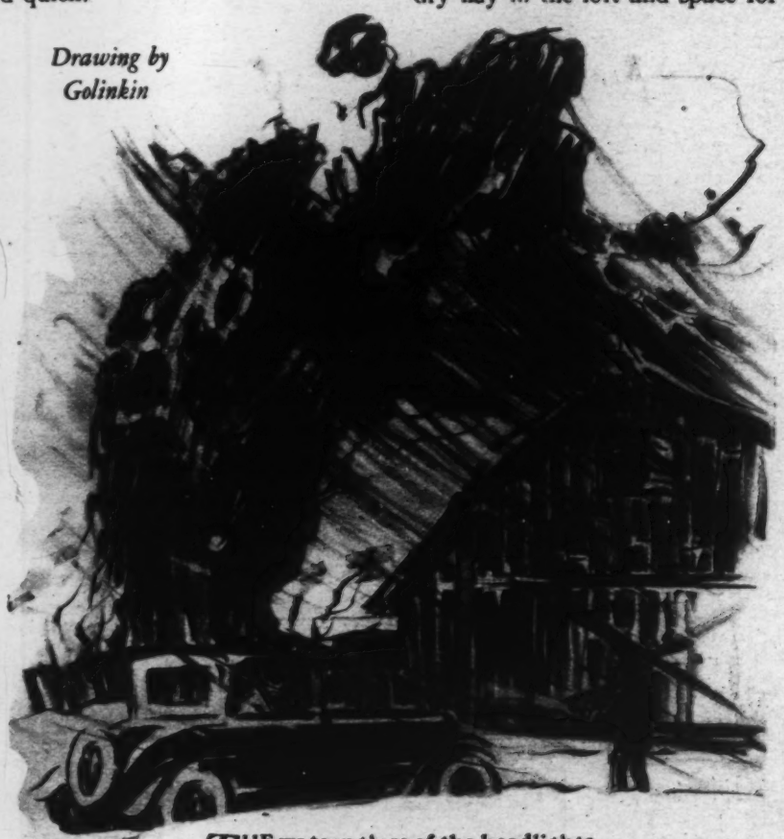
"Here in the car."

"You might as well be in the lake. You'll catch your death."

"I'll be all right."

She had taken the flash up the ladder with her for a survey. Now she said in as matter-of-fact a tone as she could manage. "There's loads of room

Drawing by Golinkin



THE watery glare of the headlights shone on a gaunt structure.

"WHICH way is the wind blowing in that puzzling mind of yours, Derry-love?"

for two up here. It's silly for you to freeze in the car."

Silence seemed balanced perilously on the tight-rope of expectancy. She wanted to turn the light on him, but did not quite dare.

"Bring your driest wrap and I'll fix you a bed in the other corner."

"All right." He mounted and held the light for her while she arranged the coverings.

"But they're soaking wet," she murmured discontentedly. "You take this dry one. I can keep warm enough with one."

"Not a chance!"

"You're foolish. No? Lights out then." She withdrew to her own apportioned corner. "Good night," she called across to him.

He gave her back her good night. Silence again, dull and unexpectant this time. The fury of the storm had passed, leaving a steady, black downpour, soothing in its monotone. But Derry, weary though she was, could not sleep! Thump! Something fell with startling impact on the roof, and scuttered across. Derry started up.

"Squirrels," said Tony's voice reassuringly.

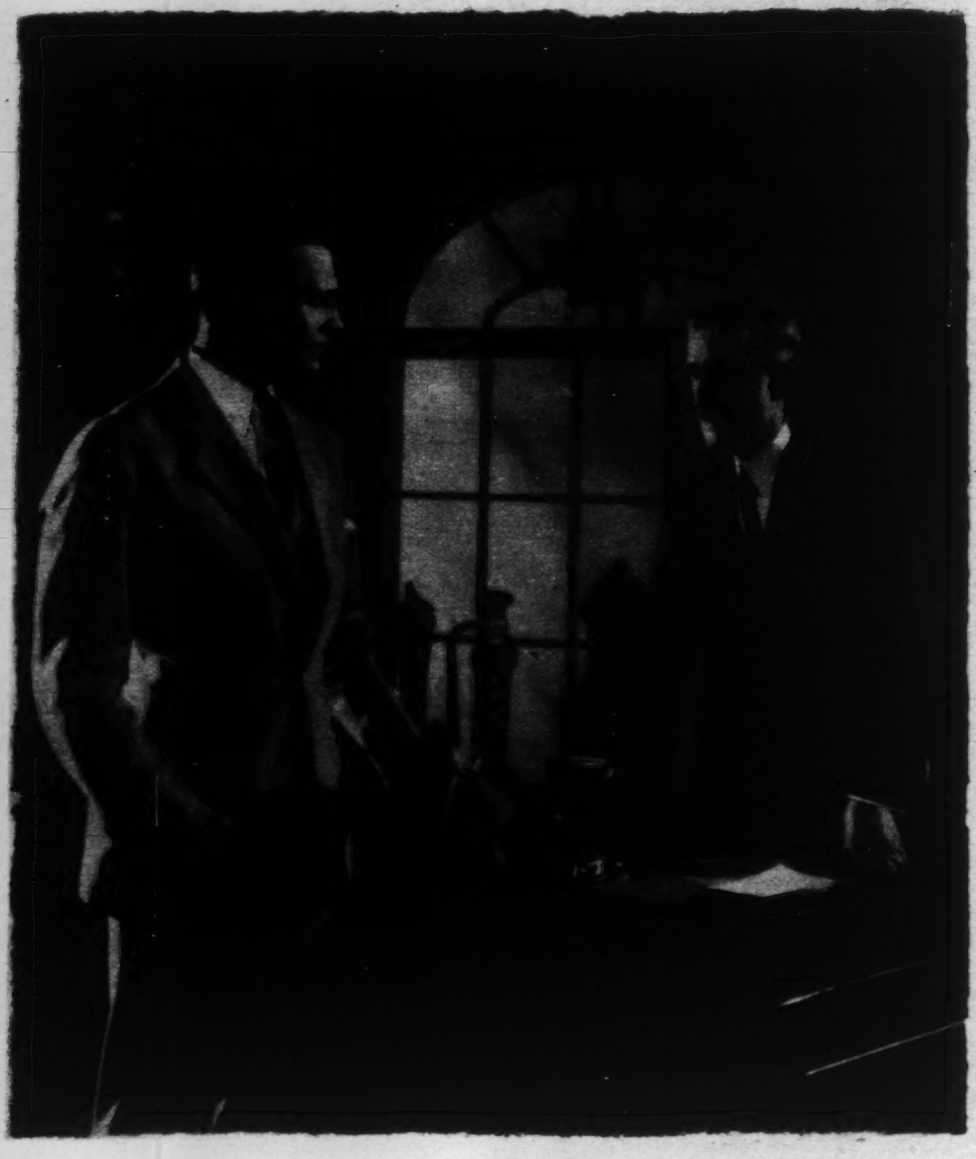
"I thought it was an elephant," she breathed.

"The elephants are all in their burrows at this hour," he explained kindly.

"Of course. I've forgoten my natural history. Did it wake you up?"

"No. I haven't been asleep."

"I'm afraid, Tony. It's so lonely in the dark. Don't let me be lonely."



"I am Miss Thomas's employer," said Mr. Ostrander. "Not her guardian."

She heard the rustle of the hay as he shook himself free of his coverings; his steps uncertain in the blackness; the impact of his hand groping against the wall. She rose and stood, waiting, her nerves shot through with prickling fires.

The footsteps paused. In some subtle way Derry sensed her lover's hesitancy, knew that he was profoundly shaken, profoundly afraid. What of? Of her? Of himself? She was no longer afraid. Not of anything. Her laughter was a golden summons in the darkness.

"Can't you find me, Tony? Stupid you!"

His hands touched her, drew her. In his arms she felt as if a warm current from unexplored depths of her being were spreading its graciousness slowly, slowly through her veins. A wonderful glowing peacefulness possessed her, a strong contentment to be there with him.

For a yearning moment she withheld her lips, then gave them to his kiss and with them all the unsubdued, unsullied sweetness that was her inmost self.

When she awoke she was alone. Her thoughts wavered, staggered, and struggled to come to the surface of dreams. Had it all been a dream?

"Tony!" she called softly, and when he answered she saw him standing against a bar of pale light, angled through the glassless window.

"It's cleared off," he said.

"What time is it?"

"A little after two."

"Could we go now?"

"I think so. With chains. Shall I put them on?"

"I suppose we ought to go on. Don't you really think so?"

Do you?"

"Y-yes."

"Do you *want* to?"

"No."

They laughed together, softly, joyously.

It was not the brilliant light ray that brought her up to a quick sitting posture, in the morning, but the sound of a nasally harsh voice below, and the thump of a heavy tread. She thrust a hand over Tony's lips, lest he should speak, and whispered close to his ear:

"There's some one downstairs."

He jumped to his feet, shook himself, and struck terror into her soul by saying in clearly audible tones:

"That's all right." Walking to the ladder he inquired of the unknown below: "Is this your barn?"

"Reckon it is. All but the morgidge."

"We owe you a night's lodging. My wife and I got lost in the storm."

His wife! The word so confidently spoken, gave Derry's nerves the queerest fillip they had ever experienced. Then, unaccountably, she wanted to cry.

The farmer said: "Don't wonder a mite! Might's well owe me fer breakfast, too. You must be hungry."

"This gentleman guesses that we must be hungry, darling," Tony passed the word along. "Could you eat?"

"An elephant," said Derry. "Right off the roof." Which aroused speculation in the simple agricultural soul as to what an elephant should be doing on a roof, and why.

"Haouse is raound the next turn," he informed them hospitably. "You c'n follow on in yer car when yer ready."

"*Don't* look at me, Tony," besought Derry, picking straws out of her hair, and turning her back on her lover as he returned to her.

"I've never seen anything in the world so well worth looking at," he declared.

"You might at least let me wash my face before you kiss me," she murmured in ineffectual protest.

"There's a watering trough at the side. You've got three minutes."

"Giving orders already," she murmured. "The possessive male. But I don't mind it as much as I thought I should."

"I don't mind it at all," said he with an effect of magnanimity.

She made a face at him, but instantly became reflective.

"You probably do, though. It's changed everything. Hasn't it?"

He chose to be cautious upon this untried ground. "Has it? In what way?"

"We-ell, you know," answered Derry doubtfully.

"That's just the point. I don't. And I doubt whether you do."

Derry's natural frankness of mind asserted itself. "No. I don't. But I ought to. We both ought to. Oughtn't we?"

He smiled at her. "There's a straw behind your ear." Which he removed with appropriate ceremonies. "Don't," murmured Derry, not meaning it at all, recognizing which, he did again. "But it doesn't show me which way the wind blows in that puzzling mind of yours. Just what are you trying to get at, Derry-love?"

"You've never called me that before. I kinda like it, Tony. That's downright slushy of me, isn't it? See what a mess you've made of a once sound mind . . . And if I tell you what I'm trying to get at, you'll laugh at me. It's awfully bromidic."

"Then you'd better come up very close while you ask it," he advised. "So close that you can't observe my impish glee. That's right. And now I'll answer your question."

"I haven't asked any question."

"You don't have to. The answer is: 'More than ever.' Is that right?"

She stirred and settled contentedly in his arms.

"Yes; but you said you wouldn't laugh at me," she reproached.

"Never! I've been laughing at you ever since this abstruse discussion began. Almost as much as I've been loving you."

"I don't see why." Derry, aggrieved, pushed herself away from him. That is, she meant to push herself away from him, but it didn't work very well. "Tony, you're a brute," she sighed. "And I hate to be laughed at internally. Are you going to tell me why you're making fun of me?"

"You'll find out for yourself one of these days," was his easy assurance.

"I believe that breakfast would help my detective processes. Though how I'm going to face those farm people, I do *not* know."

He looked at her curiously. "Conscience?"

"No. Not a bit. That's funny, isn't it! I suppose it's because I love you so much that everything seems right."

They breakfasted well at Farmer Hackley's while Tony acted as defense against a quick fire of questions, which seemed to self-conscious Derry inspired by suspicion, whereas they were merely the expression of an innocent curiosity. Before seven o'clock they were on their way back to civilization. Tony had the tact to accept Derry's thoughtful silence at once, and to leave her to her readjustments. In the course of time she was ready to speak.

"Tony!"

"Yes, darling?"

"What do you suppose that nice old farmer and his wife would have done, if they'd known the truth?"

"Do you think it matters?"

"It must matter what any honest, decent people think of one. They'd think we were lost sinners, wouldn't they?"

"Are you starting a social consciousness department? You're not going to worry over those things, are you, sweetheart?"

"I *am* not. I've got too much work at the office. And—I love you, Tony, which seems to make everything all right, whether it does or not . . . You don't have to stop the car *entirely* to kiss me, do you, dearest boy?"

When he parted from Derry at her door she repeated: "I love you, Tony."

But this time the declaration was less joyous, less defiant, more thoughtful, deeper drawn from depths of her womanhood still unsounded.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE fortnight preceding Mr. Ostrander's return was to Derry a respite from fate. There was much to do in the office, preparatory to his taking over control again. It was not in Derry's character to shirk her routine, but she went about her duties in a dazzled dream. The only reality in life was Tony and their hours together. Though she would not let her business suffer, she had her misgivings that her lover was not so conscientious, for his schedule seemed adjusted exclusively to the opportunity of being with her. They lunched together, dined together, went to ball games or museums, or he motored her about on her professional visits in the afternoon; and in the evenings they saw the new plays or spent long hours in her apartment.

"But this can't keep on, you know, dear," she warned him more than once.

"Why can't it?"

Well—why couldn't it? Derry didn't know. "These things don't." She shook her head ominously.

"Oh, I've known people who lived together quite successfully for twenty, thirty, forty years," he remarked, adding thoughtfully: "Of course, they were mostly married and I suppose that might [*Continued on page 86*]

At the float she held to his hand for a moment, held to his eyes with hers.

By LLEWELLYN HUGHES

She OWNED a

CHIVALRY was a three-year-old chestnut filly.

YOU could have seen her almost any day during the racing season at Jefferson Park or the Fair Grounds; hair, black as the wings of a raven, cut to suit her small, shapely head; slow moving, sophisticated eyes; red lips; a complexion pale olive. In appearance, Spanish.

Other than her mother she had no positive knowledge of her parentage, and of that sad and misguided lady there remained only a dim recollection. Josie Collins had nothing save her youth, her inviting lips, her pert self-possession. But these assets overbalanced her deficiencies.

Born in Havana, her initial impressions of this crowded world were gained in a tenement district of New York, near the East River, whither her mother had conveyed her. But Mr. Collins, despite a nine years' patient search for him, continued to evade his responsibilities, and Josie, hostile, calculating, armed with an East Side vocabulary, was eventually taken back to the strange city of her birth and a stranger jargon she made no attempt to understand. Following her mother's death she flitted to New Orleans.

Now, although her memories of New York were vague, she was, both in speech and manner, a product of that city. Havana quickly paled into the background; when she thought of it she visualized colored lights in a low, dark room, her mother's white and unnatural face, men drinking, shouting, laughing, fighting—and one stark dawn when a knife flashed in the candle-light, a scream, the creeping stain on her mother's blouse . . .

But that was many years ago. At twenty-one Josie was wise, sharp of tongue, daring, passionate, her eyes now a smolder of dangerous violet, now soft and persuasive as a Southern night.

New Orleans presents a wide range of character, yet Josie learned to judge men as restrictedly as turfmen judge a horse. Experience, that grim and thorough teacher, proved nothing in favor of partiality. Men were flatterers, cheats, liars; they were vain, sentimental, and easily led—like horses—by the nose. They danced with her, drank her health, gave her presents—and went their way.

There was, maybe, one exception. His name was Ed Darvill, and he owned and trained a string of race horses; a short, gray-haired man with a weather-beaten face in which blue eyes twinkled continuously. Sometimes Josie called him Ed; sometimes "sweetie"; mostly she referred to him as her "daddy."

As used by certain members of the gentler sex the expression daddy involves a contradictory relationship. Still, whatever Ed Darvill's past had been—he was now fifty-five, a bachelor, honest as most men, kind, generous—he asked nothing of Josie other than her companionship.

Darvill was good to her, and helped her win a little money on the track. What Josie knew about racing might be written on her thumb-nail. She loved to gamble, but there were only sevens and elevens on her dice. If she lost, it wasn't gambling. It was robbery. As for the horses—well—they were the least important figures at the races. Josie preferred to look at men and the latest hats, shoes, clothes.

They were returning from Jefferson Park one Christmas afternoon. Darvill had given her a tip that had netted her several hundred dollars. In the taxi she snuggled against him, purring her contentment.

"I've got a Christmas present for you," he said.

"Reckon you done enough for me as it is, daddy."

"Ain't got it with me," he chuckled, "but she's wrapped up in a barn for you."

"In a what?"

"A race-horse."

She looked at him incredulously, her dark eyes narrowing. "Say! What'll I do with a horse? Got nowhere's

—and thought Men were like Horses, easily Led by the Nose

THOROUGHBRED

to keep him—'cept perhaps upstairs in my bathroom!"

Darvill laughed. "I'll look after her for you. Stable and train her and all that. Name's Chivalry."

"Shivery."

"Yep. Wasn't much as a two-year-old, but she's the best prospect I've had in years. She'll open the judges' eyes this year, you see if she don't. Had her planned for you all along, only Sam raised a holler. Remember brother Sam, don't you?"

"Certainly do. Reckon I still got the marks of his hands on my back dancin' with him one night last year."

"Yep, Sam's strong for the chickens all right. Knows a horse, too, when he sees one." Darvill spoke gravely. "Ever meet him when I'm not round watch your step. Sam's smooth as a newly tarred road."

She sniffed. "Don't worry. I know enough to keep on the sidewalk."

"If Chivalry trains right this Spring," he reverted, "she'll make the best of 'em seem like they were tied to a fence."

"Where is she, daddy? Let's go see my horse."

Again he laughed. "She's up there at Jamaica, New York, eatin' her head off in Sam's stable. I've got her entered for one or two rich stakes next year; entered under the name of her owner, Miss Josie Collins. And she's in the Belmont. You'll have to come up for that race, Josie. See your horse win."

"Betcha." She nestled against him luxuriantly.

"All you got to do is collect her winnings. She's sure to win races. You can bet on her with perfect safety."

"Shivery." Josie calculated a little. "Don't sound she could move faster than a cold in the head."

"She only ran three times as a two-year-old. If she ever gets out in front she'll take some catchin'."

Josie commenced to sing softly. "Once in a lifetime you will find the right one . . ."

"That's just about how it is," Darvill told her. "Once in a lifetime. It goes for men, women and horses! Ever find the right one, Josie, hang onto him like grim death, 'cause the chances of you're findin' another are mighty slim."

He left her outside her apartment, then drove on to his hotel. At eight o'clock he was to meet her at the Royal for dinner. But Ed Darvill never kept that date. A swerving motor truck got him as he was crossing the street.

Like the rest of her many admirers he had left her and gone his way.

IT WAS Spring when Josie arrived in New York. The city with its roar, its monstrously beautiful architecture, awed her a little. From her hotel window on the seventeenth floor she gazed at the refluent stretch of converging streets. Somewhere beyond, over on Long Island, in a green field, a horse was grazing. Tomorrow she would feed it candy, pat its warm, silken neck. Actually, she owned something; something alive, breathing, lovable, almost human! Her very own property. She owned a horse. Josie Collins was conscious of a feeling she had never known hitherto; a sort of motherly feeling. Shivery, anyway, was only a youngster. Just three years old. Like—like a baby! Wasn't that a scream, though! She simply had to laugh at her thoughts. Josie Collins feeling motherly!

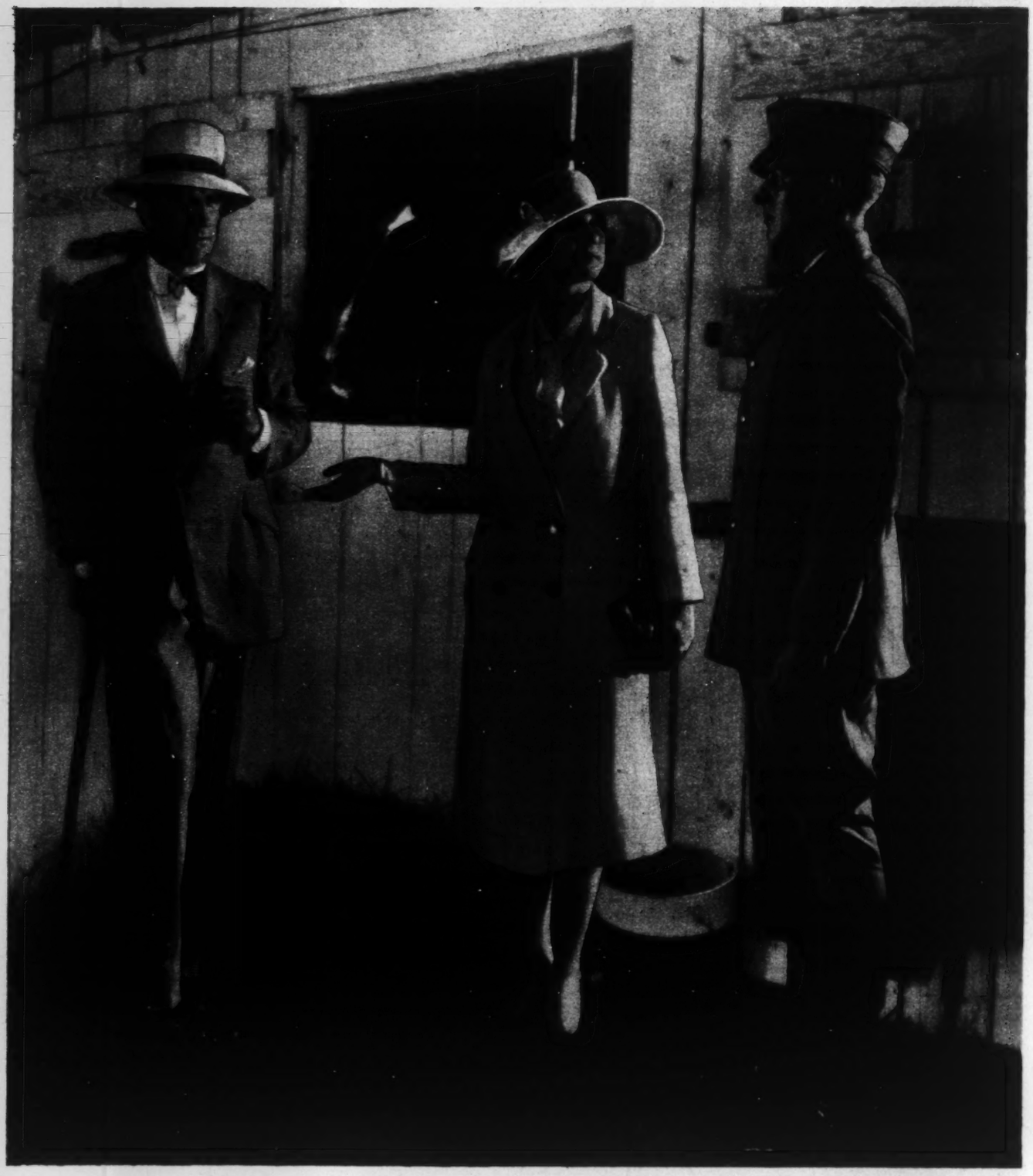
JOSIE COLLINS had nothing save her youth, her inviting lips, and her pert self-possession.

Like his late brother, Sam Darvill was an astute horseman and knew how to bring up a horse fit and ready for a race. There his virtues ceased. Crooked as the trail of a fox, he hid his slyness beneath a veneer of wet-lipped talk. He had met Josie a year ago in New Orleans, and the dance with her, the memory of her young, pliant body, was ever before him. He was gripped by another desire, also. Sam Darvill wanted the three-year-old Chivalry for himself.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. He and Josie were lunching in the grill room of the hotel prior to running out to Jamaica. "As I've just said, the filly isn't much, but I know a feller who thinks she can win races. He wants to buy her." The words slid between his small, wet lips. "Three thousand dollars."

Josie gasped. Was Shivery worth all that money! "No chance," she said slowly. "Ed gave her to me, and I'm goin' to keep her."

"She's good to look at," allowed Sam. "But," and he spoke confidentially, letting her into a stable secret, "she's short-winded. Blows up after five furlongs. Three thousand's a lot of dough for a horse that may never earn her feed—don't grow on every bush three thousand berries!"



Josie invited Harry up to the stables to see Chivalry, where he was presented to Sam Darvill.

"Maybe not." Josie copied one of Ed Darvill's horse-wise expressions. "Reckon I want to see her first."

"Sure. I'm only putting you wise. Feller wants to buy her don't know the difference between a horse an' an alligator."

"When's she runnin'?" (Still Ed Darvill.)

"Fifth race, second day at Jamaica. Bunch of slow ones."

"Ed told me to be sure and bet on her, 'cause she'd win lots of races."

Sam's mouth spread in a grin. "Old Ed didn't know it all, cutie. He's sure wrong about Chivalry. Wrong about you, also. Why, I think you're the swellest little dame ever I saw."

Violet gleamed between beaded lashes. "Ed was a good friend to me."

He shrugged in a lamentably obvious pretence of unwillingness to knock a man who was dead and gone.

"Maybe he was at that. Only I wish I'd had the privilege of knowing you as long as he did. I'd have done a whole heap more for you than Ed."

"You don't look like you would," she told him candidly.

"Don't want to go by looks, cutie. That's what I'm telling you about Chivalry."

"Sam, you better get this in your bean." Josie Collins spoke quietly, with a protracted drawl. "I'm just goin' to keep that horse for a while—till she wins some real money for me."

"Sure hope you win a sackful, cutie," he laughed. "Well, I guess we'd better be steppin' along. It takes an hour to drive out there, and I got a roadster outside that maybe you'll take quite a fancy to."

"Meanin'?"

"It belongs to the feller I was telling you about. Shouldn't be surprised he'd throw it in along with his

offer, once you make up your mind to let him buy Chivalry."

She studied his expression. "Looks like some of you are awful anxious to pry me loose from that horse. Better take me out there, Sam. Maybe I'll be able to find the nigger in the wood-pile."

"You'll find it all right, once you see Chivalry gallop. She lacks heart. She's a quitter. If you take my advice you'll grab that three thousand now. When the racing starts you'll be lucky to get three hundred for her."

Chivalry was a three-year-old chestnut filly of sixteen hands. An aristocrat on looks, frisky as a kitten, she quit running, according to Sam Darvill, after she had gone a few furlongs. Her mother, Queen Bess, now and then had won herself a race, but usually she finished up with the also-rans. On the contrary, her sire, The Gentleman, owned by Jeffry Huntingdon, was every inch a thoroughbred. During his day he won his great races as only a thoroughbred can.

Outside the Darvill stables Josie stroked the filly's velvety neck, soft and smooth as a young girl's cheek. "Mama's baby," she cooed. "Mama's beautiful baby."

The three-year-old threw up her head, blew her crimson nostrils and showed a few fancy steps. Josie proceeded to imitate Ed Darvill, walking round in a fine pretense of examining the points of her valuable property. Three thousand dollars, eh! Wasn't that the emu's step-ins!

"Keep clear from her heels," instructed Sam Darvill.

She regarded the trainer in a flame of indignity. "Wasn't goin' to touch her heels, you poor nut."

The stable boy showed his teeth. "Kinda hard, dem heels o' hers, Mis' Collins."

"That's all right. I know a horse when I see one. You look after this bird of paradise for me, Rastus, or you'll find out what part of the U. S. I come from."

He blinked, his grin fading.

"She's a beauty," Josie announced. "And you're goin' to win the Belmont for mama, aren't you baby? What say, Shivery darling?" The filly put down her head only to yank it up magnificently. "That's talkin'."

"Take her in, Frew," ordered Darvill.

Josie, her eyes tender, watched the horse out of sight. "Makes me feel kind of lonesome," she said wistfully. "Honest, it does."

"Now," said Darvill, "I'll show you a real horse. He belongs to George Meadows; next stable to mine. Black Fox. He's in the Belmont, too."

Although she followed him round the stables Josie wasn't very interested. After a peep at the great colt and one or two others she said she'd seen plenty. "The aroma round here don't seem to go with my Parisian perfumery!"

As they got into the roadster again he asked: "How do you like this little bus?"

"Pretty good for deliverin' groceries."

"Come for a ride sometime?"

"Maybe."

"'Night?"

"Dated up with Henry Ford."

"'Ain't taken you long to get acquainted."

"Sam! New York quit tendin' to business the day I blew in." Her smile didn't quite reach the surface. She knew no one.

"How about tomorrow evening?"

She realized it was necessary to placate Sam Darvill. He was training her horse and she must try and keep on the right side of him for Shivery's sake. But it was going to be as difficult as keeping her back warm in that new evening gown she had bought! "Call me up," she said. "Maybe we can go to a show sometime."

"You bet we will. Smile a little, and I'll show you a better time than old Ed ever did."

That same evening, in her hotel room, Josie Collins came to a definite conclusion about Shivery. Three thousand dollars was a lot of money, but not for twice that sum would she part with the filly. Good, bad, or indifferent, the handsome, satin-skinned three-year-old had completely won her; awakened a feeling, a love, softer and gentler than anything her heart had yet known.

Of this she informed Darvill over the telephone, and when that gentleman's roadster failed to show up for the fourth successive morning Josie got in touch with the nearest garage, deciding to go out to the track all on her own.

Hurrying through breakfast she found an open, six passenger touring car parked in front of the hotel. The driver was in the undignified position of lying on his back underneath the car and all she could see of him was an upturned pair of shoes that sadly needed mending.

"Hey!" she called. "You for Miss Collins?"

The man looked at her between the spokes of the rear wheel. "Yes, madam." He crawled out and began wiping his hands on a piece of rag. He was a young, grave looking man, the pallor in his cheeks taking something from an attractive profile. His eyes, sad, hazel-flecked, were a trifle too deeply set for health. Yet he suggested virility, a quiet, unostentatious capability, and certainly there was strength enough in his chin.

Josie surveyed him, then took in the car. "You surely brought a Noah's ark with you. I thought they'd scrapped them things long ago. Maybe they have, 'cept in New York."

"It's a good car."

"Well you must have thought I was one of them fat circus women and needed a lot of room. What did you reckon I wanted to take out to the track? A load of hay?" With a little foot that had turned many a man's head she pointed under the running board. "And what were you doin' down under there? Tyin' the gear box to the axle?"

He smiled. "With a piece of old rope," he added, opening the tonneau door.

"Close that," she told him. "You'll let in the draught. Think I'm goin' to sit back there? Me for the front seat. I won't have so far to walk when we get to the track."

The car ran smoothly, the driver handling his gears and brakes, slowing down at the crossings and passing other vehicles as though he were driving a sports model instead of a 1918 one. Josie noticed that his hands were not those of a mechanic, but they were sure and strong for all their shapeliness. They were [*Continued on page 107*]

Drawing by Fred A. Hamilton

At the furlong pole Chivalry and Black Fox were fighting it out to a desperate finish.

Princess Who Cried Over Nothing

—continued from page 25

pulled himself together. He was acting like a callow schoolboy.

Next day Jacobs wondered if he had overrated the intelligence of his new assistant. Young Grant seemed almost surly when he had called at ten with a motor to take him over the mining property. His lucid explanations were met with silence or questions unworthy of a child of ten. As the day advanced his young friend's mind seemed positively disintegrating.

At three o'clock Cyril's patience snapped.

"I've got to go back, do you mind?" he asked. "Little matter to attend to before dinner."

In a disapproving silence, Jacobs accompanied him to the hotel and bade him good-bye until eight. Half an hour later Cyril was walking briskly up the long street that led to the palace. He supposed there would be guards to placate and was surprised that no one appeared to challenge him. As a matter of fact, there were four stout and musketed soldiers before the gates leading to the palace itself, but Cyril did not get that far that day.

As the road mounted houses became less frequent and soon were left behind altogether. It was a vast park through which Cyril walked—a park with great trees, enticing emerald turf and flashing streams.

"They do themselves rather well in Demania," Cyril was thinking when he suddenly heard a passionate, childish sobbing which seemed to come from within the park.

Cyril halted, listening intently. The sobs, alternated with little piteous gasps, continued. He hesitated no longer. One didn't let a child cry without trying to do something about it. Entering the park, he advanced in the direction of the crying, proceeding cautiously lest a sudden appearance frighten the little girl who had taken her grief to this secluded spot.

AS IT happened Cyril was the one to be frightened. A sudden turn showed him the object of his solicitude, sitting on a rustic bench and weeping with childish abandon—yet it was no child but a woman, a girl. At his approach she looked up, startled, her red mouth still quivering babyishly; and at sight of her face all Cyril's coherence fled. He'd hoped to see her—foolishly prayed for a word with her—yet never in his wildest flights of fantasy imagined that he would plunge into the royal park to comfort a child who turned out to be Eleanora.

"I—I thought it was a child," he stammered idiotically. His words were in English, for although he understood the language of the country he spoke it haltingly. "I never hoped—I mean, dreamed, that it would be you . . ."

"Who are you?" Eleanor spoke in English also, her speech delightfully flavored with the trace of an accent.

"Cyril Grant," that young man murmured. "From New York."

"Ah!" Eleanora said, as if that explained everything. Then added: "You were dining at the Opera Café last night."

To Cyril, who did not number conceit among his faults, her simple statement seemed an admission worthy of note. She had noticed him! Poor Cyril could not know that every man and woman in the restaurant had speculated on the mission which brought him to Demania. They all knew about the mines, and his connection with them.

"Pardon me, but you were—were crying," he said with what casualness he could summon. The picture made by Eleanora in her pale blue frock was almost more than he could resist. The only way to treat a woman who's been weeping, he thought dejectedly, is to take her in your arms and kiss the tears away.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked aloud.

Her inspection of the intruder must have satisfied the princess for she motioned him to a place on the bench beside her before answering.

"I cry over nothing—nothing at all; but tell me," she begged, looking bewildered and beautiful as a legend, "must life always be unkind and—and less splendid than one has believed?"

Now Cyril was only twenty-six and at that age a man is apt to have all sorts of wonderful theories about life. Cyril talked to the princess of philosophy when he desired nothing so much as to take her in his arms. They discussed ethics while his heart pounded suffocatingly at the perfume of her hair, and unethical impulses warred in his soul.

It was with a shock that they noticed the lateness of the hour. The sun had disappeared while they discoursed of abstractions. Eleanora rose with a little cry of astonishment.

"Good-bye, Mr. Grant," she murmured. "Your talk has made me—happier."

Some of Cyril's assurance struggled back to life as he stood looking down at her through the magical green dusk.

"What shall I call you," he asked, "when I come tomorrow?"

She looked ridiculously young gazing up at him with her small, heart-shaped face glimmering whitely under the pale cap of her hair. Your Royal Highness was too absurd a title, he decided, to apply to the girl one loved.

"Do names matter so much?" she said at last. "I could not have talked so freely to any one but a stranger whom I never shall see again."

Of course, she didn't want to admit her identity to any and every stranger. That was all right. But as for the rest . . . Grant lifted Eleanora's hand to his lips.

"Names do not matter," he yielded, "but you are going to see me again. You must!"

His eyes held hers in a long look that was like a caress, until her lashes fell and the faint color stole into her cheeks.

"This is good-bye," she said gently, withdrawing her hand.

"Until tomorrow," Cyril amended. "Tomorrow at five—here? I shall be here at five."

"I shall not," Eleanora denied, vanishing among the trees.

Young Grant raised his voice to a suitable pitch.

"Please," he called. "It'll be so awkward if I have to storm the palace gates —*darling.*"

When Cyril arrived at the hotel he found Mr. Jacobs waiting.

"I had a talk this afternoon with the powers that be," that gentleman remarked after they had exchanged greetings. "Could we dine quietly here? I'd like to discuss things with you."

Grant assented, though for the life of him he didn't see how he could bring his mind to focus on business considerations. The encounter with Eleanora had left him in a state bordering on delirium.

"At last," Jacobs opened the conversation when their order had been taken, "I've got them to the point where they will discuss terms."

"Great stuff," Grant applauded absently.

"I had a talk with old Prince Bibo this afternoon and after a lot of hemming and hawing he finally told me what the government would accept." Jacobs made a wry face.

"Well?" Grant inquired, and then whistled soundlessly at the sum mentioned.

"Highway robbery," the older man agreed. "And what's more they're just cutting off their aristocratic noses to spite their faces. It's to their advantage to have the mines worked. I don't understand it . . . We made a very fair offer."

"So now it's a question of waiting for them to decide to come around to our terms," Cyril remarked.

Jacobs twitched impatiently.

"We've done nothing but wait and then wait some more," he objected. "I think I'll try to see the commission tomorrow and point out to them that their attitude is nothing short of suicidal."

"I think you're wrong, old man, if you'll pardon my saying so," Cyril ventured. "Of course, your experience is about a hundred per cent greater than mine and I probably sound like an opinionated ass, but they've shown that they resent being rushed. Wouldn't hurt to wait a while longer and see how things develop."

Jacobs' disapproving look classed Grant with the procrastinating Demanians, though he nodded acquiescence to the suggestion.

"I wouldn't like to take the responsibility on my own, but as your father's personal representative you've a right to decide on the course to pursue. Personally, I think we're wasting precious months for nothing . . . Well, want to see a play?"

Cyril hesitated. With the lover's instinct for solitude he longed for the quiet of his room. And yet, Jacobs had been fearfully decent; there was, too, a chance that Eleanora might be at the theater.

But the princess was not to be seen, though Cyril's glance searched the boxes for a pale gold head above shimmering shoulders.

"Still, there's tomorrow," he thought hopefully as he flung himself into bed after half an hour of gazing at the royal palace from his balcony.

So confident was he she would come, that his first sensation was one of amazement the next day when he entered the park and saw the rustic bench unoccupied. Amazement was succeeded by chagrin and then, unreasonably, anger.

Cyril was not a meek young man. Moodily he seated himself and thought what to do. See her he would—and this afternoon! What were guards and palace gates against a man in love.

"I'll tear the damn walls down with my hands," he said furiously, "if I can't get to her any other way!"

In his excitement he spoke aloud without realizing it.

"The nicest thing about the park is its peacefulness, I've always thought," he heard a demure voice behind him saying.

Cyril turned incredulously, his anger miraculously vanished. There stood Eleanora, apparently unaware of him, exceedingly occupied with twisting a flower from the shrub which had concealed her until now.

"Darling!" Cyril's voice vibrated with longing.

A faint color mounted in Eleanora's cheeks but she did not look at him.

"Now the gardens," she continued musingly, "are more—inhabited. There one's likely to run into a dozen people in a minute—quarrels, love-making, anything almost. That's why I like the park best."

"Poor sweet," Cyril mocked her tenderly, "and now I'm going to spoil this peaceful place for you—kiss me, darling! —by making the most desperate—again! —love to you that you've ever dreamed of in your life!"

"Oh!" The princess protested furiously when she could speak. "How—how dare you!" But somehow that little stage prop of all femininity carried no conviction. "How dare you!" She repeated more unconvincingly still.

Cyril had completely forgotten she was a princess.

"Because I love you," he explained, holding her in spite of her efforts to escape. "And because you love me—say you love me, darling!"

"That—that word," she cried weakly after a pause, "it is so sweet."

"Darling! You do love me."

"I love you," she admitted simply.

Cyril savored the moment's ecstasy, his eyes on her lovely face. Eleanora returned his gaze gravely, standing very still and straight and proud. Like a slender white flame, thought Grant, suddenly grown poetic. Then his arms tightened hungrily about her.

The sun sank in a golden sea of clouds. Shadows deepened between the trees.

"Look!" Cyril said after a long time, pointing to the pale crescent of a new moon that swung in the sapphire sky.

"I said I had a headache and did not wish to be disturbed," Eleanora murmured reassuringly. "We have still an hour together—or even two, perhaps."

"Darling! Lovely, lovely lady!" Their lips met and clung in a long kiss that left them strangely shaken. The fragrance of the sun-warmed earth rose about them and mingled with the faint perfume which Eleanora wore. Somewhere a nightingale was singing, its perfect notes falling through the darkness like pebbles dropped into a pool. At the song's end, as if at a signal, the girl's hands groped towards him, pulled down his face to hers.

Hours or minutes later—Cyril did not know—he found himself striding down the twisting street towards the town, the magic of Eleanora in every throb of his pulse, his lips tingling still from her kisses.

Marriage which, until now, he had regarded at best with unexpectant resignation, seemed suddenly the only estate worth a tinker's dam. Never to leave her again . . . That, he decided, was why marriage remained popular in spite of its obvious defects. The parting just over had wrenched his heart, though it was only for a night. Then like a lightning flash came remembrance. The girl he loved was a princess!

"O God!" Cyril groaned.

Princesses, he recalled, could not, as other women, marry where they would. And it was marriage he so desperately desired; to have her forever, before all the world, for his own. For a moment he hesitated, on the verge of returning and seeking her out. Then a realization of his helplessness smote him. There was no way in which he, a stranger, could gain audience with a princess suffering, he remembered sardonically, from headache! Even with the best credentials in the world, nothing could be done until next day.

But nothing in the world is so difficult as waiting.

Cyril, frowning and preoccupied, set out at a furious pace to walk himself into a state of fatigue that would make sleep possible. He went wherever his feet led him, without thought of direction, until all familiar landmarks were left behind and the brightly lighted streets had merged imperceptibly into narrow roadways hardly more than lanes.

How many miles he had tramped Cyril could not guess. He was recalled to practical considerations by most unromantic pangs and, remembering he had not dined, looked about for a restaurant in which to satisfy his hunger.

It was a poor neighborhood into which he had wandered. There was even a suggestion of the sinister in the rows of small, dark houses whose overhanging roofs almost touched above the street, shutting out the sky.

Anything might happen, Cyril thought; and, his spirits lightened somewhat by the prospect of adventure, he strode forward again, seeking the painted sign and the lighted doorway which would proclaim food.

It was a long room which Cyril entered some fifteen minutes later—smoky, candle-lighted, empty but for a table of six at the further end. More a drinking than an eating place, he guessed, and that most humble.

"Some food and wine," he ordered when the landlord appeared, and in reply to this worthy's uneasy protest that it was late and that there was nothing in the house worthy of the stranger, Cyril tossed a sizable bill across the table.

Now that he no longer had the exertion of walking to distract him, the problem of his love for Eleanora rose to torment him again.

What had she meant? What had she understood? All very well to love—and in books renunciation might be all right as a sequel. But hang it all, this was life!

Over an omelet, black bread and ruddy wine Cyril fumed, and hardly noticed that his fellow guests were becoming more boisterous and unrestrained with every passing moment. Unconsciously he noticed that their voices had been rising, but he was startled out of his reveries when a single shout sounded.

"Down with the blood-sucking aristocracy!"

Cyril turned at the shout to see one of the men, a swarthy youth at the end table, toss off the toast.

GRANT shrugged, turning back to his food. Every monarchy, he supposed, contained this element of red or slightly rosy workmen. It was none of his business. That much was certain.

Bits of the tirade drifted over to him, however, and once, apparently in answer to some whispered caution, he heard the word "tourist" spat out contemptuously.

Why couldn't they keep quiet and let him think, Grant wondered irritably. Regular gas mains, all of them; though the swarthy fellow was noisiest of the lot. He was on his feet again, pounding the table to emphasize his words, speaking in a shrill, impassioned voice.

"Oh, a most reverend institution, our monarchy—a thing of which every citizen should be proud! A foolish old king—in the palace, license and arrogance and insensibility to the needs of the poor. And a crown princess who is fitting rival of any light o' love!" He paused and raised his glass ironically. "To our future queen. To Eleanora!"

Very slowly Cyril Grant rose, his calmness masking a fury that was murderous in its intensity. Very deliberately he crossed the room and addressed the young spokesman.

"You are a liar," he said, choosing his words carefully. "You will admit as much and apologize for the insulting slander you have just spoken."

The boy looked up with a bewilderment that would have been ludicrous in other circumstances.

"Apologize?" he asked. "Apologize for what every groom and every stable boy in the palace is doubtless aware of. Why——"

He never finished the sentence. Grant swung at him and knew the first unadulterated satisfaction of that wretched evening as his fist crashed into the other's leering mouth. The youth went down like a felled tree, a little red trickle careening over his chin.

Then bedlam. Chairs overturned. A wild flashing of arms. Cries of "Assassin!" The dulled thud of blows meeting flesh. And suddenly for Grant what seemed an avalanche, a ton of earth and

stones and trees, shooting stars and blackness.

THERE had been no flowers in the tavern.

It was the first thought that struck through to Cyril's befogged consciousness. Here there were flowers everywhere. Vase after vase of rare hothouse plunder, masses of great crimson roses; and against this floral background two distorted figures that wavered dizzily like those seen in an imperfect mirror.

"A hero!" said one of the figures.

"Tommy-rot!" the other retorted. "Anything might have happened to him! . . . And asinine! It must be a number of years since any one's risked his head defending the honor of her royal highness."

"Ah, but chivalry—even if misplaced, eh, Jacobs?"

"His father'd never have forgiven me."

"Nothing to worry about now. Except for a headache he ought to suffer no particular ill effects."

Headache! That was the word.

Cyril moved his neck experimentally. The result was a stab of pain so acute as to disperse the last lingering remnants of his lethargy.

Headache, and a furry taste in his mouth, and an odd, leaden feeling whose origin and location he could not at the moment discover.

The little doctor minced out of the room on professionally noiseless feet.

"Where'd they come from?"

Jacobs started at the husky whisper but controlled himself admirably.

"The flowers?" he interrogated. "They just arrived. About noon today. There wasn't any card."

What was there to be so damned mysterious about, Cyril wondered peevishly.

"I'm hungry," he announced, and Jacobs smiled relievedly at the long list of food requisitioned.

"I was sandbagged. How'd you find me?" Cyril demanded when the waiter had gone.

"Luckily for you, your particular barkeeper happened to be somewhat nervous about international complications and dragged you into a back room in time to save you from being bumped off completely. Then he notified the police —to clear himself as much as anything else, I suppose—and you were brought to the hotel. What possessed you? Drinking?"

Cyril glared.

"I was not."

"Whatever the reason," Jacobs interposed hastily, "it was about the best little business coup that's ever been put across. Your affair in the tavern was a front page story this morning, and an hour or so after the papers were out old Bibo called me on behalf of the commission and offered us the concessions at our own terms! He didn't say in so many words that your—ah—heroism was responsible, but putting two and two together . . ."

"Damn mines!" Cyril ejaculated with great decisiveness.

Disillusionment, achingly keen, re-possessed him and a growing anger that women, especially princesses, were what they were. The resulting pain was as that of fire and sword and vitriol.

What a fool he'd been to let himself be taken in by a candid brow and a cap of gold hair! A prize donkey—and how she must have secretly laughed at his reverent ardor! Stable boys and grooms, doctors—even old Jacobs—everybody had known but himself. Well, he was through —done! Let other men dance like jack-anapes to the tune of her capricious fancy. Royalty or not she wasn't good enough. And her clever playing at love . . . Ugh!

"There's your luncheon," Jacobs said hopefully as a rap sounded on the door.

"Damn luncheon!" Cyril groaned savagely.

A discreet manservant appeared.

"Her royal highness, the Princess Eleanora," he announced solemnly and withdrew.

Fury welled up in Cyril's soul. The colossal nerve of her! The impudence!

"Say I won't see her!" he shouted to the astounded Jacobs.

"But good lord, man, you can't refuse to see the princess!"

"But I do," Grant repeated with clarity.

Then, softening at the other's consternation: "Say I've had a relapse."

In a disapproving silence Jacobs entered the sitting room of the suite, closing the door after him. Immediately he returned.

"The princess insists on coming in," he said with an air of washing his hands of the whole matter.

In his agitation Cyril half rose.

"Tell her she can't! Tell her I'm *through!* Tell her—tell her," he ended wildly, "tell her it isn't decent!"

Jacobs flattened himself against the door jamb as an impetuous lady swept into the room.

"You really can't refuse to let me thank you," she smiled. "It was very quixotic of you, very charming, Mr. Grant."

Cyril did not hear her. The only thing which he seemed capable of grasping at that moment was the amazing fact that this woman—who had entered the room was not the girl he loved—could not be *his* princess!

Yet the high arched brows, the petulant, reddened mouth were oddly familiar . . . That scene in the Opera Café on the night of his arrival came back to him in a flash—the entrance of the royal party; Jacobs' brief identification of them; his own immediate assumption that the more radiantly beautiful of the two women was the princess, and his schoolboy's secretiveness which deterred him from any inquiries lest Jacobs suspect the abject state into which he had fallen at first sight of Yvonne.

Everything had combined to assist in his delusion. He had never even called her by name during their two meetings! It was Yvonne he loved—had loved from the beginning. A countess! And not, thank God, the uncaptureable heiress of a crown!

Yvonne! Yvonne . . .

Cyril's headache had magically disappeared. He smiled fatuously upon the princess who was saying something . . .

"I beg your pardon?" he apologized.

"I was saying," Eleanora explained with a wickedly teasing smile, "that I brought another visitor to see you."

With that she swept out as impetuously as she had entered. Jacobs seemed to have vanished too. And all of a sudden in the open doorway appeared a girl with golden hair and a proudly poised head—a girl like a princess—like, Cyril qualified, a princess out of a fairy tale!

Summer Bachelors

—continued from page 77

make a considerable difference in a way."

"Yes, that makes a difference," said Derry dryly. "Do you mind taking me to the Recherché tonight, Tony?"

"Back to the bachelors' bunch?" he smiled.

"No. It's Willowdean. She hasn't been near me for days."

"Have Deenie and Blackie broken?"

"Yes, I think so. That's why I'm worrying about her."

His face darkened. "Did he quit her?"

"She made him. I don't know the circumstances, but his family were in it."

"I suppose you know that she's the talk of the town."

Derry nodded. A famous critic had devoted a column on one day and still another column on another day to celebrating his discovery that Willowdean French had inexplicably developed from a stage beauty into an actress of unmistakable depth and power. That Deenie never could have attained to it before her love for Walter Blakely and its inevitable termination, Derry knew well. But hadn't the price been too heavy a one to pay?

Willowdean was not at the Recherché; had not been there for a fortnight. The next noon Derry broke a luncheon engagement with Tony to look up her friend. Willowdean seemed lifeless, spiritless, without interest in anything.

"Snap out of it," urged Derry. "Come back to the crowd. What sense is there in moping yourself to death?"

"I shan't."

"You look like it. Are—are you all right?" asked Derry stupidly.

"Oh, I'll live through it."

"I haven't set eyes on Blackie," said Derry after some hesitation.

"You won't," Willowdean answered.

"What's the matter? Where is he?"

"In his laboratory, I suppose. At work, as he should be."

"Did you—was it hard for him, Deenie?"

"No; I made it easy for him."

"You couldn't. Not if I know Blackie.

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(Letters from Lovers: II)

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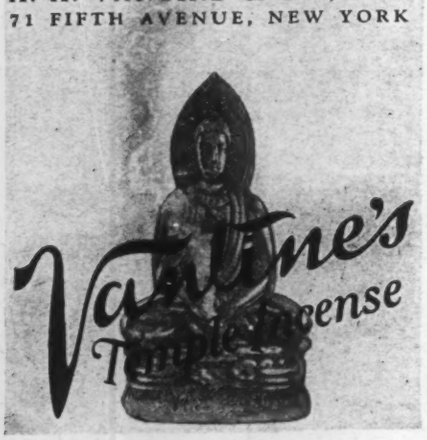

You don't mean that he wasn't really and deeply in love with you!"

"Oh, no!" returned the actress wearily. "He was."

"And you expect me to believe that in this short time he has changed——"

"He loathes me." It was a stifled cry of agony.

"You're crazy, Deenie! How could he?"

"I've made him. I've turned his own experiments on him."

"How?"

The other bowed her head. "I've told you about his theory of implanted impressions," she said in her colorless monotone. "He's always wanted me to put him under and try the experiment on him. I never would before. Now, I have."

Derry drew a shuddering breath. "You gave him the idea of hating you?"

"Yes."

"What did you tell him?"

"Enough. I didn't leave myself a shred of decency. He—he even believes that I never loved him. That I intended to trap him and get money out of him."

"Deenie!"

"Well, why not?" She spoke with quietly fierce pride.

"I'm going to him," declared Derry, half crying. "It's too damnable! I'm going to tell him."

"It wouldn't do any good."

"You mean he wouldn't believe me?"

"He might, but it wouldn't make any difference. The idea is planted too deep. Nothing can ever get it out of his mind now. You can't do anything. What I've done, I did with my eyes open. It was the easiest way for him. Probably it was the only way. He'd never have given me up any other way, and I never could have stood out against him in the long run."

"But when you see him——"

"I have seen him once."

"What happened?"

"Nothing. He hardly spoke to me. Don't you understand, Derry?" she cried, fiercely unsparing of herself at last. "I'm a leper, to his consciousness, a moral leper. Oh, I did a good job while I was about it," she concluded with an acid-bitten triumph.

THAT afternoon Mr. Ostrander arrived. The three days and three evenings following he held Derry's nose to the grindstone. It was not a bad grindstone, as grindstones go, but the continuous nasal contact prevented her from seeing anything else but the grindstone, and she very decidedly missed seeing Tony. She had been obliged, quite sternly, to forbid him the telephone; for he seriously interfered with business, and Mr. Ostrander was annoyed. At least he *appeared* annoyed, but there was a peculiar twinkle about his worn, shrewd eyes. Finally the long, detailed report having been discussed item by item, it was approved and set aside. Then Mr. Ostrander bestowed his personal attention upon Miss Thomas, as a human being.

"Have a good playtime?"

"Great."

"Not married yet?"

"Certainly not. Have you forgotten our contract?"

"No, but I thought you might have. You surely have bloomed! In love?"

Derry's laughter was unforced.

"That's something else. Nothing about that in our contract, is there?"

He shrugged his thin shoulders. 'I never try to fence-in the north wind, my dear. What about those three years?'

"They stand."

"It's a long time."

"Make it thirty, if you like," said Derry hardily. Perhaps too hardily.

"How would you like to leave New York?"

Derry's face fell. Leave New York—and Tony? Not so good!

"I'm thinking of a branch in Boston."

Not so bad; Boston was an easy run.

"Would you want me to take charge?"

"I had it in mind. First, though, I'm thinking of sending you to the coast to hunt down some possible, in fact, probable, documents bearing on the twenty-five million dollar Burnewald will case."

Not so good again!

"How soon would you want me to go?"

"In the course of a few weeks."

"You're the boss, Boss," said Derry.

"We'll discuss it later when we have time. Could you meet me here Sunday?"

"Couldn't you make it some other time? I—I've got an important personal engagement this week-end." Derry flushed a highly enjoyable pink.

"Very well, if it's as important as it looks from your expression. Later in the week, then. And now clear out. Quick! I've got a mysterious engagement with a visitor who won't even tell his name."

The tall, strongly built, serious-eyed young man who presented himself promptly to his appointment looked to Mr. Ostrander as if he might prove older than his years in any matter of business. He came straight to the point.

"I am Anthony N. Landor, Mr. Ostrander. And I am interested in Miss Thomas. That explains why my secretary did not give you my name."

"It may," conceded the other. "Is your interest—er—of a business nature?"

"It is not!" Mr. Landor smiled. Mr. Ostrander smiled. These two understood that they were going to understand each other without great difficulty.

"Matrimonial?"

"It is."

"Haven't you mistaken the status? I am Miss Thomas's employer, not her guardian."

"You have her under contract——"

"Ah! Your information is interesting."

"Its source is unexceptionable."

"Doubtless! Doubtless! Now, that contract——"

"Hasn't a leg to stand on, as you know."

"Quite so, exactly. As a matter of law. In fact, there isn't any written contract."

"So I understand. Simply verbal."

"That's what makes it so binding," said Mr. Ostrander, with sweet satisfaction.

"I see you understand Derry—Miss Thomas."

"Good Lord, no! Do you?"

"Absolutely not. That's one reason why I'm so in love with her." They grinned at each other.

"Mr. Ostrander, how much will you take to cancel Miss Thomas's contract?"

"Are you making the offer on spec?"

"I'm afraid I am."

"That's my idea of a good sport. Why, I'll make her a wedding present of that."

"That's *my* idea of a good sport. If you don't mind my saying so, though, it

was a curious sort of agreement to exact from a young girl."

"Think so? Do you know anything about women, Mr. Anthony N. Landor?"

"Not a thing."

"Good man!" applauded the collector. "You've got a chance with Derry yet, if you don't *think* you know anything. If you do, she'll run rings around you."

"I'm going to run one ring around her, if she'll hold her finger still for five seconds," averred Tony above a set chin.

"Then I'll tell you this to help you. Derry's a natural rebel. She rebels against conventions. She rebelled against the idea of marriage. So I gave her a counter idea to rebel against. That's been working like a ferment—unless I'm a bad guesser—against the other idea, and to somebody's profit. And you're the somebody. I'd like to see her safely married, my boy."

"I'm with you." Tony took up his hat and shook hands warmly. "And thank you a lot," he added impulsively.

CHAPTER XXIV

Backstage in the dimness, Love the omnipotent stage manager dictates the action and sets the—

SCENE—The drawing room of a 14th floor suite in a New York hotel, at early dusk of a rainy evening. The outer door opens cautiously, a man enters, steps lightly to the closed inner door and listens. Hearing nothing, he smiles, sets his hat and umbrella in a corner, throws his gloves on the center table, where stands a huge vase of deep pink roses beside a telephone instrument, walks lightfootedly to the window embrasure, and leans there looking out over the shining city. A fold of the draperies conceals him from the inner door, which presently opens, revealing a girl. She is dressed in a flowing enchantment of shimmery creamy chiffon; her hair is loose, her eyes soft with sleep and brilliant with awakening anticipation. She goes to the table, sniffs the roses, notices the gloves and catches one to her cheek.

The Girl (murmuring)—Tony! (Drops the glove.) It feels warm.

The Man (emerging)—I've just taken it off.

The Girl (jumping)—Oh! Pig! You scared me.

The Man—Derry, the unterrified, admits to being scared. Let's see if you're trembling or just bluffing—for a purpose. (He advances and takes her in his arms.)

The Girl—Pig again. No; you don't deserve any consideration. (Nevertheless, he gets one.) I'm nervous as a witch, Tony. Did any one see you?"

The Man—I should say so!

The Girl—Tony! Who?

The Man—(with an obvious essay at conscientious memory)—Well, the elevator boy, two superior drummers——

The Girl—You know what I mean; any one who knows you.

The Man (indifferently)—Not as far as I recall.

The Girl—Is it dumb of me to be so rattled, Tony? This seems such a terribly reckless performance. I suppose I shall get used to it—with experience.

The Man (softly)—I adore you.

The Girl (very low)—And I adore you.

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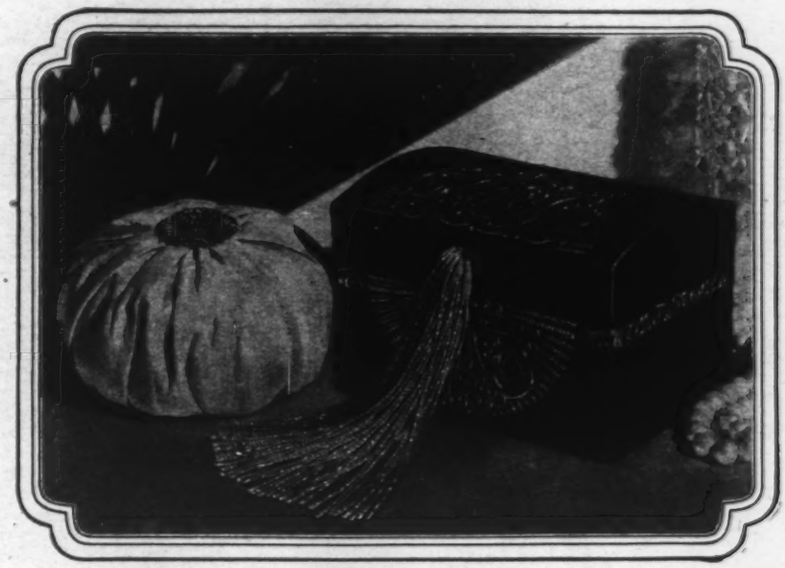

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Or I shouldn't be here. I—we ought not to be here, you know, Tony.

The Man—Scruples, dearest?

The Girl—Caution. For your sake as much as mine. Tony, how are we—how did you—what name did you use? (With a determined effort at hardiness, which has a touch of the pathetic.) I might as well know who I am, you know.

The Man (taking out a cigaret)—Have one? (She shakes her head, intent upon her question. He lights one.) Name?

The Girl—Yes; on the register. Don't people have to register when they stay at a superb and luxurious hotel like this?

The Man—Oh! Of course. Why, I registered Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Landor.

The Girl (appalled)—Your own name?

The Man—Whose would you expect me to use?

The Girl (resignedly)—Well, after all it's your name, not mine.

The Man—It's yours for the next forty-eight hours, darling. And if there's any way of making it stick——

The Girl (dreamily)—The next forty-eight hours! A little stretch of heaven, stolen. Can happiness be stolen, Tony?

The Man—Whom are we stealing from, sweetheart?

The Girl—No; that's true. We don't owe anything to anybody, do we!

The Man—If there were others whose happiness was involved, I wonder if we'd be here now.

The Girl—No! Oh, I don't know, Tony. Perhaps—anyway, I love you so terribly much, my dear. (She rearranges her roses, touching the tallest one with her lips.) Oh, let's not worry over ifs and perhapses *now!* Not in *this* forty-eight hours. It'll go quickly enough anyway. And then?

The Man (carefully casual)—Then? Oh, I'm going West.

The Girl—West? (She looks up quickly, but not quickly enough to catch the look he has bent upon her—he's too clever for that—a peculiar look, searching, tender, amused.) For long?

The Man (still casually)—Two months.

The Girl—Oh!

The Man—Will you come along?

The Girl (with a brave effort at lightness)—Charmed. But unfortunately I have business engagements which prevent.

The Man (incautiously)—I thought *your* business called you West soon.

The Girl (snapping him up)—How did you know that? I never told you.

The Man—Um! How *did* I know?

The Girl (pointing an accusing finger)—You were the mysterious caller that Mr. Ostrander spoke about.

The Man—What did he say?

The Girl—Oh, something about some one trying to bid me away from him. Tony, you haven't been playing fair.

The Man (loftily)—That is between your employer and myself, young lady. The business now before the meeting is this trip to the Pacific Coast.

The Girl (wistfully)—That isn't business. That's a—a fairy-tale.

The Man—Two people can sometimes make fairy-tales come true. (Seating himself in the armchair). Come here and sit on the arm of this chair, unless you prefer a knee, and let's talk this over sensibly, Mrs. Landor.

The Girl (tremulously)—Don't call me that, Tony.

The Man—Why not, darling?

The Girl—I don't know. It makes me feel queer and hurty inside—just a little.

The Man—You may as well get used to it. When we go West together——"

The Girl—We're not going West together! What perfect lunacy!

The Man—Three months is a long time.

The Girl (indignant and near to tears)—That's just blackmail. You're trying to blackmail my love for you.

The Man (patiently)—And there is no sound reason against our going, if you would be willing to arrange——

The Girl—No, Tony. I've been willing to take this chance. But to go dodging and lurking from place to place, like a criminal; darling, I just couldn't do it. I'm not ashamed of loving you, of belonging to you. Yet I have to sneak and hide and pretend as if I were. I'd rather live with you openly.

The Man—Would you? Will you?

The Girl (beating her hands together)—How can I? I'd have to give up my position. And what would happen to you?

The Man—That doesn't matter.

The Girl—It matters to me. I'd rather give you up entirely.

The Man—Not a chance. Of course, there is a perfectly easy way out. But I'm not allowed to mention that, am I?

The Girl—N-n-no. What would be the use? I'm bound.

The Man—You're not.

The Girl—Not legally, I know. But I've promised.

The Man—If I got Ostrander's release?

The Girl (shrewdly)—That's the bid you were making for me, is it?

The Man—Hardly a bid. I just sounded him out in case—in case you changed your mind.

The Girl (in a small, desperate voice)—I haven't got any mind left. It's all used up in loving you.

The Man—Well, then, Derry, in the possible event of Mr. Ostrander releasing you from his promise, and my being able to get a drawing room for Denver next week; and in the highly improbable event of your lifting the ban on me, would it be within the bounds of possibility that you change your views?

The Girl—It—it might.

The Man—Even if you don't believe in marriage, in the abstract?

The Girl—That's in the abstract. You're awfully concrete, Tony.

The Man—Then, Derry, darling, will you—I wonder if you would.

The Girl—Take a chance, boy! There's my bold fellow! Will I what?

The Man—Ask me to marry you.

The Girl—*I!* Ask *you* to marry *me?*

The Man (reasonably)—It mayn't be usual. But this isn't a usual case.

The Girl—No?

The Man—Well, is it? I've sworn all the oaths known to profanity that I'd never ask you again. So, unless you forget that prickly pride of yours——

The Girl (with a quick, curbed gesture)—Pride! Where is it now?

The Man—It's keeping you from making me an honorable proposal of marriage. Isn't it? And unless you do propose to me, where do we get off?

The Girl (half in laughter, half in desperation)—Oh, *all* right. Tony, will you marry me?

The Man—No.

The Girl—*What?*

The Man (firmly)—No.

The Girl—Then let me go! (She wriggles away from his arm and stands up.) That isn't the right answer.

The Man—It's the one you've been giving me.

The Girl—And you're getting even. (Softly.) It mightn't be the one I'd give you now.

The Man—You're too late, darling.

The Girl—Too late? (Lightly.) Perhaps you're married already.

The Man—I am.

The Girl—Congratulations. (She stares at him fixedly; he abides her scrutiny with a smile. Her face becomes drawn.) I don't think I like that joke, Tony.

The Man—It isn't a joke.

The Girl (slowly)—Then why are we here?

The Man—That's why we're here. That's all the whys in the world. That's why I'm married. That's why you're married. *That's why we're married!*

The Girl—I? We? Married?

The Man—Exactly, Mrs. Anthony N. Landor.

The Girl (breathlessly)—That nonsense about the hotel register.

The Man—No nonsense about it. It's as real as you'll let it be.

The Girl—Married! I don't be— How could we be married?

The Man—Think back. Think hard. (His look is fixed upon her, holding her with its tenseness, his mouth is smiling, but hard set.) Can you remember?

The Girl—Your eyes have got queer lights in them. Like Blackie's crystal.

The Man—Can you remember?

The Girl—I'm trying. (Slowly.) After I came out of that sleep——

The Man (rising, takes her right hand, parts the fingers and holds up the middle finger)—After you came to there was an ink spot on the inside of this finger—do you remember? (He kisses the finger.)

The Girl—Ink, yes! I must have been writing something.

The Man—Signing away your life.

The Girl—What happened, Tony, while I was under?

The Man—I married you.

The Girl—How could you? It was a fake.

The Man—Perfectly legal. You signed it.

The Girl—But there wasn't any minister, was there?

The Man—There was Prenny. Prenny's an alderman. Aldermen can do anything.

The Girl—Then you gypped me.

The Man—Guilty.

The Girl (after a musing retrospect, culminating in a flash of enlightenment)—Then that's why Bev ran away.

The Man—Greenway? He wasn't there.

The Girl—No. Deenie must have told him. Deenie, the plotter. Poor Deenie! She could plot for our happiness, but not for her own.

The Man—Willowdean had a dispensation to tell one person. She said it was essential. I never knew why.

The Girl—But if any one was to be told, why wasn't I? *You* might have told me, Tony.

The Man—We gave our solemn word of honor, each of us, that it should be secret. The record hasn't been filed——

The Girl (in a sort of cry)—Then we're not really married—yet?

The Man (smiling)—You *are* hard to suit, darling! You're all for not being married one day, and the next you're horrified at being unmarried.

The Girl (murmuring)—It's different. I—I was getting quite reconciled to the idea when you took it away from me.

The Man—I didn't. We're as legally married as the law can make us. But our pledge was that you were to know nothing about it, unless you decided that you wanted to marry me.

The Girl—Conceit. How did you know I'd ever want to marry you?

The Man—I didn't.

The Girl—And in that case?

The Man—The records would have been torn up and the witness sworn to eternal silence, and the whole thing would be as if it had never taken place. It isn't too late even now.

The Girl (with whispered conviction)—It is.

The Man—Then suppose we call up Prenny and tell him to file the record.

The Girl—You tell him. If *I* did and he knew where the call came from—what would he think?

The Man (laughing immoderately)—Let him think! He couldn't think anything more respectable than the truth.

The Girl (in the tone of awe proper to a startling discovery)—Tony, who'd ever have dreamed that there could be such a thrill in being respectable?

The Man—You darling!

The Girl—But it doesn't prove anything.

The Man (puzzled)—What doesn't, darling, and what doesn't it prove?

The Girl—I was thinking of a lecture I heard about—about just this sort of thing.

The Man—What has any lecture to do with us? This is life.

The Girl—Oh, *yes!* Only, I was just thinking. The man made the point that society is in a sort of conspiracy to protect girls whether they want to be protected or not. And here you are protecting me.

The Man (smiling)—Well, don't you like it?

The Girl—I'm afraid I do. But (obstinately) it doesn't prove anything.

The Man—Why doesn't it?

The Girl—Except that I'm too much a woman to be a—a fair trial of his theory.

The Man—That's good enough, darling. And, that being the case, will you telephone or shall I?

The Girl (with a sudden thought)—I will. (As he reaches out to hand her the telephone apparatus, his arm goes around her and she finds herself absorbed by the armchair which has mysteriously and automatically doubled its seating capacity. Love, the omnipotent stage manager who moves his puppets now to tragic, now to absurd, again to hopeful ends, pulls the cord as the voice of the Girl is heard saying with dignity, though in slighly muffled tones—"Tell him, Mrs. Anthony Landor, please." Whereupon Love discreetly draws the

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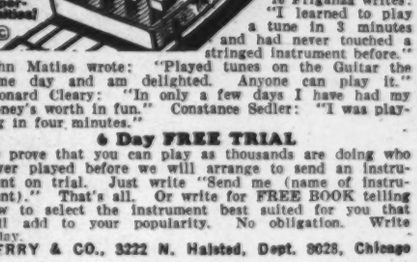

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Wild Like Lucille

—continued from page 21

she thought he'd forgotten her! No—she'd tell him—she'd tell him she thought he looked even nicer in the daytime than at night. Yes, that sounded more snappy.

She had just finished eating when he arrived. Sheila jumped up and ran to the door.

"So you didn't forget me!" she squealed delightedly. "Gee, I like you even better in the daytime than I do at night, Bob. D'you know that?"

"Mornin'," he said, blushing and grinning and jerking his head. "Are you all set?"

They rattled away in great style, coming to a squeaky halt at the village store, for some gas. Sheila, flushing with joy under the surprised stare of the storekeeper and watching Bob as he lumbered about, felt that she'd never, never, never been so happy. She noticed a girl coming towards them in the distance. A girl rather like Lucille.

It *was* Lucille! She passed just as Bob was getting in the Bug. Dressed in a jade-green, fluffy thing, she looked wonderfully pretty.

Sheila gave a sigh, half of admiration and half of something else; then she called to her and introduced Bob with a proud flourish.

"We're going over to Wakita Lake, darling, will you come along?" Lucille accepted carelessly. As she got in beside them, she emitted an odor of faintest jasmine, and of rouge.

And then something very strange happened. Sheila started to alter visibly. She grew more and more freckled, more and more skinny, more and more awkward. Every second her hands seemed to grow bigger, uglier and redder. It was the perfume that did it. That faint, beautiful, clinging perfume.

Lucille was laughing now, chattering, and laughing that tantalizing laugh of hers. And Sheila was listening, and sometimes flushing at the thought of those awful looking hands. Oh, if only she could think of something to say. Oh, if only they would reach that darned lake soon. She tried to hide her hands by sitting on them. Oh, if only, only——

Lucille was talking to her now, and she answered something, staring, as she spoke, at the fields and the dusty trees. Oh, why had she come, why, why? And why, oh, why couldn't she wake up and say something snappy? At last they arrived; they sat down under a tree and talked. At least Lucille and Bob talked —about dances and eyelashes and chaperones. Sheila listened . . .

III

LUCILLE was in the throes of eyebrow plucking next morning, and she greeted Sheila absent-mindedly.

"Honey, there's another all-night dance tonight, did you know?" Lucille asked presently. "Oh, and honey, you'll never guess what I'm going to do! I'm going to let that cowboy kid, Bob Snorter, take me! Isn't that a joke? I can't stand him but I'm going to do it just to make my lifeguard jealous. What d'you think of that?"

"Fine!" said Sheila quickly, "fine!" Again the day stretched ahead drearily; the night promised to be just one more horrid evening, listening to the music, the clapping; longing, longing, longing to be at the dance herself. Oh, it had always been the same, and she supposed it always would be . . .

The dinner was over, the dishes washed, Mr. Willard had gone to bed complaining of a headache and corns. Sheila wandered discontentedly outside. She sat down unhappily on an old log and stared at a dead beetle. Presently her eyes half closed and she drifted into a kind of dream.

She was beautiful now, beautiful like Lucille; her hair was beautiful, her eyes were beautiful, her lips were beautiful. Every one worshiped her. Oh, and life was such a wonderful thing, such a wonderful, wonderful thing! There was jasmine everywhere, jasmine like Lucille's . . .

With a little start she opened her eyes; and there was the beetle!

"Oh—darn!"

Sheila got up with a heavy frown and started walking slowly towards the house. Almost there she stopped, hesitating, then suddenly she rushed in. Trembling with excitement she lit the lamps, all three of them, and still trembling she carried them, one by one, into her room.

Hurriedly, her hands still shaking with nervousness, she pulled off her old khaki riding clothes and slipped into a light, fluffy dress. Yes, that would be all right when she'd fixed it. She nodded her head approvingly; at the same time patting her tanned neck and shoulders with powder. Next she unearthed with great difficulty a mysterious bottle from the depths of a drawer, also a mysterious black brush. With these she did all kinds of things.

"Oh, I wonder." With absorbed sparkling eyes and shaking anxious fingers she tinted and penciled and perfumed . . .

AFTER a nerve-racking hour the transformation was complete. Sheila stared at herself—and stared, and stared. She had a delicate, piquant face, now, slightly flushed, not pretty exactly, but very kind of—unusual! She had lovely eyes now, amber-colored eyes, with long, very dark lashes, and dark brows; lovely, lovely eyes! And lovely lips she had, curving scarlet lips, almost as pretty as Lucille's! Last of all there was her hair. She'd done it on top of her head—a pale crown of yellow hair.

Sheila laughed softly. Then she wrapped herself with awe in a light soft cloak, and creeping guiltily past her father's door she stole out into the night.

As she neared the hall some of her elation disappeared. She was scared! Supposing she couldn't get a partner!

But she remembered that face in the mirror and she went on. How her heart was beating as she climbed the few steps and passed through the crowd of staring loafers.

She hurried straight to the cloak room and sank into the only chair, clutching its wooden arms in panic. No, no, no, it was too late now; she couldn't go back! She took off her wrap slowly; forced herself to open the door; and stood there looking at the noisy scene.

Cowboys were hopping and jerking, city boys swaying and swooping, girls giggling and tittering, wall flowers trying to look unconcerned. She gave a little shiver.

"Oh, hello, Bob, hello! Were—were you looking for me?" she called suddenly. She seized him, put herself into his arms, and actually drew him into the dance.

When the music stopped he took her to a seat. Still she said nothing, nothing whatever, but she kept looking at him, and she kept smiling at him.

The music had started again, and they were getting up to dance, she and Bob, when some one came dashing up and literally pounced on her. Why, why, it was that nice, good looking cowboy, with the wonderful nose, the one who'd winked at her that day! Why—why—— How funny Bob looked, standing there with his mouth wide open! She laughed aloud, and her partner laughed with her. Such a nice laugh he had. She wished she could remember his name. Arthur, wasn't it? Arthur—yes, Arthur Burnly. A nice name too! And he was telling her such lovely things. She smiled and smiled, not saying very much, just murmuring, and all the time thinking and thinking of her reflection . . .

The rest of the evening seemed a dream. She passed from arms to arms, murmuring and smiling and thinking of her reflection, murmuring and smiling and then passing again. She said hardly a word, just stared at them, her different partners, made little mouths at them, touched their faces sometimes with her fingertips. It was like Cinderella exactly, she was a different person tonight, a different person . . .

Presently she found Lucille beside her, a pale, angry looking, rather strange Lucille. She knew that she talked to her. But she was still thinking of her reflection, and even Lucille was blurred.

Now again she was close in some one's arms, a nice some one he was, and he danced beautifully; oh, yes, it was the lifeguard, Lucille's lifeguard. Such fun!

At last when it ended, she told Arthur that he might take her home.

Neither of them spoke during the short drive, but as soon as they stopped the car at her gate he grabbed her in his arms.

"Oh, Arthur! Oh—oh, don't!" she gasped. He was so rough, so awful!

"Oh, Arthur! Please—please—please don't! I'm so tired!"

Suddenly he let her go, and they walked in silence to the house. At the door he held her, and kissed her again, and told her quite hoarsely that he loved her.

Frightened, terrified, she pushed him away, and ran in the house. Was this the sort of kissing Lucille liked? Surely, oh, surely not! With trembling fingers she loosened her hair. Surely, surely not!

At twelve o'clock next day Sheila got

lazily, happily, out of bed. After all, except for that one thing, her evening had been perfect, absolutely perfect! It took only about ten minutes to make up this morning, and there in her glass once more was that fascinating reflection.

"Gee, I'm just as nice, just exactly as nice as I was last night," she whispered joyfully.

When she was ready she ran gayly into the sitting room to her father.

"Da-ddy!" she called. "Oh, there you are!" at the top of her voice.

"Good *Lord!*" said her father.

"Daddy, I—I went to the dance last night, and—and I met millions of boys and made a hit, and—and Arthur Burnly brought me home and—and kissed me and told me he loved me and——"

"Good *Lord!*" said her father again. "Let's get a look at you!" He turned her face to the light.

"Good *Lord,*" he said for the third time.

THE first person Sheila wanted to see was Lucille. How lovely it would be to talk over the dance with her and not have to feel a bit envious.. Burning with impatience, Sheila galloped her shaggy pony down the dusty road.

Only five minutes later she was riding home again, riding home, and trying desperately not to sob on account of the mascaro on her eyes. She didn't cry, she just coughed and sniffed and looked hard at a distant cow.

She was so unhappy. And all on account of that darned lifeguard! And she hadn't even—cough, sniff—hadn't even *liked* him so very much! Hadn't even—hadn't even—oh, damn that cow—— A hypocrite was what Lucille had called her. A—a hypocrite! Cough, sniff. And the last thing Lucille had said was that she never wanted to see her again! She *never* wanted to see her *again!* Oh! Oh!

She did cry then, and the mascaro did run. It trickled down her cheeks, and left a dark smear on her hand when she wiped her eyes.

IV

ONE night toward the end of the summer Sheila was lying limply in the hammock under the poplar trees. Her eyes were closed, there was no sound; but somehow instinctively she knew that some one was near, very near.

She didn't move, she just sighed a little. Why couldn't they go away, whoever it was? Why couldn't they stop it, kissing, and bending over, and touching, and prying like this! She couldn't open her eyes, she couldn't move; she had to lie there passive and unresisting . . .

Thank heavens, now it was gone! That horrid worrying presence!

The soft breeze touched her face, and sometimes the hammock swayed . . .

An hour later she awoke, all cramped and shivering; her cold hands tried vainly to sooth her throbbing head. She glanced round in wonder. How on earth had she got here? Out here at this time of night? The bright moon shone down on her pale scared face. What had she done? What had she done? Then slowly, jerkily, she began to remember.

It was at the party—the booze party.

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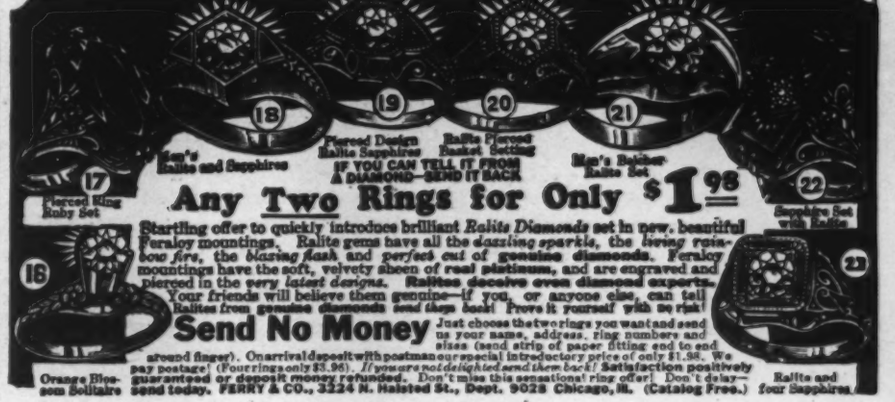

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She had had to drink some because—oh, because they had laughed. And it was nasty—nasty and they had laughed—gee, how they had laughed—and she had laughed too, and kissed them all—the boys that is—— And—and—— Then some one, Arthur, had taken her home and put her here—and then that horrid thing! She sat still for a minute, puzzled. It must have been Arthur but—— Her white face grew suddenly drawn with lines of horror, white and disgusted.

What had she done? What had she done? Out there all night drunk! Lying out drunk! And while she was like that what had she done——

Then reason came back, and in the relief of the moment she threw herself down on her knees, still trembling. Trying to tell Him what she felt. Trying and trying. But no words would come. At last she got up stiffly and stole to bed.

There was a strong odor of burnt mush when Mr. Willard came down to breakfast. He stopped on the threshold of the kitchen to sniff disappointedly. Then he caught sight of his daughter.

"Why, Sheila, what have you done to yourself! What's the big idea? Why, Sheila! You look like——"

Sheila winced. "I—I—— You see, Dad, I decided to do my hair the old way again. I decided to—I decided maybe a pigtail doesn't look so nice, but for a girl my age maybe it's better. I—I made a good resolution, Dad, and decided to give it all up. All the parties. Everything!"

"But you look somethin' awful, Sheila," her father boomed plaintively. "And when you're all fixed up, you look like a million dollars!"

Bang! Sheila had suddenly bolted out of the room and slammed the door loudly.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Mr. Willard with great emphasis. The mush was extremely burnt.

SHEILA rode under the hot sun miles away into the hills. Through all the scratchiest scrub she went, her skin blistering with the heat. But she didn't care. She was trying to get away from that nasty, unclean, guilty feeling. Drunk. Drunk. Over and over she repeated it.

Late in the afternoon she came back, sticky with heat, dead tired, and sunburned scarlet. A welcoming "Coo-ee" came to her ears, shouts of "Sheila," and laughter. Half turning she halted uncertainly, beads of perspiration trickling down her face. She brushed at her face nervously. If she could only hide from them, stop trembling! But they'd all seen her, all of them, the hipless lifeguard, the three pimply boys, the tittering girls—and Arthur. Her love-sick wonderful Arthur!

She was walking toward them now, trying to smile, trying dreadfully hard to smile . . . How they were staring at her. Oh, would it never, never end?

Clearing her throat and trying desperately to make her voice sound natural, she called to them.

"'Lo!" they chorused back.

"Oh, do stop looking at me. I know just how dirty I am!" she tittered nervously. If she could only pass it all off as a joke, maybe it would come out right even now.

"Whatever have you been doing, Sheila? You look so fun-ny!" giggled one of the girls delightedly.

"Yes, it looks kind of suspicious after last night!" tittered another.

Last night! Last night! The words made her flare up all at once.

"You—ye—you make me sick," she screamed. "You make me s-s-sick! Getting *drunk*, and everything! Y-you ——" How she hated herself! Why couldn't she say something sarcastic instead of stammering like this! And they were laughing at her now.

"*You* weren't a bit full last night, were you, sweetheart?" jibed one of the boys. "Oh, no! Nothing like that!"

"Be-be-beat it!" she shouted at him. "I hate you! I hate all of you!" She turned furiously on her heel and stalked toward the front door. But her progress was rudely arrested. She fell with a bang to the floor. Arthur, yes Arthur had done it! He'd actually tripped her, and here she was sitting in a ridiculous heap while they just stood and laughed! It was too much!

Scrambling to her feet Sheila burst into floods of tears. Then stammering and sobbing she flung herself into the house and rushed blindly to her room.

Lying face downwards on her bed, she went over and over the dreadful scene in her mind; said all the scathing things she might have said if only she'd thought of them in time!

"Why did it have to happen? Why? Why?" she whispered to herself over and over. "I hate them, hate them!"

She lay on her face sobbing and sobbing. Tomorrow night, of course, they'd all be over at the hall dancing. Dancing, and flirting, and singing, and kissing! But she—she would be here. Lying here, envying them, just as she used to . . .

"Oh, Sheila!" A loud, fatherly voice suddenly broke the silence.

"Oh, Sheila! Sheila, come here for the Lord's sake! The cat's had kittens under the stove!"

V

TWO weeks later the Willards moved to town. Sheila was to start high school.

She was thankful to get away, and she was scared and excited at the idea of high. Lucille had been going there two years now. Of course Sheila put up her hair again, and of course she painted her eyebrows and her lips and her cheeks. Who wouldn't, anyhow . . .

She was dancing with a tall, dark fellow; very tanned, altogether wonderful. He had eyes that seemed to burn, romantic black eyes! He was Rollo Evans, the most popular boy in school. So she leaned closer to him, and drooped her eyelids, and sometimes she stroked his neck ever so lightly. It was then that his eyes seemed to burn her. She hadn't done this since that last dance up in the country; but now—every girl in the room was envying her and—there wasn't any harm in it, surely . . .

It was almost over; one more dance and they'd be going home. She didn't want to go home. He'd been so sort of funny to her all night, tense and quiet and—oh, awful! It was an effort to smile.

He was taking her out now; she must say something or he'd think she didn't have any pep.

"O-o-oh!" she yawned, "it's been a wonderful night, hasn't it, old dear? I'm sure tired though. You'll let me go to sleep on your shoulder driving home, won't you?" She yawned again, and of course she giggled . . . She wasn't in the least tired really.

"Well, I'll think about it!" he assured her, looking at her in that funny way.

His arm round her shoulders was pressing her against him, tighter and still tighter. She pretended she was asleep.

She really did doze a little, too, and she dreamed a horrible dream, something about his eyes. And then she awoke. Awoke to find his hand touching her intimately . . .

She couldn't realize it at first, couldn't understand. It wasn't real, it couldn't be real! Then she grew cold all over, and furious; but she still leaned against him, groping for the right thing to say.

Was this just a part of what they called pep? Oh, surely not! She strangled a sob. Whatever happened he mustn't think her unsophisticated. The car was stopping. They were home—and he was kissing her, holding and pressing her so that it hurt . . . What ought she to do?

Suddenly, struggling frantically, she managed to push him away. He looked at her in astonishment.

"Rollo! How could you?" she jerked out. "You took advantage of my being asleep. You——" She paused, miserably uncertain. Lucille wouldn't say that. He'd think her old-fashioned and unsophisticated. "If I'd only been awake," she rushed on desperately, "I'd—we'd—just think what *fun* we might have had!"

Oh, why had she said that? It sounded perfectly awful!

Shoving open the door, she slipped quickly out and darted into the house.

Upstairs at last, she threw herself down on the bed, crying and laughing. "I got away and left him guessing, anyhow," she gasped to herself.

EVERYTHING was going wrong. Rollo hadn't looked at her all day. What could be the matter? He couldn't surely be going to break their date tonight?

She was waiting for a street car when suddenly a familiar klaxon made her jump with a thrill of relief. It was his car of course; he'd come to take her home from school. Then she caught her breath. A girl was driving and Rollo was sitting beside her in the front seat.

As the couple passed her, they waved to her. Why the girl was—no, it couldn't be—yes, it was! Lucille!

Home at last, she found a polite phone message from Rollo. He had left word that his mother was ill and that he was really afraid he'd have to break their date tonight. He was so sorry . . .

Sheila burst into tears. But later she swore she'd make that horrible Tompkins boy spend his last cent on her tonight.

The Tompkins boy spent it obediently, while Sheila wondered what Lucille was doing, what Rollo was saying to her, and what the crowd at school would think when they heard about it. She flirted

with the Tompkins boy. He spent all his money. The next night and the next he borrowed more. He was really quite a nice boy, Sheila told her friends; adding that she was tired of Rollo Evans.

But one night an awful thing happened. She was out riding with the Tompkins boy, and she was looking at him through her eyelids and teasing him, when all of a sudden he stopped the car and asked her something. She didn't understand. But she smiled at him, and then . . . Then she slapped his face! Slapped it so hard that his nose bled. And again that feeling she so hated came over her: that puzzled, half guilty, miserable feeling . . .

Things like this, nasty dreadful things always seemed to be happening to her. Why did they happen? Why couldn't she be wild and wonderful and sophisticated like Lucille?

Late that night Sheila was still turning about on her bed, staring into the dark.

VI

AFTER she lost the Tompkins boy, Sheila had no regular steady. But she still went around with the crowd, laughing a lot in front of everybody, wondering and puzzling alone by herself. If she were only pretty. Then it would be all right, she felt sure. Sometimes she had thought she was pretty, but she knew now that she wasn't. It was just a sort of attraction she had, a horrid, funny sort of attraction.

Was it worth while or not, she wondered, to have a good time? Worth while when something always happened, something that gave one that miserable, disgusted feeling?

Occasionally she went riding with some boy whose girl had ditched him. Just once, in all those months, she went to a dance.

Then one morning her father announced that they were going away! Going to Hollywood! He'd had an offer for a deal in real estate; he'd accepted, and they were actually going to move in less than a week! Sheila, ecstatic, forgot her troubles.

"Oh! Dad, how wonderful; oh, I am so glad! Can't we go tomorrow, Dad? I could pack up everything today and there's nobody in school I want to say good-bye to! *Nobody!*"

THE real estate man who was putting over her father's deal was a grey-haired, ageless, attractive person, who wore wonderful clothes and spoke with ever so slight an English accent. Welling. Gerald Welling was his name! Such a distinguished name, she thought. And it was only the third time he'd talked to her that he'd asked her in quite an off-hand way if she wouldn't like to have a try at the picture game. Of course it was miles too good to be true, she told herself. But just imagine!

He took her in his Packard roadster to get her picture taken; and in a few days he took her again to see the result. The pictures were awfully good.

Nothing happened however. They interviewed directors, and assistant directors, and assistant assistant directors; they interviewed casting directors, and assistant casting directors, and assistant assistant casting directors. And still nothing happened. She began to think that nothing ever would.

Then one day something did happen.

He was a funny little man at the Universal, with wispy curls and a horrified air. He squinted at Sheila from all directions, sighed heavily, and announced that he would give her a screen test! Sheila almost collapsed with joy.

Of course when the time came she was terrified. She imagined her humiliation if she should fail. But she didn't fail. She came through her ordeal with honors. She was to get seventy-five dollars per week and she'd be working two, possibly three weeks! Oh, it was marvelous, it was a miracle. She was going to kiss Gerald!

The two famous weeks proved hot and tiring, nothing like she'd expected. Every little scene had to be done so often. Sometimes she felt lonely without Gerald.

She seemed to be changing, she thought; growing older or something. At least she wasn't flirting so much now. Even when that tall fair boy had told her quite seriously that she was beautiful she didn't giggle and raise her eyebrows. Perhaps it was because of Gerald. Perhaps she was in love with Gerald. How could one tell?

She was rather glad, and very tired, and very proud when the two weeks of pictures ended. She had so many friends now that there'd be dozens of parties. She hoped Gerald would take her about. Still that fair boy was very tall and nice.

SHE stared at her slender person critically, touching herself here and there with perfume. She was going to an enormous party tonight with Gerald, and she did look nice, awfully nice! There! That was Gerald's ring at the door!

He was waiting for her, standing by the fireplace. He looked wonderful in evening clothes! She kissed her father good night and they went out together.

"Tell me you like my dress," she ordered.

"You look as if you'd break if I touched you!" he answered. His voice sounded different tonight, she thought. He didn't kiss her either, as he usually did, in a matter-of-fact, nice way. She got into the car feeling rather snubbed.

"Well, but what have you been doing all day?" she asked presently, feeling the question sounded silly.

Gerald didn't answer her. When he did speak it was to murmur irrelevantly, "Men are all sinners, Sheila!"

She was vaguely startled, but was able to hide her feeling in the confusion of their arrival.

There was a huge crowd and a lot of how-d'you-do-ing to be done. But at last she and Gerald got away, and glided off together to the music of "Valencia." In and out they passed between the palms standing in stone vases about the ballroom. She never spoke while she danced with him, that would have spoiled it. But she closed her eyes.

What a marvelous dancer Gerald was! He was quite the most thrilling man she had ever known. They were in the shadow of a palm now, barely moving, in time with the music . . . She wished, how she wished, he would kiss her!

And he did! She opened her eyes very

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slowly and drank in greedily all the things he was saying . . .

"AH-HA-HA! What's old Gerry doing to his latest flapper? The laughing words jarred her cruelly from her bliss. Only a second and they were in the center of the floor again; but she had caught the careless, cruel answer:

"Oh, the same old game, I guess. Come on and dance."

Gerald had heard it too. Of course. His face was flushed ever so slightly.

"What did they mean?" she asked him. He didn't answer. They danced silently, interminably.

His latest flapper! The words kept ringing in her ears. He was doing the same old thing to his latest flapper! And he hadn't denied it, or laughed at it even!

At last the nice fair boy who was so tall, came up and claimed her. Oh, what a relief. She smiled up at her new partner, while with the tail of her eye she saw Gerald disappearing through the door. She started talking quickly.

"George, what d'you think of Gerald —er—what's his name? Oh, yes, Gerald Welling!" she asked with elaborate carelessness.

"Gerald Welling? Why, he's not a bad sort of egg! Got a reputation as a lady killer, and he's fifty if he's a day, though you'd never think it. I thought you knew him. Don't you?"

"Er—oh, yes, but not well!" said Sheila. "I came here with him tonight," she added casually.

Fifty! Fifty if he were a day! Good heavens!

Now again she was with Gerald; sitting beside him in the front seat of his car as he drove her home.

Would he ever—oh, would he ever speak? Anything were better than this.

She coughed nervously. "The moon is very beautiful, isn't it?"

"Very," he answered without looking.

She coughed again. "I don't think, I really don't think I've ever seen it so beautiful!" A long pause . . .

"Haven't you really?" he said at last.

"No," said Sheila blankly.

It was hopeless. She sat miserably silent in her corner of the front seat, trying to think of the right thing to say. Why couldn't he confess or something?

She was beginning to feel rather sorry for herself. After all, sixteen wasn't so old; no wonder he'd fooled her! No wonder he'd broken her heart and made her miserable. She glanced unhappily outside. Why, what the dickens? Where were they?

"Gerald, Gerald! Where are you going?" She was afraid now; she caught at his arm with her hands. He shook her hands off almost roughly; but he drew her against him.

She stopped struggling at last, leaned against his side, limp and panting and frightened. And of course he kissed her. Again and again and again.

"But—but, Gerald, where are we going?" she faltered.

She was dizzy, terrified, shaking with fright. It was going to happen, the unthinkable was going to happen, her whole life would be ruined, everything gone, gone, gone! It came over her all at once, and she clutched at him, dug her nails into his arm.

And still they went on, on and on, and he kissed her, horrible kisses that she hated. So this was the real Gerald! And he was taking her off against her will, actually running away with her! With her, Sheila Willard! *Sheila Willard!* It was like something one read about, something that never really happened!

It was she, it was Sheila Willard this was happening to. Sheila Willard! She repeated her name again and again in a quaking whisper, till the words became meaningless. Sheila Willard! Sheila——

Bang! Crash!

IT WAS a cold, dark, funny place, Sheila thought vaguely, a cold funny place. One felt so tired, and one's eyes hurt, and one's head. And those lights, those horrible lights that kept flashing . . . Then she began to drift through space, space that was jade green, space that was yellow, space that was red. Then suddenly darkness, a piercing flash of light, and pain! Her head, her eyes, her whole body was racked with it.

Some one was holding her, some one was suffocating her, some one was pressing in her eyes and blinding her! It must be Gerald, only Gerald could hurt her like this. How she hated him!

Something cold was being placed on her head, something beautiful that drew away the pain. Oh, what relief!

She opened her eyes slowly and stared about her. A woman in a white cap stood above her, smiling. And a smell, a horrible sickening smell of anesthetic pervaded the room.

Now the door was opening and some one was coming in. Why, it was her father. He came creeping up to her, whispering to the woman as he came. How funny. She tried to say something, but her voice wouldn't come.

Some one else was coming into the room. It was Gerald! Her heart thumped, and the firecracker lights began again. More pain! Then she drifted back into space, colored this time jade green and blue, with clouds of amber.

She sighed blissfully.

"I didn't mean to. Oh, Sheila!"

She moved impatiently. Why couldn't they leave her alone? She was so happy.

"Sheila, Sheila!" Some one was sobbing. She stirred again restlessly.

It was Gerald's voice. She hated Gerald! Why couldn't he leave her alone?

"Forgive me, Sheila."

Slowly she opened her eyes. She looked at him vaguely. How silly he was, lying there half on the floor, with his grey hair all mussed, and tears on his cheeks . . . Space, space, she was sinking again . . .

"Sheila!"

Wearily she came back, wearily she opened her eyes.

"Sheila! Sheila!" He caught her hand in both his. "I nearly killed you. Say you'll forgive me!"

Suddenly Sheila propped herself up in bed and looked from Gerald to the woman in the white cap, then to her father.

"What d'you mean?" she asked plaintively. A sigh seemed to go round the room.

"Sheila, I nearly killed you. I ran into a truck and threw you out of the car and nearly killed you. I—I was mad. I was trying to elope with you—you know that. But you're going to get well now. Only say you forgive me! Oh, Sheila! Sheila!"

She looked at him dizzily. A buoyant, elusive feeling comforted her immensely. Something to do with those colors she had seen. Something to do with Gerald and the cool hands of that white-capped woman.

She remembered the accident now; she remembered Gerald's kisses; she remembered school, and all the horrid things that went with school; she remembered the old, old question.

Suddenly she saw herself; suddenly she saw Gerald, and all her so-called friends, and Lucille! What was life worth? What was she herself worth? The old question.

Suddenly she saw! She saw them all the way they really were, and as if she were looking down at them from a great distance. And all of them from this great distance looked little and funny.

Now at last she was really sophisticated. Imagine being eloped with! And by poor old Gerald, of all people. When she eloped again it would be with some one like—well, like George!

Her attention returned to the pathetic figure of Gerald. He'd been asking her for hours to forgive him. Poor Gerald.

She closed her eyes again with a sigh of utter contentment.

"Sure, I forgive you," she murmured. "Sure."

Yellow Is So Easy to Soil—continued from page 33

when you have a girl friend as touchy as Lola.

Well, dearie, between friends many's the time when you gotta choose between them and something you got they wanna loan off you.

One night before supper Lola comes over and says:

"May," she says, "I want you to do me a personal favor. Will you, May?"

"What is it?" I says, polite, though I had a premonition.

"May," she says, "I want you to do me a great favor."

"Well, what is it?" I says impatient.

"May," she says, with her eyes fixed on me, "will you loan me your yellow hat?"

Well, I just stand and look at her and don't say a thing. Yellow soils so easy, and ain't it awful how some people have no consideration?

"Now listen," I says, finally. "Lola," I says, "as a friend, mind you, outside of the hat, what do you want my yellow hat for?"

"Oh," she says without looking at me, "I got a date. I'm going out and I

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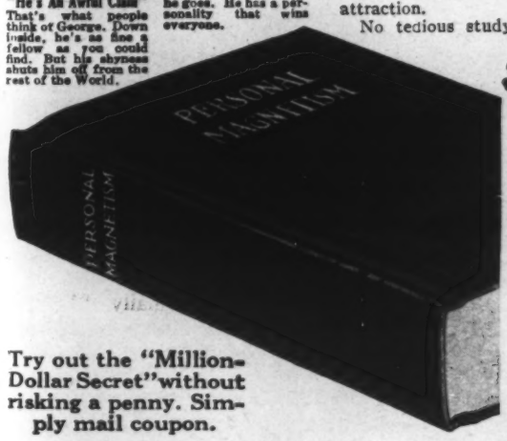

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haven't got one single thing to wear."

"But who you got a date with?" I says. "It ain't Martin, because Martin knows the hat is mine and you wouldn't want to wear it going out with him."

"I ain't engaged to Martin or anything," she says defiant. "I can go out with who I like, I guess!"

"Lola!" I says, "are you going with this high-lifer Mr. Thomas after all I said to you? O-oh, Lola," I says, "don't do it." I could see by her eyes I struck the nail on the head. "No," I says, "I won't give you the hat to go out with that fellow."

"Aw, May," she says, "be a sport."

"No," I says, "that fellow, you know what I think of him and I won't loan you the hat."

"Aw, listen, kid," she says, "we are going to a show and coming right home after. He's a perfect gentleman, I swear it, and you know I wouldn't go with anybody who wasn't. Listen, you'll get your hat back in the same condition I take it. Honest to goodness . . . will you, May?"

"No, I won't!" I says, which I might as well saved my breath saying. Well—of course she gets the hat. And dearie, what is more, she takes my black coat, her red one not being the thing for evening wear.

Well—uneasy lies the head that knows its best hat is somewhere, but where? And that night I didn't sleep well. I kep' thinking: it's so easy for girls to go wrong—why do they play with fire—and yellow is so easy to soil. When Ma woke me the next morning I had such a head I didn't know where it ended and my neck begun.

I could hardly wait to get to the office and see Lola. But Lola wasn't there! "Good night," I thinks, getting cold all over. "I told her this would come to no good."

Now wouldn't you think a girl who was over twenty already, though she won't admit to a day over nineteen, would know better than to trust a man with a waxed mustache and patent leather hair? Wouldn't you just know that a man who has a suit of offices and stenographers of his own wouldn't go out with a working girl with good intentions? You read about it in all the picture papers every morning. This girl shoots this man; this girl shoots herself; this girl sues him—and all for what reason? Because the girl had good intentions and was thinking of marriage, but the man didn't and wasn't. And only this morning Georgina Grae's picture was in all the papers because she shot Billy Carnegriff, the millionaire, in a road house last week. Well all I can say is, girls who won't learn a lesson from what they read are a fool.

Just before lunch Lola comes marching in with a look like she's got something on where her conscience should be.

"Wait till lunch," she says short.

Well, we get to a lunch-room finally and I wanna know: "Where is my hat and coat?"

"Oh, your coat's all right," she says. "And so'll your hat be," she says cold and distant. "I'm not one to take something and return it different from how I took it. Don't worry. It'll look better than new when you get it back."

"When I get it back? What do you mean better than new? What's happened to that hat? I wanna know."

"Oh," she says impatient, "your hat's all right. It's only a little spot and if I can't take it out myself I'll send it to the cleaner's."

I sit back and close my eyes, preferrin' nothing to the shade of red I'm suddenly seeing.

"Where is it but?" I says, very weak.

"It's home in the closet with your coat. But say listen," she says, leaning across the table, "lemme tell you somethin' that'll take your mind off your hat."

Could anything?

"It concerns your boy friend and mine," she says. "You were worried about me double-crossin' Martin, weren't you?" she says bitter. "You thought he was a good, steady fellow. Yeah," she says giving a kinda hysterical laugh, "he's not! And neither is your friend Jim! They're both double-crossin' us, and you'll thank me for my little splash last night when you hear the mud I unearthed."

Well, me, I was kinda numb after hearing about my hat, but this puts new life into me. "Spill it," I says.

"Listen," she says, "lemme begin from the beginning. Las' night I meet this Mr. Thomas, his first name is Arnold, and he says: 'Call me Arnold'—the big bum! Well, he has a swell car, all closed up, and he says: 'Let's take a drive. I know a lovely little nook where we can have dinner.' So I says: 'All right,' thinking I got a couple o' dollars in my pocket book so I don't have to walk home in case he gets gay. But all the way to this place he's the perfect gentleman.

"Well we get to this place, and gee, May, it was swell. This was that place where Georgina Grae shot that millionaire but didn't kill him, remember? Oh, yeah, the place was swell—— Wait, I'll come to the boy friends . . .

"Well, Arnold—the weazel—he gets us a table on the balcony where we can look down on the dancers, and I'm feelin' so swanky I could bust. He orders somethin' and the waiter brings it in a pail wrapped in towels, and on ice . . . Wait, I'll come to the boy friend quick enough!

"I only sip this stuff, but he washes his throat plenty, believe me. And pretty soon he's got so personal, yet so sweet, that I'm seein' myself in marble halls in some place like that Reveera. But all of a sudden he sorta lays his head on my shoulder and says tearful:

"'Be my little pet, my wife don't understand me!'

"Oh, gee, May, I coulda pushed his face in! One o' them guys whose wife don't understand him!

"What did I do? Why I got up and said: 'Take me home. If your wife don't understand you she might misunderstand my bein' here with you, and I don't wanna be the bon-bon point of one of these triangle cases. Take me home,' I says.

"Did he? No. The big sap was all lit by now and he puts his arm aroun' my neck and says, thick: 'I'll take you sweetie, but not home!'

"I push him away, and I says, 'If you won't be what I thought you, a gentleman, and take me home, I'm goin' by myself,' I says. And I says it emphatic.

"But the big weazel has other ideas. He makes a grab for me again, but I avert him and dash to the stair. I get down all right, but him after me with a glass of wine in one hand. And he spills the wine and a drop gets on your hat. So that's what's wrong with your hat . . . Don't look like that, kid, it'll be better than new when you get it back."

"Yeah," I says, "all right, but what about Jim?"

"I'm comin' to that," she says. "As I was makin' for the door, who should I catch sight of at a table near the band but our two trusty boy friends turned out like head waiters? And with them was two girls. And you should 'a' seen them girls! One o' them wore a pale blue crêpe de Chine gown that was hooked over the shoulder with strings o' pearls, and May, if one o' them had of broke! And the other one, well I was in a hurry and I couldn't see what she wore, but she wore somethin', May, and there wasn't much of it. And, May, through all my troubles I could see they was havin' a swell time."

I LEAVE it to you how I felt. Here was my hat, and Jim, who I always thought was true to me and all, hitting the high spots with a coupla high-steppers. Only I know it was Martin led him off the straight and narrow . . . And you know once a hat has been to the cleaner's it loses its shape and is never the same again. Gosh the pain I had! I just leant my head on the table, not caring who saw me, and wept.

We get back to the office late, but much I care if they give me the bounce. What was a job in my young life after what I been through? But nothing was said, and the afternoon dragged along like a cold in the nose.

Well, just before five o'clock, I'm called to the 'phone.

"Hello," I says, languid and far from my usual self when it comes to meeting the world over the telephone. "Hello."

"This you, May?" says a voice, and, dearie, it's Jim.

Well, everything I was gonna say to him jumbled all up in my mind and all I could pick out o' the collection was——

"Yeah. It's me."

"May," he says, and even mixed up as I was I noticed the cold way his voice sounded. "May," he says, "meet me after work near Perry's. I think you got something to say to me."

Listen, I could 'a' told him all I had to say right then and there, but I wanted to get in that personal touch, so I says, meaningful:

"I got plenty to say all right. I'll be there." And I hung up.

Lola had heard me and when the bell rung at five, she says to me: "Was that Jim calling you?"

"Yeah," I says, "I'm going to meet him."

"Haha," she says, "he don't know what's coming. Listen, Martin's due tonight, and after I'm through with him I'll come over, and we'll both be free and carefree together."

Maybe free, I thinks, but far from carefree! But I says, "All right, and don't forget to bring my coat and hat." So she goes to the subway and I hike

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over to Perry's as quick as I can.

There is Jim waiting. And he's not alone. He's got Martin with him.

Jim is looking washed out, and he gives me a queer look. I wait for him to begin, as once I'm started he won't have a chance. But when he finally separates his teeth what he hands me gives my tongue the lockjaw good and proper.

"May," he says, stern. "What were you doin' in that place with that guy las' night?"

Well I felt like a pickled fish for a minute. Then I holler: "Me!" I says. "What was *I* doin' in that place?"

"Yeah," says Jim, more stern. "Martin and I both seen you in your yellow hat and coat."

"Oh, yeah, May," Martin says, joking yet serious, "you can't get away with it. You better come across clean."

Beat that. They thought Lola was me!

Well after the first shock was over I think: that's not the point, if it was Lola or me and what we was doin' there. What was Jim doin' in that place? The nerve of him to call me down when he has done the same thing he thinks I done?

"What," says I, "was you doin' there?"

"Ask Martin," says Jim.

Martin don't wait to be asked: "Aw," he says, "these darn women were a couple o' cousins of my boss from Kansas. He asked me would I get a friend to take them out wherever they wanted to go and he'd foot the bill, as he had to go to a business meetin'. Well, jeez, May, even though I didn't want to, I couldn't say so to the boss, could I? Especially relatives of his. So I got Jim to help me out."

"Yeah," says Jim, "and if you'd stopped to look you'd 'a' seen that these janes were both on the dark side of thirty."

"But why," I says, disbelievin', "would you take two women to a road house?"

"Why," says Jim, hot, "would you be going there?"

"Say listen youse," Martin butts in, "wait a minute. I'll tell you, May. They had a notion they wanted to go to this place because they read of some actress who shot some millionaire there and it was in all the papers."

"Now what were you doing there?" Jim demands to know.

Well can you imagine my already overworked feelings? The first thing on my tongue is a yell to the effect that appearances can be deceiving where everybody is concerned and it was Lola not me they seen in my hat and coat. But dearie, why I don't know, but Martin being there I couldn't let the words loose. I thinks: let Lola tell him herself. Why should I be the one to stop the works in her love affair? So I look Jim straight in the eye and I says:

"Jim," I says, "I believe you. I trust you, knowing that appearances can be deceiving. As for myself," I says, "I've got nothing to say . . ."

"Wait a minute," says Jim.

"No," I says firm. "I got nothing to say. And anyway I can't discuss personal things like this with the mob scraping my ribs off." You know how it is around Perry's that time of the day. "I've got nothing to say," I says, "but still and all if you trust me you come over to my house tomorrow night," I says.

He says: "Wait a minute, May . . ." But I walk off quick.

"LOLA," I says, all excited, for believe me I could hardly wait to get out of the subway into a 'phone booth, "listen, Lola, them were Martin's boss's cousins that Jim and Martin were out with. Martin's boss ast him to show them a time and he got Jim to help."

Lola gasps. "Well, for goodness' sake," she says astounded, "ain't appearance deceivin'!"

"I'll tell the world!" I says, grim, "because furthermore they both seen you in my yellow hat and coat."

Lola gasps again and kind of groans. "They did! Gee, I didn't know they saw me!"

"Yeah," I says grimmer, "an' that ain't the worst either. They think you was me!"

"Oh," she says very faint. "And did—didja tell him?"

"No," I says, "because Jim wasn't alone. Martin was along. I didn't wanna give you away. Maybe you can ease the dose some way yourself," I says. "He'll be around to see you tonight and you tell him."

There's a silence, so I says: "Hello Lola—didja hear me?"

"Yeah," she says real still. "Yeah, but —May—how can I tell him?"

"It won't be like eatin' ice cream," I admit, "but it's gotta be done."

"Oh, May," she says, whimperin', "be reasonable. How can I tell him if he thinks it's you? He'll—why, May, he'll never wanna see me again."

"Say, listen," I says, "be yourself. Do you mean to say I oughta let them think it was me?"

"May," she says, "listen. You can handle Jim. Jim would believe anything you said. But if Martin knew it was me —he's so strict, May!"

Was I sick? Say, I was even sicker than when I thought Jim was double-crossing me.

"Listen to me, Lola," I says, hard and cold. "You knew all about Martin before you pulled this trick. Besides I warned you," I said. "Listen, why should I get a freeze-out when you play with fire and get yourself burnt? Remember, Lola," I says, "remember that I had a chance to queer you just now and I didn't. Now I leave it to you," I says dignified.. I hang up, feeling one grand ache all over.

I get home and ma says: "What's the matter? You look like you seen a ghost."

"No," I says, "I just got a headache."

"Take something," she says. Only what she recommends wouldn't cure the headache I got. But thank goodness pa and ma are going to the movies, and Edna is due for her lesson in scales. So after supper I was left alone in peace.

But just the same there was no peace. I go around from the kitchen to the parlor and vicey-versey like a lost pup, wondering: will Lola tell Martin, and is she capable of denying the truth if I tell it? And would I? And after all, if Jim loves me, why shouldn't he trust me? Yet at the same time could you blame him?

THE bell rang. I went and powdered my nose and then opened the door. It was Jim! I couldn't speak, but, oh dearie, how good he looked to me!

"May," he says, "I couldn't wait till tomorrow."

I bring him in the kitchen, as it is warm in there.

"May," he says, "tell me what it's all about. Have you a new feller? Are you dishing me?"

"Why Jim!" I says. "You know yourself you're the only fellow . . ."

"Then who was the man you went to that place with?"

"Jim," I says, "look at me!" Which he is already doing anyway. "Jim, do you think I'd double-cross you?"

Well, the poor kid, he looks like he's having a major operation without even a minor anesthetic. He breaks out "If I hadn't 'a' seen with my own eyes I'd 'a' broke anybody's head that would 'a' told me!"

"Jim," I says, steady and low, "I swear I been true to you. I couldn't 'a' been truer than I been to you. Jim," I says, feeling a little shaky, "do you believe me?"

Well, he sort o' draws a breath and says between his teeth: "May," he says, "if you say so, I'll swear on it—against my own eyes!"

That's the kind o' fellow I had! Well, I wanted to tell him the truth real bad and I couldn't. I sat down and let the tears spill and ruin my make-up. He kissed me and all and says: "You know, May," he says, "you know I been savin' for it right along and I'll hand you a ring real soon." Then he told me how he loved me. You know how it is—you got a sweetie yourself . . .

And then the bell rings. "Oh, gosh," I says, "who can that be?" And I went and opened the door and there stood Martin with my hat and coat on his arm.

"Here," he says, "is your coat and hat, May, which Lola lent off you las' night."

Jim says: "It was Lola!" And the way his face lights up makes Martin's look like midnight in Hicksville by comparison.

"Yes," Martin says, his face all set. "It was her. I went to the closet to get my coat as I was goin', and I seen these. I recognized them and I made Lola tell me." He turns to go, and says: "May, I'm sorry I thought anything about you," he says, "you're all right."

Well I was happy, yet awful blue too. "Say listen Martin," I says. "Don't go off with the notion that Lola done wrong. She didn't except only take up this guy on an invitation . . . Say listen," I says with inspiration, "you know yourself them two women you and Jim took out could not resist going to that road house. How about Lola, when she'd been readin' about the shooting and all? Listen," I says, "you know yourself she left this bozo there when he got fresh."

"That's all right," he says, "but she ain't been square with me."

"Aw don't let it come in between youse two!" I says.

"Well, maybe yes and maybe no. Anyway it won't do no harm for her to think it over a couple o' weeks."

Well, I done all I could. And besides, Jim was waiting impatient for me.

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1,000 Customers and his own Boss

—continued from page 59

of it. She would take Clare's advice and quickly forget those kisses, his possessive but devoted strength, that fragrant and tumbled haycock.

So Mary let herself be spoilt and persuaded. No, she could not go back to Cinder Town, not permanently, and Cousin Nellie could carry on. Of course, when she got a job she would help the old people, send them presents, go down for week-ends. But she wished the break to be final, a hiatus that could not be bridged with useless sentiment, especially with regard to Arnold Furze.

"I feel that the life would have killed me."

Yet there was a secret part of Mary Viner that was a little sad and ashamed. She was not being selfish; oh no, she was only seeking self-expression. None-theless there were times when that old Sussex house haunted her. That new kitchen range, and the sink, and the hot water, and the rose-colored china! "Traitress," it called her, "you will let him sacrifice his trees."

Yes, but better the trees than herself, and her hope of a good time. Diligently she set herself to repress awkward memories. Darling's husband, generous fellow, had given Clare a check for her sister, and Clare knew of a clever little woman in the place who made you delightful frocks for half the price you had to pay in town. Mary hid herself in a thicket of pretty-pretties.

CHAPTER XI

CLARE BIDDULPH had been given tickets for Ranelagh.

She parked her roadster on the grass under the elms beside the drive, and smiled at a large-eyed child of a sister who stood there between fear and wonder.

"What a lot of cars!"

The world streamed cars, cars of all sizes and colors, and of every degree of luxuriousness. A haze of dust hung in the sunlight between the trees, and while one sister spoke to a man in charge of the cars, the other stood in the shadow a little shrinkingly, brown eyes gazing at the beginnings of a world that possessed those things that her heart desired.

"It's awfully smart."

Clare had given her sister one of her last year's frocks, a black crêpe dress, and a cerise-colored straw hat. "Oh, my dear, how generous of you," had been Mary's cry, though as Cinderella she had not probed too carefully for motives. Clare herself was wearing printed chiffon, a fluttering, gauzy thing, with the texture of a butterfly's wings.

"That's the club house. We'll have tea—presently—on the lawn."

Mary was crude. She looked about her too much, like a young person at a fête. She was a little scared, and inclined to exclaim and ask questions.

"They have a golf course!"

"Yes."

"And tennis courts."

"Of course."

"What are all those colored things over there where the horses are?"

Almost she was pointing a finger across the polo ground. Her color came and went quickly.

"Turbans," said her sister. "Indians, grooms. An Indian team is playing."

"They looked like great red flowers."

Clare's voice was casual. "The thing is to get a seat in the shade. Which side shall it be? Polo, or the pony show, or the four-in-hands?"

"I want to see everything."

Clare smiled. Would this eager breathlessness appeal to some man? The male was supposed to be more vulnerable when innocence shot her virginal and haphazard arrows. Casually she appropriated a chair under one of the chestnut trees close to the orchestra.

"Goin' to be a big crowd."

Mary took another chair like a child seizing a cake. Yes, it was a crowd, such a crowd as she had never seen. She was happy, and she wanted to weep. She adored beauty. She thrilled to a beautiful frock, a hat, the pattern of a sunshade. All these colors! And the men in the red jerseys with the red bands round their straw hats! And the other men in top hats, gray and black, and bowler hats and soft hats! The orchestra was playing a fox-trot. She dreamed and gazed, and drummed with her fingers on the back of a chair.

"Everybody must be very rich."

"You are as rich as you look, my dear."

For a while Mary was voiceless. It was her first game of polo and she watched it like an excited child. The verve and virility of it set the feminine part of her stirring. Those brown, lean men on the little galloping ponies! How they rode! She thought only for a moment of that other brown man cutting hay in Sussex, and she put the thought aside with a quick qualm of pity. He seemed poor and obscure beside these galloping cavaliers.

She asked questions.

"Why do they keep riding off the field?" "Aren't they clever with their mallets!" "Why are the ones in blue and white knocking it the other way now?"

Clare had to muffle up those crudities. Mary had yet to learn her lesson, to keep her mouth shut unless she was sure of bringing out the right word when she opened it. Mallets—indeed! Her sisterliness sat poised between amusement and the urgent need of hinting. But when some one stood up and opened a sunshade, and Mary was for climbing on her chair Clare gave a tweak to the black frock.

It restored Mary to self-consciousness. From that moment she was the woman, painfully so. Caution came to her, and the eye that looks slyly around; she remembered the other women; she became aware of her frock. She realised that she was too rustic and too ruddy.

Clare's voice drawled:

"What about tea? I hate rushes. We may as well make sure of a table in the shade."

They went on, and on the way Mary surprised her.

"Thanks for pulling me off that chair."

"My dear——"

"No, I'm not narky. I needed it."

They strolled across the lawn and possessed themselves of a table under an acacia. A red-coated waiter brought them tea. The crowd grew thick about them as other people sought the shade, and Clare became aware of a change in her sister. Mary was controlling her glance and her movements, cloaking too provincial a curiosity. Clare's soul gave a little, approving nod.

"Enjoying it? That frock suits you."

"It is lovely here."

She spoke as though she had tasted some new and exquisite fruit, and its luscious mellowness was all to her liking. Only a week ago she had been gnawing a crabapple sort of life in Cinder Town. Good heavens, had Arnold really made love to her by offering her a kitchen range and a new sink?

The drive home was a silent one. Clare had the sun in her eyes, and she did not like talking when she was driving a car. Mary lay back and was full of the afternoon's significance. She had no doubt at all but that this was the sort of world to which she wished to belong, for even if you did not quite belong to it you could share much that it enjoyed.

In a narrow part of the road they had to pass a wagon loaded with hay, and the smell of it was a sudden shock to her. What a complex structure was the human heart! That Sussex hay field, and the moon and the dew, and a man's arms, and his kisses! She struggled to free herself from the memories, as she had freed herself from his passion, urging herself towards resentment, because she was able to tell herself that Furze would have dragged her down to a cheap struggle with poverty. He would have looked clumsy on one of those polo ponies.

Her warmer self reacted. Poor Arnold! How beastly of her to feel ashamed of him! Then she tried to escape from her heart's accusations by assuring herself that she had been kind in being cruel.

"You don't think me too horribly selfish, Clare?"

Her sister did not take her eyes off the road.

"For wanting to be yourself?"

"Yes. I expect they are saying terrible things about me down there."

Clare smiled.

"If we listened to all that the previous generation said of us! But we don't. That's youth."

CHAPTER XII

BOBBO the dog had been run over by a lorry, on the Melhurst road, and it had been a hopeless case from the first, in spite of the veterinary surgeon from Carslake, and Furze's gentle and devoted hands.

"Better shoot the poor beast."

"I can't do it, man."

The veterinary looked pityingly at both dog and man.

"I know. Like shooting your best friend. But—if you like——"

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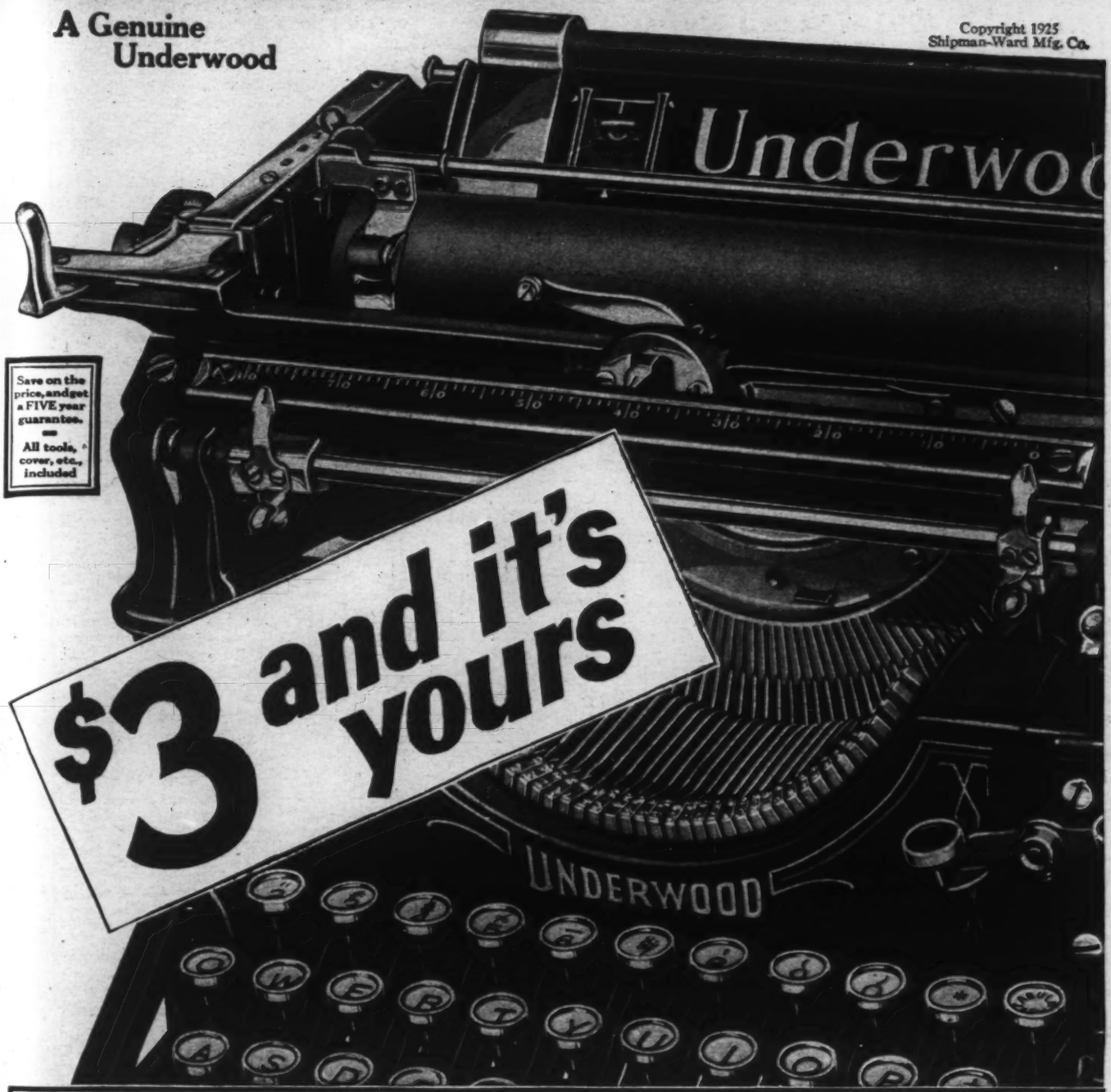

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"Chloroform—something like that."

"A shot is quicker and as kind. If you'll send your man in . . ."

Furze went into Mrs. Damaris's parlor and shut the door and sat down on the sofa. With his elbows on his knees, and his hands over his ears, he waited, hearing what he did not wish to hear, the low voices and the movements of the two men, and a whimper from the dog. He set his teeth, while his heart was the heart of a little wailing boy. He heard them go out; they were carrying the dog between them on an old rug, and presently from somewhere he heard the dull report of a gun.

He stood up, conscious of sudden and deep anger, a voiceless rage against fate. His dog! Such a trustful, wise creature. Love had let him down a second time. Meanwhile, Will Blossom had got poor Bobbo into a sack so that Furze should not see the dog's dead body, for Will as a man had a man's understanding of certain things.

Will came to the door.

"Kelly be gone. I've put he in a sack by t' gate."

"Thanks, Will. You are a good chap."

So Furze went out and buried his dog, digging a grave in the grass under Mrs. Damaris's window. And when Bobbo was laid in his brown hole, the anger went out of his master, and pity entered in, compassion for all dumb and unfortunate and gentle things. It spread to the woman who had given him kisses and then run away from him. Poor little Mary! Timid, quick breathing, brown-eyed thing! Marriage had frightened her. The strangeness of it. And children? Yes, perhaps some women dread that ordeal. He had not thought of that before.

In the cool of the evening he went down to Cinder Town, taking a basket of eggs with him. At Green Shutters he found old Hesketh pottering in his garden, tying bass round his sweet pea sticks. Poor Coode was hanging over the fence. He slipped away when he saw Furze.

"Brought you a few eggs, sir."

"Thanks, my dear fellow."

Old Hesketh looked tired. Youth had departed, the young bird had flown, and though he had recognized the inevitableness of it more readily than his wife had done, something had gone out of life.

And how was Mary? Had they heard again?

Yes, Mary was with her sister. Her brother-in-law was looking out for a post for her. A secretaryship, something of that sort. After all, you could not blame the girl.

"I blame myself," said Furze gravely, "I frightened her."

"Oh, I should not say that, my dear fellow," old Hesketh protested. "We have to live and learn, you know. Let her try another sort of work——"

"To my mind work is the only thing that matters, especially when there is some one else——"

"Ah, just so. Women find that out I expect. You'll come in and have supper with us. Miss Farren has made a gooseberry tart. And there is the cream you sent this morning. Very good of you, my dear fellow."

Furze stayed to supper, for in that little house the scent of a girl's hair seemed to linger.

IT was three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon and Mary, standing in front of the long mirror in the white wardrobe, saw herself as June. White muslin with a patterning of blurred rose upon it, a present from Leslie. He had claimed an avuncular interest in her, and now he was out there in his flannels, waiting in the car, and impatiently tooting the horn. "I say, you two, it's three o'clock. I fixed up with the Ryders for three."

They were going to the Hills Club for tennis, Mary in the dickey, Clare beside her husband; and the car ascended towards those fortunate regions. Biddulph drove to the broad graveled space in front of the club house and turned the car there. He need not have driven so far, but the pomp and the joy of life prompted him to it. The high terrace was crowded with people. Scores of eyes looked down at them. Biddulph turned the car at his leisure, smiling at friends, knowing that he had two pretty women to show off, his women, and that he himself was a good-looking chap and a successful one.

"Where are you going to park?"

"Under one of the trees, darling."

He turned the car to the left and struck a patch of sunlight.

"I'll have to back a bit."

Behind him rose a warning hoot, and Mary's voice quickly anxious.

"A car behind us."

Biddulph put on the brake and looked around, smiled, raised a hand.

"Sorry, Fream. Didn't know you were there. I'll crawl up a bit further."

Mary had exchanged glances with the solitary man in the other car. She thought that it was the biggest car that she had ever seen, a blue monster the color of a blackbird's egg, and all aglitter. Its immense balloon tires looked as big as bolsters. The man in it had a very pale face, and wore rimless pince-nez. He sat there with a stiff passivity and in complete silence.

Biddulph was helping her out of the dickey, and keeping her muslin frock away from the grease caps on the back springs.

Clare had drifted back to the blue car and was talking to the man in it. Her eyes looked round at Mary.

"We have my sister with us. She's a nice child, but rather shy. Mary . . ."

The man in the blue car raised his gray hat.

CHAPTER XIII

"MR. FREAM—my sister, Miss Viner."

The man in the car did not smile, but he gave her a sort of stiff movement of the body. His age was an uncertain quantity; he might have been an old thirty or a young fifty.

Mary found herself looking into a large, firm and utterly expressionless face. It was flat and white, clean shaven and topped by hair very black and lusterless. He held himself stiff as a poker, his head slightly retracted, as though he had trouble with his breath and was careful that the world should not know it.

Yet he had a certain presence, a negative dignity. Everything about him suggested wealth; he was admirably tailored; and yet he just lacked something. And he seemed to know that he lacked it, and wore a stiff demeanor to hide the secret from the world.

"Delighted," was all he said.

Biddulph bobbed beside him like a white yacht in the neighborhood of a lighthouse.

"We are supposed to be playing Tom Ryder and his wife at three."

"Are you?"

Fream looked supremely uninterested, but his length attached itself to the Biddulph party. He walked as though he were on stilts. He looked at neither of the women, and yet his expressionless rigidity was not exactly indifference.

Clare suggested that he should come and watch their match with the Ryders. Fream expressed no opinion, nor did he show any desire to watch the game or to avoid watching it. But he went along with the Biddulph party to No. 3 Court where the Ryders were waiting.

Hence, when the Biddulphs and the Ryders went on to the court Mary was left beside Mr. Fream to share his uncomfortable silence—for his silence did make her uncomfortable. They were standing, and she stole a look at him. "I should like to sit down," she thought, and her thought seemed to penetrate, for he went off and fetched her a chair.

"Won't you sit?"

She sat. She had colored up and thanked him, and had caught a vague something in his eyes that she had not been able to interpret. He stood beside and slightly behind her, and the silence continued. Mary had a feeling that unless she broke it she would lose her self-respect.

"Don't you play this game?"

His reply arrived after a moment of deliberation.

"Not often. Do you?"

"Oh, very badly. I am not very good at games; not like my sister."

After that he went and fetched another chair, and placed it within a yard of hers, and for fully a minute neither of them uttered a word.

"Good style, your sister."

He fired the remark at her suddenly, but without looking at her, and when he had fired that one shot he withdrew to reload.

"Clare does things so well."

She was smiling, and he was the recipient of the smile. For quite a minute he sat beside her with the air of a man who had made a discovery and was pondering it and turning it over in his mind. Once or twice he looked intently at her profile. She was watching the game, and the softness of that smile seemed to linger.

"Been here before?"

Again an abrupt question, but she had begun to feel that the abruptness was not intentional. She was provoked to curiosity. He did not seem to her to be an ordinary sort of man, and she had begun to wonder about him.

"No, not here. It is a beautiful place."

"Staying long?"

"Three or four weeks."

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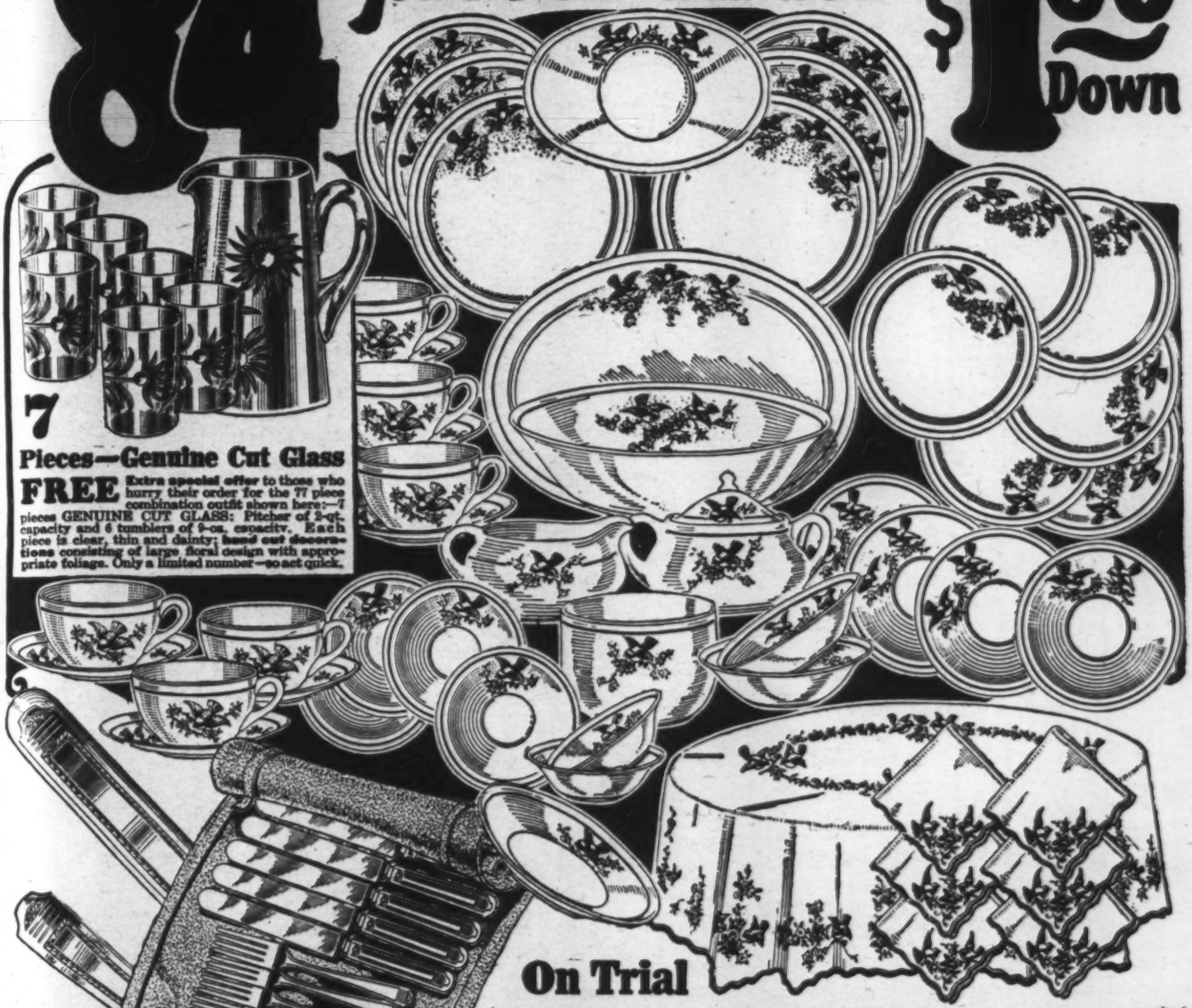

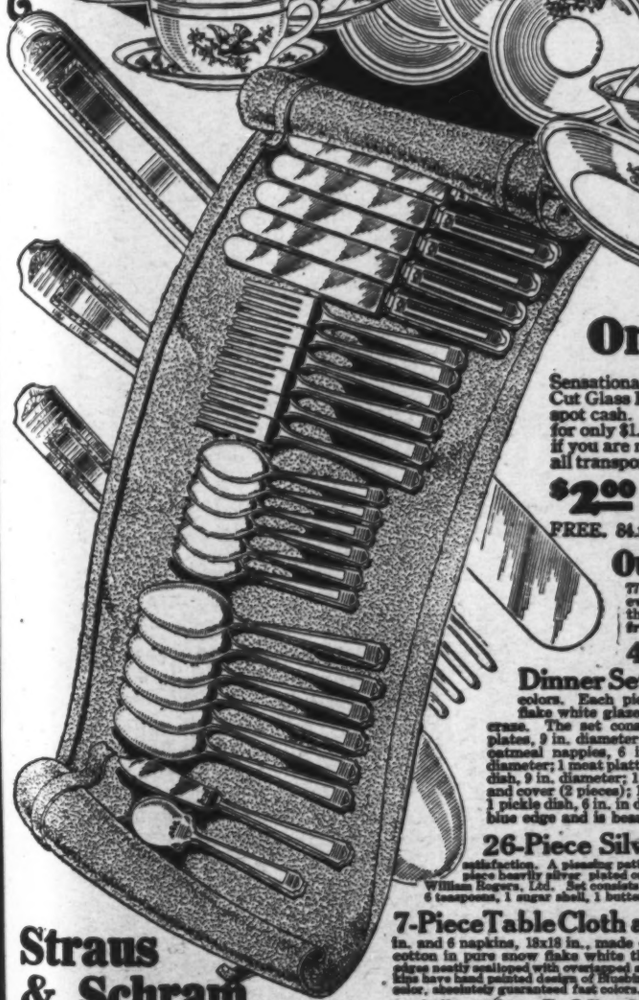

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"Come from the country, do you not?"

The question annoyed her slightly. Why should he assume her to be a rustic?

"Unfortunately, yes."

Again he sat in white silence as though he were doing figures in his head.

"You don't like the country?"

"I don't like—being buried."

"The joy of life. That's it."

His way of uttering those last words made her jump. What a strange twist in his voice. Was he mocking at her little confession, her eagerness to enjoy things?

"Why shouldn't one?"

Her color had quickened, and her mouth and eyes were poignant.

"Why not? Of course, why not," he said.

Almost he had a startled look. He dropped his half smoked cigaret and placed his heel upon it.

"Quite natural—what! Suppose people feel like that. Hullo, they have won the first set."

And then his voicelessness seemed to grow more profound. He sat without a movement through the whole of the second set, a veritable William the Silent, the strong and silent man—if a girl chose to think of him in that sort of way.

The Buddulphs won the second set, but just before victory declared itself Fream rose on his long legs.

"Tell them I'm going to get a table for tea. You and your sister and Biddulph. Not those—others. My tea, you know."

He went striding away towards the club house with that queer, constrained, mechanical walk of his.

"OH, CLARE; Mr. Fream wants us to have tea with him. He has gone to get a table."

Clare gave her younger sister a look that was surprized and intent and calculating.

"Wants us to have tea with him? Very well."

Clare had a funny look. She went across to her husband who had left his sweater on the other side of the court. The Ryders were disappearing towards the club house.

"Old thing."

"Yes, darling."

"Fream has asked us to tea."

She smiled suggestively at her husband. She saw his blue eyes grow more round in his hot and shiny face.

"By Jove! Not really?"

"He has gone off to get a table."

"By Jove!" said Biddulph again, and pulled his sweater over his head. "Bit dramatic, what! Princely Percy. I say, old thing——"

"Well?"

"He's a funny devil, you know. I suppose it's——"

His wife's serenity waited upon him. "Well?"

"Oh, I don't know. Funny—awful boiled shirt. Must have brains, though. Pots of money; made it himself."

"I think he is rather interesting."

Her husband stared.

"Interesting! Good Lord! Well, I suppose women look at things differently. You don't mean to say that you think he has developed a sudden pash?"

Her glance said, "don't be so crude, my child," but she smiled, chin up, head slightly on one side. A wise woman allows her man to rediscover the things that she has discovered for him.

They had tea on the terrace. Mr. Percival Fream had secured a table for four in a shady corner under one of the red brick arches; a much coveted corner. Fream's eyes had a bright, glassy look, and his long body seemed slightly less rigid. Would Mrs. Biddulph pour out for them? Good. He drew back Mary's chair for her, and finding himself both seated and voiceless he began pushing dishes jerkily at his guests. There was only one sort of jam, and the lack of any other stimulated him into breaking the silence. He called to their waitress. "This yellow stuff. Do you never have anything else?"

"Sorry, sir, we have nothing but apricot." Fream apologized for the club, and his apology was wafted towards Mary. He said the next time they had tea with him he would bring his own jam, real jam, and in six different varieties. It was a joke, or the Biddulphs accepted it as a joke, and as the first impulse towards geniality that Fream had betrayed at the Hills Club. His guests laughed. It eased things a little.

Meanwhile Cinderella had nothing to complain of. Posed on this spacious terrace, and wearing a smart frock, she looked at the world of the Hills and found it good. There was money here, and taste and ease. No soiling of hands, no paltry contrivings.

At the point where Fream was offering them cigarets, Biddulph lapsed like the unseeing male that he was.

"We'll have a knock up, Mary; make up a four."

But Mary did not want to play, and Clare understood her sister's disinclination. She blew a little cloud of smoke at her husband.

"You are too energetic. Like Mary, I am going to sit out and watch. Get up a man's four."

The suggestion germinated. If you cannot persuade a pretty girl to play with you, you can show off your own play before her. Biddulph was watched by Mary, but with less interest than he deserved, for Fream was sitting beside her. Clare had drifted away, ostensibly to fix up a four for the afternoon of Sunday.

"Never was much good at games."

Mary understood that he wanted to talk, and perhaps to talk about himself.

"Nor am I."

"Keener on my job, you know. Always was."

"Well, I suppose a man ought to be."

"More results. Though, mind you, I like my own sort of play . . ."

"Of course. It need not be hitting a ball—need it?"

"Glad you feel like that."

She colored very slightly, and he went on, jerking out the words with a kind of spasmodic abruptness.

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Most women—these days—think a man—silly ass—unless he can hit a ball or something. Prefer something more solid—personally."

"I think you are right," she said.

And there this advance toward a possible intimacy halted for the day. Mary returned to Caradoc in the Biddulph car and was somewhat silent during the Biddulph dinner. Later, alone for twenty minutes with her sister in a corner of the drawing room, she regarded the sunset with eyes that asked questions.

"What does Mr. Fream do?"

Clare had expected some such question. "Financial expert. Runs companies—and all that."

"He seems very keen on his work."

"Well, he is pretty good at it. I suppose he is the richest man in Weyfleet. Married before. Divorced his wife. They did not get on."

Mary's eyes were sympathetic. "Rather sad. Men are such lonely creatures."

"And difficult—sometimes," said her sister, with a feeling that she had a duty to Mary.

"Oh, I suppose so." But her tone was cheerful. To a woman the "difficulty" of a man who is inclined to admire her may not seem so very insuperable.

CHAPTER XIV

HILL HOUSE was the only old house in the Hills, and Percival Fream lived in it.

Built somewhere about the end of the eighteenth century, its gray façade looked across a terrace toward a piece of parkland that still held the world at a distance. In old Weyfleet it had been spoken of always as The House, just as its owner was referred to as Mr. Fream, or perhaps as Mr. Percival Fream. No one ever "Percied" him.

Fream drove his car up the drive and brought it to rest outside the portico. A chauffeur was waiting. He took Fream's place at the wheel, and turned the car on the gravel. Nothing was said. A like muteness met Fream in the hall. Jessup, his man, took Fream's hat and gloves and sank away into the prevailing silence.

This silence was the most noticeable of the house's qualities. As a rule Fream did not notice the silence, for it was a part of himself; but on this June evening he seemed to question the muteness of the house.

He entered the library, and stood by one of the western windows stroking his right eyebrow with the tip of his right forefinger—a trick of his when he had a problem to solve or a decision to consider. By George, what a pretty neck Biddulph's sister-in-law had, that little triangle of soft white skin above the collar of her dress! And above it the soft black wreath of her bobbed hair. Yet how absurd that half a dozen square inches of white skin should be so disturbing! And yet that was but a part of her that had disturbed him. His interests had lived celibate for years, and now of a sudden he had found himself conscious of the provocations of this pretty creature.

He took rather a long time dressing for dinner. Finally, tucking a white silk handkerchief up his sleeve, he went slowly down the broad stairs.

He sat down at one end of the Georgian mahogany table. It was some four yards long, and a little gathering of silver and glass kept Fream company at the extreme end. A silver bowl full of red and white

roses occupied the center. Jessup stood behind his master's chair. The walls of the room were paneled, painted white, with the mouldings powder blue. A Romney, two Kuyps, a Reynolds, and two flower pieces by Baptiste hung on them. The carpet was Chinese; the chairs Sheraton. A china cabinet full of Chelsea and Worcester stood between the two long windows.

Jessup, mute and efficient, dealt with plates and dishes and decanters. It struck him that his master had a better appetite than usual.

"Roses smell nice, Jessup."

"Very nice, sir."

That roses should emit a perfume was not a surprising phenomenon, but that Mr. Fream should make a remark upon their perfume caused Jessup surprise.

In the library Fream unlocked his cigar cabinet and chose a cigar. He lit it, walked to the window, and stood looking at the formal garden and the park. A dancing faun, joyously exultant upon a pedestal, faced the setting sun. The foliage of the trees had a tinge of gold.

How much or how little he saw had no part in his decision, for to some men all that is possessed is nothing, and that which is not possessed but desired is the one thing that appears desirable. He sat down at his big desk, took a sheet of paper from a drawer, and remained motionless for a while with the hand that held the pen resting on the paper.

Presently he wrote.

Dear Mrs. Buddulph:

If you are not booked for anything will you and your husband and Miss Viner dine with me tomorrow night at eight? I expect you will be playing tennis late, so tell your husband not to change. No formalities. Or he can bring his things in the car and change here if he wishes to.

Sincerely yours,

PERCIVAL FREAM.

He considered the letter before placing it in an envelope.

"Oh, Jessup. Get Barter to take this letter down to Mrs. Buddulph's at Caradoc in Oaks Road, and wait for an answer."

"Yes, sir."

"By the way, dinner may be for four tomorrow. It must be the best that Mrs. Cox can do. Tell her so."

"Yes, sir."

The letter went by Fream's chauffeur, and in half an hour he was back with the answer.

"Delighted——"

THREE tiers of stone steps led up to the portico of Hill House, and as Mary climbed them her knees felt smooth under the skirt of her frock. Delicious sense of smoothness!

Fream met them in the hall. Jessup stood to take wraps and coats. There was a moment's chatter.

"Good of you to come——"

"Well, we wanted to——"

"I took you at your word, Fream, about changing."

"Quite right."

The brown gloom of the hall was flecked with gold. Its cool loftiness seemed to offer a spacious entry to Mary Viner's dreams. Fream was speaking to her.

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Please send at once complete details of your new $9.95 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as $150 a week. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

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"I want you to like Hill House."

She looked up quickly into his face.

"It's lovely, so cool and restful."

She was given a little, abrupt nod. Yet, from that very moment she knew that she was the live flame, and the others mere accompanying shadows.

Biddulph was talking. He always made a cheerful, social noise.

"I say—your oak—Fream. Priceless, what! My wife will be wanting to burgle the place."

"That cupboard. I must stroke it."

They drifted pleasantly into the drawing room. The others might chatter, but Mary floated, and the man of silence moved long-legged beside her. She liked his stiffness and his silence; she thought that there was something Spanish and pale and intense about him; he was her reaction, the stately, damask couch after that haycock. Her inclination was ready to acclaim the grandee, the man of exciting reservations and of power.

"Dinner is served, sir."

Her impressions continued. The Hill House dining-room conquered her with its air of distinction. Her soul felt as smooth as the polished table. What silver and glass! And the food! Exquisite sensations! And he did not give them champagne; champagne was so obvious. She put her lips to a very soft red wine, and wondered what the sauce with the fish was made of. They were using only a third of the table. She sat on Fream's left, with the Biddulphs opposite her, and Leslie's face shone like a cherub's.

Roast duck and new peas! She purred. The wine warmed her. Through the window she could see the dancing faun exulting on his pedestal. It seemed to her that Fream grew more Spanish and mysterious. He was the financier, the strong and silent lover, Mr. Percival Fream of Hill House.

Buddulph made social noises. He told a funny tale or two. They laughed. Mary laughed. She had the impression of the pale man inhaling her laughter, drinking it in. His little party was proving a success. Two bottles of exquisite red wine between the four of them, port—and then liqueurs. A great mellowness descended; they were pleased with each other. Delightful people—all of them.

Fream and Biddulph, lingering for five minutes over coffee and cigars, felt warmed and brotherly. Even Fream's pallor had decreased; the ice had thawed; in handing Biddulph the cigar box he had laid a large white hand on Leslie's shoulder.

"Charming girl your sister-in-law."

"Rather. And as good as she is charming, old chap."

The two women heard laughter as the men came across the hall to the drawing room, and the laughter was Leslie's.

"Suppose we try the library," suggested Fream. Perhaps they would care for some music? He could switch on the wireless, or start the gramophone, or give them the latest thing on the pianola? Had Miss Viner ever tried a pianola? No? Well, why not now? He would show her.

And so Mary and her grandee sat solemnly on the cushioned bench that was like an organist's seat, and produced music together.

CHAPTER XV

THE FIRST stars, looking in through the kitchen window at Doomsday, fraternized with the flame of a shaded candle. A small fire reddened the bars of the new range. In the center of the brick floor a big galvanized bath stood in a circle of wetness.

Furze had stepped out of it. A pair of pajamas lay on one kitchen chair; his clothes on another. He had had a hard day, though all days were hard, and as he flicked a towel over the back of a chair and reached for his sleeping suit his face came nearer to the light of the candle.

It was the face of a man who was tired both in spirit and body, and to whom sleep would mean a little period of forgetfulness. He had slipped on the jacket, and had the trousers in his hand, when some sound breaking in on him out of the night's silence caused him to pause. A farmer has to be familiar with sounds; he must be able to detect a note of pain in a beast's lowings, or restlessness in the stable. Furze heard a sound of crackling as of brittle sticks being broken.

He slipped out of his jacket, and put on breeches, shirt and shoes. Bobbo would have been giving tongue long ago; the new dog, Jim, was young and not much use as yet. No peace for the wicked—or for farmers, was his thought. But he went patiently out into the darkness, and in the tangle of the garden's gloom he could make out the vague bulk of two or three cows. They must have broken through two hedges and got in among his young winter greens.

He went forward, conscious of exercising a fierce self-restraint. He wanted to be angry; his tired brain and body rebelled against this last wanton labor, but a man has to keep his temper with the beasts of the field. He called softly to the cows: "Come then—coop—coop—come then." But the beasts were guilty and scared; they blundered away from him, trampling, and breathing heavily. He began the game of shepherding the animals out from among the garden crops.

It was an exasperating amusement. He persuaded two of them out into the lane, but the last of the trio led him a devil's dance. He got her cornered at last, and he worked her down to the gap in the hedge. There she frisked and tried to cut away. He lost his temper, and dashing to head her off, struck her.

"Damn you!"

After that he had to chase a mad creature and two tricksy followers up the lane. He was afraid that they would get out into the Melhurst road, but he managed to slip past them and to turn them back. Then he had to go and hunt out a hurdle, and set it up in the broken hedge.

He was sweating. He stripped again in the kitchen, rubbed himself down, put on his pajamas, and went up to his room. He felt angry and discouraged. Things had gone so wrong lately, ever since love had failed him and Bobbo had died. He lay down in his bed, but there was no relaxation of his body. He felt all strung up and restless. He was not sleeping so well. There were thorns in the bed, loneliness, yearnings.

Passion denied—tenderness balked? No doubt, for he would lie and think of her, and try to be patient. After fluttering her wings might not she come back? Patience, loyalty. But why was it he cared so profoundly, as he had never cared before? What was there about her?

He lay and looked at the stars, and her vision paled a little. He had not seen her for a month, and there were times when her face would grow unaccountably dim. That dear face! And there were times when she was so vivid to him that he would clench his hands and shut his eyes as though to hold and confine the vision of her. Oh, beloved!

But other things vexed him that night. Damn it, why didn't it rain? His roots needed it, his grass. And Will had a poisoned hand. And that damned new dog had killed two chickens. And he was worried about Betty. One quarter of her udder had become hard. Mamitis was a serious affair, especially the infective form.

Meanwhile, he wanted to go to sleep. The breaking of those three cows into the garden had left him on the edge of painful wakefulness.

Furze was up at half past four. He made himself some tea, and went out to see what damage had been done in the garden.

The dawn lay like a gray sheet upon the earth. Not a leaf stirred. As he stood in the grayness, the beauty and the secret stealth of the morning seemed to slip a soft hand into his. He felt soothed, more ready to take the day's work calmly, for there is a calmness of the land, the steady rhythm of the inevitable. He found that no great damage had been done in the garden, less than he had feared in the darkness.

He turned and looked toward Cinder Town, and his faith in the future seemed to return. His love felt tranquilized. Surely she would return. Had he not sealed her with his kisses, kisses that she had given back to him with ardor? That panic mood of hers would pass. He could picture himself being very gentle with her: "There, there, my beloved. I'm strong enough for both of us."

Up in Weyfleet—that very day—Mary promised to become the wife of Percival Fream.

NEXT MONTH

Mary, as Mrs. Percival Fream, departs for the Continent in anticipation of a gorgeous honeymoon, while Arnold plods on at Doomsday feeling that everything worth living for is lost. But a big surprise awaits each of these two people, for nothing happens as they planned.

She Owned a Thoroughbred

—continued from page 81

well beyond the city and so far he hadn't even turned his head to look at her.

"Reckon you still think I'm sittin' in the back seat," she criticized, "and that I wouldn't be able to hear you if you did happen to speak."

His faint, sad smile came and went. "I feel I should give all my attention to the wheel," he explained. "I haven't been driving a car very long."

"So that's it?" She liked his eyes, and the way he spoke. Such an accent, heard down in New Orleans, belonged as a rule to gentlemen whom Josie Collins didn't know. "How many cars have you—in your garage?"

"Me?" He laughed. "I'm only a spare driver."

"Oh!" Again she glanced at his hands. "What were you doin' before you took up drivin'?"

He delayed his reply. "I used to work in a bank," he said.

"In a bank?" Josie regarded him attentively for a moment, suspicion governing her facial expression. "I reckon that was a better job, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. A fellow is his own master in this business, once he gets a start. There are opportunities. He paused. "Cooped up in a wire cage all day a man is apt to . . . His thinking powers become dulled and—and before he knows it he—he makes a mistake."

"I get you."

All at once Josie felt she understood the reason for the pallor in his cheeks, and, impulsively, she was out with a pertinent question:

"What was it you done?"

It was the way his fingers closed about the steering wheel that made her regret the words. She bit the tip of her tongue until it hurt her.

"I made a mistake," he said quietly and simply. "One, perhaps, they'll never let me live down."

"I didn't mean to ask you—" Her face was burning. "And did they send you—were you—"

"Eight months."

SHE breathed a little sigh of relief. "Is that all?" she said. "Well, it couldn't have been so very bad—what you done." Suddenly, she was animated by a warm sympathy for him, amounting, almost, to deep, heart felt regard. "Say!" she said. "I'd trust you with anything. That's how I rate you."

"It takes a lifetime of study to be able to judge men accurately. I'm not saying you are wrong about trusting me, for I've had my lesson. Still, you're very young."

"Young in years," she interrupted. "But in experience—oh, baby!"

Arrived at the track she directed him to the Darvill stables. "Wait here for me," she said. "I won't be long."

The lanky trainer was in a conciliatory mood. He had, he informed her, fully intended to drive into town that morning so as to bring her out in time to see Chivalry canter in preparation for her first engagement at Jamaica. One thing or another detained him.

"Just as well," he said, his small eyes boring through her. "We tried the filly over a distance, and she stopped like she was up to her withers in molasses. But I'm going to tell you something. She's got quite a bit of speed for four or five furlongs and maybe she'll keep her nose out in front till she hits the wire next Thursday."

"She'll win."

"Worth a small bet, possibly." The words as usual slipped off his glistening lips. "But," he was scratching his gray, close-cropped hair, "if I was you I'd cancel her entry in the Belmont."

"I'll cancel her from nothin' that Ed entered her for," was the sharp retaliation. "Where is she?"

"In the old barn. Want to see her?"

"That's just what I came out here for."

NEAR Chivalry's stall was a short, thick-set man sporting a cane.

"Mr. Meadows," said Sam Darvill. "George, this is the little New Orleans baby I was tellin' you about. Owner of Chivalry."

Josie tossed her head. "You the feller who wants to buy Shivery?"

It was Darvill who replied. "What—George Meadows? Say, cutie, he's handlin' Black Fox—a colt that can beat Chivalry by a dozen lengths. That's why I tell you to scratch her out of the Belmont."

"Miss Collins," put in Meadows, "there are a lot of things you've got to learn about racing."

"You bet there are. And I'm gettin' wiser every day. I'll believe Shivery's no good only when I see her run last."

Sam Darvill winked behind her back as he patted her shoulder. He turned to a stable boy. "Bring out that filly, Slim."

If Chivalry was a quitter she didn't look it. In the glow of the morning sun her smooth skin, the ripple of her long, graceful body was incomparable. The filly stretched her shapely neck, her great, soft eyes swimming with interest and suspicion at the piece of candy resting on an outstretched palm.

"Eat it, darling. Mama's pet."

Chivalry dwelt a moment in dubious hesitation, then took a dainty step nearer, curled her lips about the offering and wanted more. But the next instant her ears were pricked, her tail swept her sides, and she lashed out with both heels. Darvill, barely managing to escape them, swore volubly. The stable boy hit the filly across the nose in punishment.

"Quit that," flashed Josie.

"She's got to be disciplined," said Darvill. "There's a savage streak in her."

"It's pep. That's what it is," Josie told him promptly. And she turned on the stable boy a pair of eyes that would have favored a wild cat. "Don't you hit her again while I'm round here," she admonished, "unless you have the ambulance right alongside of you."

Then, avoiding a definite promise to honor Sam Darvill with an evening at the theater, she returned to her car.

On their way back to the city, after an exchange of names and a further manifestation of Josie's interest in his new

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career, she told him she had recently come from New Orleans, exaggerating the importance of her "racing stable" at Jamaica. Shivery, her three-year-old, was so fast they couldn't take slow-motion pictures of her!

"I've never been to the races," said Harry Lindon.

She was incredulous. "What you been doin' all your life?" she wanted to know.

HE TOLD her, in part, leading up to the mistake he had made, which, as he put it, necessitated his crawling underneath automobiles to learn a new trade for himself. Harry Lindon had truth back of his voice. His lapse from honesty might possibly have been excused on account of mitigating circumstances, but the law is properly inexorable in its pursuit and punishment of wrong doing. Possibly, too, as he now realized, his mother might have survived the rigors of winter and with care recovered her health without recourse to a milder climate. For it was in order to send her south that he had impulsively embezzled. But she didn't survive the disgrace attached to her son's name afterwards.

"That's what hit me most of all," he said quietly. "Instead of aiding her as I thought it would—it—it killed her. That takes more living down than a jail sentence."

She touched his arm. "I think you're pretty fine. I do, really."

It was acknowledged by a bit of color in his cheeks. "Well," he said, "I shouldn't have told you all this stuff about myself. But there it is, and if it hasn't turned you against me I'm glad. I've got no one to look after now—no one but myself—and so I—"

"I'm lonesome, too," she put in.

Outside the hotel he politely touched his cap as Josie gave him one of her tenderest smiles. "I'll be goin' out again in a day or so," she said. "Hope they send you along. Only try and ditch the old hearse. Bring a real car."

"I'll see what I can do."

"And if you're lonesome why not give me a call sometime?" She laughed self-consciously.

He nodded. "Maybe I will."

His indifference piqued her. She turned abruptly and left him. Two days later she was driven out to Jamaica in the same car and by a different chauffeur; he informed her that Harry Lindon had quit and gone no one knew where.

Chivalry won her first start at Jamaica in the easiest fashion, beating several good horses. Darvill, still hoping to get the filly away from her owner, now linked himself up with George Meadows in a scheme to capture the Belmont Stakes with Black Fox. For this he was to receive the considerable sum of half the purse.

First of all Chivalry was to be discredited in Josie's eyes; then, in consideration of Meadows' agreement to "pull" Black Fox in the Withers Handicap so that Chivalry might win it—thereby taking advantage of the betting odds—Josie, in turn, was to agree to a similar arrangement if colt and filly happened to be fighting it out for the Belmont.

The discrediting of Chivalry came about early one morning at Meadows' private track, and Josie, with tears in her eyes, saw Black Fox beat her filly by ten clear lengths. Had she known that Chivalry was carrying sixteen pounds greater weight than was up on the colt's back a different story might have been told. But she didn't know.

So Josie Collins fell victim to the sort of thing for which owners, trainers and jockeys are dismissed from the turf. Her interest in racing once more focused itself in the betting, though she still prized and loved Chivalry possessively. She was shrewd enough to see that if Black Fox was "pulled" in the Handicap she could bet on her own horse with confidence; and, furthermore, the defeat of Meadows's colt in that race would serve to lengthen the odds against him for the Belmont, enabling her to clean up handsomely there, too. And if it meant "pulling" Chivalry in the Belmont—well, it was all right with her.

Darvill, grinning his appreciation of her wisdom, felt it was only a question of time when Chivalry would race true to form in the Darvill colors. He was also confident that with the filly held back Black Fox stood an excellent chance to take the Belmont.

Late one afternoon after she had long given up hope of hearing from him again Josie listened to Harry Lindon's voice over the telephone. It actually made her heart beat faster. He told her he was working at another garage, further up town; a better job than his former one. "And any morning you wish to go out to the track," he said, "I promise you'll have no kick about the car."

"Well, listen," she said. "Can you come round for me at nine o'clock tomorrow?"

"You bet I can."

A silence. Then she asked: "Say! what are you doin' this evenin'?"

"Studying." His reply was casual. "I'm putting in all the time I can to make up for lost ground."

Inwardly, Josie was in a rage. The idea! Aloud, she said crisply: "All right. See you in the mornin'."

NOT only did he have a smart looking car with him but the light of next morning revealed Harry Lindon in a new suit of clothes, new boots, and a happier smile. He was quite chatty, too; but for some distance Josie remained icy as a strawberry sundae. "I was glad to read of your success some weeks ago," he said. "Your horse won easily."

"Betcha."

"I've been glancing at the racing results lately, just to see how things were going with you."

"Kind of you."

"One of the sporting experts says you've a good chance to win the Belmont and Latonia Derby."

"Shivery won't win the Belmont," said Josie, still angry with him.

"What did you call him? Shivery?"

" 'Tain't a *him*. She's a filly."

He begged her pardon. "I thought the name was Chivalry."

"Shivery—"

"Spell it." Josie did so. "What's that?" he inquired. "A pet name?"

"Pet nothin'."

"The papers print her name C-h-i-v-a-l-r-y."

This tended to quicken Josie's irritation. "I'll call her any name I like," she instructed him. "It's Shivery—if anybody should ask you."

Harry Lindon smiled at her. "Shivery she is. Please don't think I meant to hurt your feelings. I wouldn't do that for anything."

IT WAS the first time he had betrayed his regard for her, barely perceptible in the vibration of his voice. Josie's presumption of annoyance vanished into thin air. She knew she liked this man. She wanted, if such a thing were possible, to help him. "Oh, don't let me kid you, Harry," she said. "I was only—only foolin' a little about Shivery. I just call her that in fun."

"Chivalry is a better name," he said. "Means more."

"Chivalry," she repeated. "What's it mean—exactly?"

"Oh, I don't know. Something noble, generous—like that."

He began telling her of his new job. There wasn't much opportunity there, but he had formed a friendship with a man called Norman Lewis and the two of them had talked over the possibilities of buying a small garage that was for sale. Lewis had some invention for an improvement to the steering gear and wanted a workshop. "The trouble is," Harry went on gravely, "I've got something to live down. I like Lewis. He's a decent, clean-living chap. And he likes me, I think. But if he ever finds out about the bank incident—he'll drop me like a hot air pump."

"Don't need to tell him, do you?"

"Better I told him than have somebody else put him wise." He shook his head. "I'd like to join up with him in that garage. There's money in it."

Josie was listening attentively. "Why don't you?" she said.

"I need about a thousand dollars to go in right with Lewis."

Something warned her to broach the subject of Shivery's races warily. "Maybe I could help you," she began. "You can make a thousand dollars easy as spearin' a sweet potato with a fork."

"I'm all ears."

"Put a couple of hundred on Shivery—Chivalry—next Tuesday."

"Bet on a horse? No, thanks. I need my money."

"Listen, Harry." Josie became excited. "The filly's as good as in already. It's—it's fixed for her to win. See?"

He didn't commit himself for a moment, then he said: "No horse is a sure thing."

"But Sam Darvill's arranged it. We're all goin' to clean up. They're pullin' Black Fox so as to get a price on him in the Belmont. Stick two hundred on Chivalry and help yourself to a couple of garages."

Harry Lindon turned to look at her. "Any money I get hold of from now on," he told her, "will be clean."

She produced powder pad and lipstick, managing to inject into the application of those facial remedies a sign of her resentment. Nothing more was said on either side until they arrived at the track, then Josie invited him to come up to the stables and see Chivalry. He ac-

cepted and was duly presented to Sam Darvill.

For their benefit the three-year-old was brought out, walked up and down to show her graceful movements, and then fed some of her fair owner's candy.

Then a terrible thing happened. Darvill's reappearance scared Chivalry into showing the whites of her eyes, and, on a sharp tug of the halter, held by the stable boy, she suddenly whisked round and lashed out. But for Lindon's instant action Josie would have been struck. As he sprang to pull her out of the way the filly's hoof caught him on the side of the face. He fell as if struck by shrapnel.

Josie was on her knees beside him instantly, a fearful ache in her heart, her throat. Blood poured down his cheek, was saturating his clothes.

"Oh, God!" she screamed shrilly. "Harry—Harry! Send for the doctor."

Trainers and stable boys came running.

"Oh, can't we do something!" Josie was almost hysterical. "Bring water—a towel. Hurry—some of you crabs!"

They did all they could. There was a deep cut in Harry Lindon's cheek. The bone had been shattered. He was lifted up and carried inside the nearest building, stretched on a couch. Josie, sat beside him, moaning a little, but wordless.

Nor could she say anything when the ambulance arrived. In a daze she accompanied them to the hospital, waited hours in a bare room, and consented to go home only when she was told by the doctor that there was a slight chance Harry Lindon's life might be saved.

THE Wither's Handicap provided an upset to formulated plans. Chivalry should have won it, and Darvill, Meadows, Josie, with others, had all of them bet on the filly; but she was left at the post, and although she closed with a tremendous rush she was nosed out by Tea-for-Two; Black Fox running third.

None the less Chivalry became second favorite to win the Belmont, Meadows' colt receding to ten to one against. At that price they could recoup their losses on the Withers Handicap, and Josie bet heavily on Black Fox.

For days Harry Lindon had lingered on the brink of death, but a successful operation brought him round. After that Josie was permitted to see him, although he wasn't conscious of her presence. That didn't matter to Josie, since, to be near him, to tend to him as the nurse was doing, she would have parted with anything she owned; even Chivalry. In Harry Lindon she knew she had found the right one, and she meant to follow Ed Darvill's advice and hang on to him.

The day the Belmont Stakes was to be run, Josie, all curves, dimples, smiles went to see him as usual. The patient, though sadly disfigured, was now out of danger. "You'll be in that garage, the one you and your friend want to take, soon as you get out," she announced. "Today's the day. You don't need to bet on my horse. Whether you say so or not, honey, I'm goin' to put a hundred dollars for you on Black Fox."

He shook his head. "Nothing doing."

"Say! what's the matter with you? I'm tryin' to help you."

"I know you are. But you can't help me that way."

"Bet on the colt yourself then. Please do as I tell you, honey. It's all fixed for Black Fox to win."

He called the nurse. "I had about forty dollars with me when I came into the hospital. I want it, please."

She brought his wallet, then stepped out of hearing. Counting the bills, Harry found he was four dollars to the good. "First time I ever made a bet, Josie. And this is all the money I have to my name. Forty-four dollars."

He detached the four dollars. "Guess this will do me till I get back to work. Here's the rest." Josie took it from him. "Put it, all of it, on Chivalry! To win!"

"But Harry! Dog-gone! Haven't I just told you that—"

"On your horse! That's my bet!" His eyes were grave.

"Are you crazy? It's all fixed, I tell you, for Black Fox."

"All right." He smiled at her. "In that case I lose forty dollars."

She knew his motive, and his smile brought a rush of tears to her eyes.

"The filly can't win it, Harry," she said. "Even if she was tryin' her best she couldn't beat Black Fox."

"You needn't tell me, Josie. I understand." He lay back, a little exhausted. "I'm sorry to see you mixed up in a crooked game."

The nurse came up, mindful of her charge. "I'm sorry, Miss Collins, but I can't permit him to talk any more."

Harry Lindon opened his eyes. "Good luck, Josie. Don't forget. On Chivalry—to win!"

ON A carpet of soft green the gathering at Belmont Park was at its brightest. The first race was already won and lost before Josie reached the track. She got the prices from one of the layers. Eutus, winner of the Kentucky Derby, was favorite. At two to one, and steady. Chivalry and Veracity were wavering at fours. They had shortened Black Fox to eighths. Somebody was wise!

She wrote out a slip for the third race, lost fifty dollars, and went, disconsolate, into the paddock. Little circular groups of admirers were gathering here and there. Within each circle a horse was being gently exercised, waiting his jockey. Josie went to several groups before she found her own. Frew, the stable boy, was leading Chivalry round.

The onlookers voiced their appreciation, encomiums that played on Josie's heart strings. They were admiring her property. She was proud. A little smile hovered round the corners of her mouth. Chivalry, walking round, was directly opposite her now and, attracted by the bright colors of her dress the filly, for one nervous instant, looked right at her owner. Josie's eyes blinked a little. She owned this wonderful creature! She owned a thoroughbred! An aristocrat!

Chivalry! Harry Lindon had told her the name meant everything fine and noble, everything honorable! A swift attack of remorse took hold of her. Chivalry's noble bearing seemed to embody the very contradiction of dishonesty.

A bugle blew! Jockeys to mount! She saw Sam Darvill, Meadows, and Steyne,

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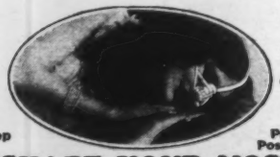

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the boy riding Chivalry, talking together in a withdrawn conference. Trainer and jockey came slowly towards her.

"Just a minute, Sam!" She glared at him. "I want to talk to this boy alone." She drew the jockey aside. "Get this, Steyne—" she began.

"That'll all O. K., Miss Collins. Mr. Darvill's given me the dope. I'll fix it at the barrier."

"You'll fix what, you shrimp!"

"Get her left."

"You will, eh!" Her eyes glittered. "'Cause Darvill says so!"

He nodded.

"I'M THE owner of that filly, not Sam Darvill! And the dope is changed—do you understand!" Steyne took a step out of her reach. "I've warned the stewards to be on the watch for any dirty work. You'll give her the ride of your life, Steyne, or you'll never live to ride another horse!"

"Just as you say, Miss Collins."

Graven-faced, taciturn, he was legged into the saddle. Josie touched Sam Darvill's elbow. "Tryin' to get away with somethin,' eh, Sam? Well, I'm off that little agreement of ours, see!"

"What's the matter, cutie?"

"Do more for me than Ed, would you? Well, listen to this, Sam. I'm bettin' on Chivalry—to win!" She whirled by him. It was too late to cancel her bet on Black Fox, so Josie made for the grandstand. The passageway was already blocked but she forced her way up, found a seat, and took out her racing glasses. The horses were approaching the barrier. Something in red and white broke through, causing general comment. Lined up again! Her heart seemed to be rising into her throat. A lull in the buzz of voices—a tension—and—a concerted groan! Some horse had switched round and had to be whipped back into position. Murmurs. Gibberings. Comparative silence. Josie's mouth was dry. Would they never get away? She simply couldn't keep her eyes glued to that distant starting post any longer! Dead silence, now. Then—like a released flood—a burst of excitement. The race was on!

With those about her, Josie was standing on her feet. A blurred mass of colors, moving along at incredible speed! Blue, with a white cap, in front! Eutus. Then, red and white; bright green . . .

She swept the field for her own colors. Chivalry, she found, was running about eighth or ninth. Creeping up a little, wasn't she? No. Yes! No. Maybe at the turn?

"The favorite's beat!" A deep, bass voice behind her, astonishingly calm.

Again Josie let her glasses fall. She couldn't look somehow . . .

"Look at Eutus! Dropping away back. Come on, Black Fox!"

Josie tugged at the man's upraised arms. "What's in front?"

He answered without moving his glasses. "Sanatello, Tirdale; Black Fox coming up."

Another voice behind her, to her left, suddenly thrilled her: "Look at that Chivalry! Oh, you Chivalry. If she can win it after being swung out like that I'll—I'll—" He was shouting at the top of his voice. "Come on, you Chivalry!"

Used as she was to races, Josie, at the present moment, was completely overcome with anxiety and fear. All at once her legs weakened and she subsided into her seat, the track obliterated by a forest of dark bodies.

"It's Black Fox! He'll win it!" The matter-of-fact, bass voice again!

The man on the left took this up. "The jockey riding Black Fox ought to be ruled off. He deliberately forced Chivalry out at the turn!"

"Come on, Black Fox," somebody foghorned above the swelling din. "O-oh you Black Fox! Ride him, Tarpin!"

"Look at Chivalry!"

"Black Fox!"

"Chivalry! Chivalry!"

THE roar swelled and rose as the horses came nearer. Josie found herself standing on the seat again, clinging to a man's shoulder. At the furlong pole Chivalry and Black Fox, a length in front of the pack, were fighting it out in a desperate, heart-breaking finish!

Her own horse! Straining every muscle, putting every ounce of her courage and heart into winning a victory for her owner up here in the stands! Fighting to establish honesty over crookedness! Like Harry Lindon—and, from this day on, please God—like herself! Josie couldn't shout. She could only whisper, her throat parched.

"Mama's beautiful baby! Oh, Chivalry—if you can, dear—beat him!"

The stands had gone mad. It was some finish! Something was now covering Chivalry's flanks, adding to the confusion. Even flailing their whips neither jockey could widen or lessen the separating distances. Chivalry was unable to—just couldn't—and they were near the wire! Stride by stride! Now the filly's blood-flecked nostrils were in front; now she was a neck behind Black Fox. Josie was shivering. She could only murmur:

"Mama's baby. You tried your best—didn't you, darlin'?"

It was all over! Black Fox, Chivalry, and Sanatello!

Beside her a man swore loudly. "If that boy Steyne doesn't register an objection he ought to be lynched." He joined other spasmodic clamorings for, "Chivalry! Chivalry!"

"What happened?" Josie asked him faintly.

"Why, Tarpin—the jockey riding Black Fox—pulled off the worst foul ever seen on a track. That's what happened."

There was a shout, a cry. "Whoop! That's talking!" The man pointed across the track. "An objection! Well, I should say!" He dashed from his place to sustain that objection under the judges' box. But his voice wasn't needed. Cheers of approval, hats flying, groans, hisses, hurrahs greeted the decision of the judges.

"What is it, please?"

"Black Fox disqualified! Chivalry wins! Sanatello second. Eutus third."

Some hours later Josie was kneeling beside a hospital cot, her red lips pressed to pale ones. They loved each other, this strange, world-buffeted couple. She realized now, more profoundly than ever, what this man had done for her. And with the realization had come a deep and lasting humility. ——

And He Learned About Women

—continued from page 48

made it. She punctuated her larger paragraphs by the reiterated remark:

"And don't expect me to come to the rescue with a red cent."

During all this Gloria's eyes continued to shine, while occasionally she would get in a line about love in a cottage.

"Love in a cottage!" jeered Aunt Ella. "After the way I have been fool enough to bring you up, the only cottage you'll ever be happy in is a cottage at Newport. However, I've said all I am going to, so not another word about it." So she did not talk for more than another forty-eight minutes.

Gloria met Jason the following day for lunch. That was on a Thursday. She had dinner with him on Friday evening, and she married him at the city hall on Saturday morning.

Aunt Ella was as good as, if not better than, her word. Not only did she refuse to give Gloria a cent, but as that Saturday was the third of April she even refused to pay Gloria's allowance which had been due on the first.

"Not a penny," Aunt Ella insisted, when Gloria was shut up with her in the library, and Jason waited doubtfully in the foyer. "Not a red cent. I won't even let you take all your clothes! They aren't yours, as I paid for them, and they would be entirely unsuitable for Mrs. Jason Orth. You can have what you're wearing, another suit and a couple of afternoon frocks. I'll have your maid pack a trunk with what I think fitting and will send it to wherever you say. I hope you'll be happy, though I don't see how your black ingratitude to me can make you anything but miserable. I will, however, do this for you. Because of my affection for you, because you are more to be pitied than blamed, whenever you choose to come to me and admit the mess you have made of your life, I'll receive you and will help you get a divorce. But until you are ready for the lawyers, don't write or telephone or come near me. Meanwhile, not a red cent!"

But Gloria didn't care. Gloria's eyes were still shining as she drove across the Park and up to One Hundred and Eighty-third Street in a twenty-cents-a-mile taxi. Gloria was in love, and Jason was kissing her hands.

THAT was in April. Now the stars that rule New York have decreed that, for a week to ten days every June, Manhattan shall wallow in a heat wave. Possibly One Hundred and Eighty-third Street was a degree or two cooler than the Bowery or even lower Fifth Avenue, but even granting that, it was hot enough in all conscience.

After a gaspingly hot night Gloria was sunk in a worn-out slumber, when at ten o'clock the dumb-waiter buzzer made a noise that may be heard only in the more moderately priced apartments.

Clad in a bath-robe Gloria walked languidly to the kitchen where the buzzer buzzed like a billion angry bees.

On the lower shelf of the dumb-waiter reposed an enormous block of ice. Embracing it and exercising all her strength, Gloria lugged it into the kitchen to discover that she had forgotten to open the door of the refrigerator. She placed the ice on the table, breaking a favorite finger-nail as she did so, which was the first of the morning's minor tragedies.

Hattie, the lady of color, who was hired to come every afternoon at four to clean the apartment and cook the dinner, had been out the night before among the élite of Harlem. It was a friend who telephoned just after the ice had been delivered.

"Are you the woman what Miss Hattie Montague works for? This is a lady friend of hers and she asked me to call you up and say she's sorry but she ain't feeling well enough to see you today."

HAVING taken a cold shower, Gloria made herself a cup of coffee and some thin toast, burning her wrist during the process. She dressed, and cleaned the apartment. Meanwhile a noonday sun was pouring down on the tin roof above her, while not a breath of air came in from the open windows.

Jason emerged from the reeking subway at two o'clock. He climbed the five flights of stairs and let himself in with his key. He found his young wife on her hands and knees scrubbing the bathroom floor.

"I have asked you not to do that," he said, inefficiently. "Darling, why will you make a martyr of yourself?"

Gloria turned a hot, flushed face up at him.

"Make a martyr of myself! That's all the thanks I get! Some woman phoned and said Hattie wouldn't come today so I had to clean up a little. And then you come home from doing nothing at your old office and say I'm playing at being a martyr."

"Let me telephone the agency and get another woman," Jason begged.

"You know," Gloria reminded him crossly as she rose to her feet, "that Hattie's much cheaper."

"Oh, curse the money!" Jason exclaimed tactlessly.

"And you said—you said we had to be extra careful this month, if we're to go away next," Gloria protested. "And," she added with all the pathos of which she was capable, "I'm sorry if I look such a fright. I can't help it if I do. You can't clean and be beautiful all at the same time."

"Then don't clean, heart of my heart," he begged.

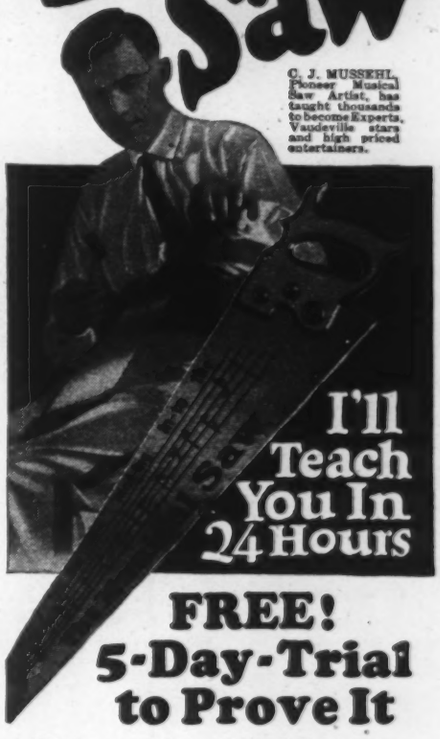
"You repeat then that I look hideous!"

"Gloria! What's the matter with you? I never said such a thing in my life."

"You did!" she cried. "You did. And if you didn't you thought it, and that's much worse! Oh, auntie was right! You can't be happy in this world without money—horrid, beastly old money! And now when I've been slaving all day, you come home and tell me I look like something the cat brought in."

Upon which he did the correct thing. He grabbed her and held her closely with one arm, while with his free hand he turned up her face towards his by grasp-

Play a Saw



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ing her gently but firmly by the throat. That part was distinctly good. Gloria was delighted. She closed her eyes, so that he should not see their expression, and said very coldly: "Will you please let me go? You're hurting me, Jason, and you are being ridiculous."

But then, instead of kissing her forcibly, when she would have melted and clung to him, Jason released her and moved away.

"Forgive me," he said with equal chill. "I apologize."

"Not at all," said Gloria, bitterly disappointed in him, as indeed she had every right to be. "If you will go and sit down, I'll get you some lunch."

"I'll get it," Jason offered, and started towards the kitchen.

"Please don't interfere," she begged him. "I can't do anything when you come into the kitchen."

Jason turned and made his way into the living room. He dialed a number.

Gloria, hearing him, entered the living room just as Jason was talking to an employment agency.

"I don't care how much she wants," Jason was saying. "I'll pay any wages as long as you will have some one here not later than four o'clock."

"I won't have it!" Gloria snapped. "Tell them not to send anybody."

"A dollar an hour—two dollars if I must," said Jason stubbornly into the telephone.

Gloria grabbed the instrument from him. "This is Mrs. Orth speaking," she said decisively, "and there has been some mistake. My own maid will be here as usual, so don't trouble to send anybody." Then she clicked up the receiver and smiled bitterly on Jason.

The door-bell rang at that instant.

"Oh, curse the bell!" Jason exclaimed. He rushed to the door to open it before Gloria could stop him.

OUTSIDE stood a seedily dressed individual with watery blue eyes.

"Mr. Orth?" the man queried. "I have called on behalf of the International Creditors' Collectors' Association on account of an unpaid bill." And he handed Jason a statement which showed that he owed fifty-four dollars for two pairs of shoes, purchased the previous April at one of those smart little shops that are not quite smart enough to give extended credit.

"Wait," said Jason, closing the door.

Returning to the living room, Jason wrote a check in pained silence and sent the collector away.

"If you had any sense," Gloria flashed at him, her nerves jarred by all that had happened that day, "you wouldn't moon at an office all the morning—you'd buy a share in some business and make some money."

One word led unpleasantly to another and the final word led Jason to the street. He would not, he stated, be back to dinner; and he would seek a little peace.

Left alone in the heat of that June afternoon, Gloria felt abysmally sorry for herself. She had, she realized, made the mistake of her life in marrying Jason, who—obviously—did not love her any longer. If he had continued to adore her then Gloria would never have left him. As it was she would attempt it. She could hardly hope that her aunt would be in the city, but on telephoning to the house she learned that Mrs. Burlingame had returned that morning from a visit to Southampton and would be at the Park Avenue apartment until she left for Newport. All this she heard from the butler, and Gloria sent a message to her aunt that she was coming home that very minute.

A taxi took Gloria with her suitcase down the hot streets and across the park. As she drove, she pictured Jason's face when he found her letter telling him that she would no longer be a burden to him and that she had gone never to return.

Aunt Ella welcomed her cordially.

"We will not speak of him again, dear," Aunt Ella said with all the affection of an obstinate woman who has gotten her own way. "But I'll take you to see my lawyers and we can talk about a divorce. I suppose he is sufficiently decent to give you the evidence? Anyway, we will talk to Mr. Floster, and then I think I shall cut that visit to the Bellingtons at Newport and you and I shall run over and stay with Gladys in England."

But late that night Gloria telephoned to Jason. She was half prepared to forgive him had he shown any real contrition. Instead of which Jason seemed disgustingly philosophical.

"So you've gone back to your aunt and the money, have you?" Jason said with hateful cordiality. "Well, I don't blame you in the least. I must give up dreaming and come to life. Mrs. Burlingame was right. It's money that counts, and of course I'll give you the evidence."

GLORIA returned in the following March. After a prolonged stay with Gladys in England, she and Aunt Ella had drifted on to Paris, and from Paris south to the Riviera for the winter. Meanwhile she had heard nothing from Jason, though the lawyer had written that he had secured the necessary evidence for a divorce.

Dudley Grover met the boat, and though nearly a year older, he looked much the same. He had brought the most expensive orchids for Gloria, and he said that he had something very important to ask her, once the courts had set her free. At this Gloria looked her loveliest, and that was very lovely indeed. She did not tell him so, but because she was extremely tired of living with Aunt Ella, she had practically made up her mind to marry him.

On board, Gloria had made friends with a newly married couple. Mildred Sackett, a pretty, golden-haired creature, was returning from her honeymoon with her husband, a portrait painter. Gloria went off to say good-bye to them.

"Don't forget that you are coming to our studio party on Saturday," Mildred reminded her. "As Arthur is to do Mrs. Burlingame's portrait, she won't mind, will she? There will be a few of my friends, and a weird crowd of Arthur's that I have never met."

That was on Wednesday, and a conference was arranged with the lawyers for the following Monday morning.

"I don't expect I shall be very late, Auntie," Gloria said as she prepared to go out after dinner on the night of the studio party. "I like Mildred Sackett but I expect to be rather bored."

But she wasn't bored. Not in the least. To begin with, Gloria had two drinks more than she was accustomed to take, and it was while their first glow was upon her, that a painter friend of Arthur's arrived. The painter was unimportant except for the fact that he had brought with him a friend of his whom Arthur did not know, and the friend, comfortably illuminated by precisely three drinks more than was absolutely discreet, was none other than Jason Orth.

"Oh, there he is! What shall I do?" Gloria asked herself feverishly. "A hole in his sock and showing so plainly. Jason, look at me! His hair's so untidy. Hole in his sock. I wish he'd look and take me away and tell me—tell me he loves me. Jason, look at me. And he doesn't look well. He's been longing for me. That red-haired female talking to him. Why doesn't he turn around. Jason!"

He turned at that moment, and Gloria extended a cordial hand, but the hand of a friend.

"Oh, Jason! Think of you being here!"

He sat down beside her adoringly. "I—I never expected to see you."

"I hear that the lawyers have the evidence. Don't tell me about it. I think it's disgusting. But what was she like, Jason?"

"The girl? I don't know. Didn't look at her, and I only saw her for a moment before the detectives burst in. It was all beautifully timed," he explained. "I don't want to talk about it. You—you'll be all right soon, and then everybody will be happy."

"Everybody?"

"Everybody but me!" Jason looked around the big studio room. "There's a small writing room or something," he said, "off the hall. I saw it as I came in. Come and talk to me."

GLORIA followed him and he closed the door of the room and immediately did the only thing he should have done. He grasped her firmly and kissed her with great appreciation. As though inspired, Jason did not ask her to return to him. He told her what she was going to do.

"Get your cloak or whatever you have and you come home with me now," he ordered.

"Home? To the apartment?" she whispered. "But I haven't any clothes except what I stand in," she objected.

"Send for your things tomorrow," Jason ordered. "Get your cloak and come."

"But——" she began.

Jason kissed her. She closed her eyes. Her lips half parted.

"You do love me then?"

Jason kissed her . . .

"Get your cloak!" For some unknown reason they were whispering.

Out on the street, Jason hailed a taxi. On the long drive up to One Hundred and Eighty-third Street, they hardly spoke. But Jason took her hands in his. Sometimes, as they drove, Jason would kiss her little hands.

"You darling!" he would whisper. "You darling!"

At the apartment, Jason produced a bottle of champagne. A friend had given it to him. There was half a cold chicken and some salad, which with the champagne made a marvelous supper—which with kisses made an intoxication superb.

"I—I don't understand how I ever left you," Gloria confessed.

He went behind her chair. He stooped and kissed her before he refilled her glass with champagne.

"To our second honeymoon!" he toasted her.

Suddenly she remembered. "Aunt Ella! She may be sitting up for me!"

Jason went to the telephone and took off the receiver. "You are not going to regret? You won't mind being poor again?"

She came over to him. Her hands ruffled his hair. He held her to him.

"Then you mean it? As soon as I phone it will be too late. You can stand the discomforts—everything?"

A moment later and it was Gloria who was speaking to Mrs. Burlingame.

"It's no use, auntie! I've gone back to Jason. I—why, we belong, and—and everything. Send me some clothes in the morning, will you?"

IN THE morning Gloria awoke with a slight headache. That was the champagne. She awoke with joy in her heart. That was Jason. Despite headaches and the feeling of the night before, they breakfasted happily if not merrily. Then Jason went out, and a maid arrived from Aunt Ella with clothes and a bitterly worded letter.

Gloria cleaned the apartment that morning for she had forgotten to ask Jason if Hattie would be there in the afternoon. At one o'clock, Jason telephoned to say that he would not be home until dinner. Afterwards, he wanted Gloria to go with him to call on Luther Lloyd.

Vaguely disappointed, Gloria worked on. The bathroom was spotless, the living room immaculate before she went out to do her marketing. She bought a small steak, some vegetables and a salad. She lugged home her bundles, and made great preparations for dinner. She was hot and tired when Jason returned.

Entering the kitchen, Jason lifted his wife and carried her into the living room. He would not have her tired and hot. He would dish up the dinner. But in the end he sat down and waited in the living room, while Gloria fetched the steak and vegetables.

"We'll wash up the dishes when we come home," Jason said as they sat over their coffee. "I told Luther we would be round fairly early."

Gloria had met Luther Lloyd two or three times. She did not care for him much, as he was the typically successful stock-broker. Still, Jason seemed impatient, so Gloria put on her hat and went downstairs with him.

Luther Lloyd lived, Jason explained, in a comfortable apartment on Gramercy Park; but on their arrival Luther behaved in an extraordinary manner.

"I'm sorry," Luther Lloyd said to Gloria, "but I simply have to go out. You wait for me. The Jap will get you anything you want."

"What an amazing thing to do!" Gloria objected when they were alone. She glanced approvingly around the charmingly furnished room.

"Let's explore the place," suggested Jason. "I think you'll like it."

Gloria showed but little interest until reaching the bedroom. It was a delightful room, done in old gold and azure. But the door of a lighted closet which stood open disclosed all of Gloria's clothes which Aunt Ella had failed to send that morning.

"AUNT ELLA has done this?" she queried. "Jason, you don't mean that this is our apartment!"

"Just that!" he told her, his arm about her.

"Aunt Ella is giving us all—all this?" Her gesture included all the luxury of the apartment.

"Aunt Ella—darling, now would she?" Jason answered. "It's yours, mine—ours! When you left me, I was so miserable I went to see old Luther. He'd often urged me to gamble. We went down to Florida. Real estate. Don't ask me details, as I never understand them. I plunged with all the capital I had on Luther's advice. He—we—made a killing. Then we came back and I plunged again, this time oil. Everything I touched was lucky and none of it any good to me. What did I want money in chunks for—without you to spend it?"

"Then why last night?" she asked. "Why did we go back to One Hundred and Eighty-third Street? And how is it that my clothes are here?"

"I went and saw your Aunt this morning," Jason explained. "She was quite cordial once she realized I had a lot of money. She told a maid to pack everything they had not already sent uptown and to bring your things here. Old Luther helped me by pretending that this place was his."

"But last night?" Gloria insisted. She paused significantly. "Jason, you were testing me, and I don't like it."

"Listen," he pleaded. "I did and I didn't. I kept on the uptown place because of its memories. Often I stayed there for a week at a time, even after I had this. Remember the cold chicken in the ice-box? Then last night—I had one or two drinks, and I told the taxi-driver to go to One Hundred and Eighty-third before I thought of it. It was natural enough with you with me. When I realized what I had done, I thought it would be fun to surprise you, and I'm glad it happened that way. At least I know that you care for me."

"I do," she admitted, "awful lots, Jason. But you did test me, and I forgive you for doing it, even if you didn't mean to. I ought to test you."

"Test me—how?"

"Stupid one!" she smiled. "Test you to find out if you have learned more about women. Oh, Jason, on the day we had that row and I went back to Auntie, the poverty didn't matter. I'd never have gone if—"

"If what?" he asked, and held her close to him as he kissed her.

"If you hadn't left me that hot afternoon—if you had held me and kissed me like that," Gloria explained the mystery.

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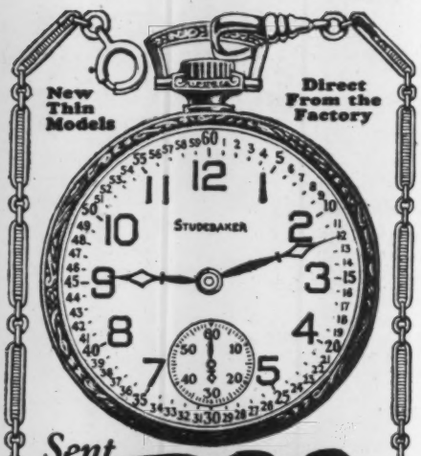

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The Charleston Girl

—continued from page 51

"the whole thing's so tremendous. When people ask me about it, and I'm supposed to say something flip and clever, I'm dumb. I'm like a good Christian with his holy image. But you're so different. You're so—so worth while, you know. I felt that about you right away."

Leslie scrunched the eucalyptus berries so tightly between her palms that they hurt them, bit into them. You see, if he had said that her eyes were lovely, that her hair was sleek black silk . . . then certainly she would have had the appropriate and gracious word, this Leslie. But no one had ever told her that she was worth while before, because, of course, she wasn't . . .

They had been walking, all this time, almost in a circle, and they were back now within ear-shot of the house. A line of acacia trees separated them from the group of Laura Greenquist's younger guests who were gathered together on the steps, and instinctively Leslie and Gene Gardner paused for a moment, very close to each other on that narrow flagstone path. For a while the patter of high-pitched young voices reached them, as meaninglessly as the sound of spring rain beating against a window. Then——

"—— if Leslie were here to show us that Charleston step. She's expert at it."

"Who is this Jordan girl anyway?"

"Oh! Why, she's nobody special. Just a sort of—a sort of professional guest, I think. Kind of a sponge, I mean, but a good enough egg——"

Very close together were Leslie Jordan and Gene Gardner on the narrow flagstone path. So close that when she looked at him Leslie could see the dark red staining his cheeks and the bewildered, worried look in his eyes. Well, it had taken only a moment for those cheap little words to fall like a handful of coins in the silence. But before the sound of them had died away, Leslie had flashed a gay, defiant smile at Gene Gardner, had waved her hand and dashed on past him, up the steps and into the house.

"Les! Come back."

"Sure, Johnny! One minute."

BUT she was racing up the stairs to her bedroom, and turning the key in the lock against any possible intrusion. She sank into a heap on the bed in the middle of that suave and perfect room, staring blindly at a miserable Columbine in a carved black frame. Well, this was a queer place to be any one's Gethsemane; a queer, ludicrous, impersonal Gethsemane. But sitting there, huddled silkily, staring blindly at the unhappy Columbine, she thought of a great number of unpleasant things. Of the thousand humiliations she had met with a quirk of her lip and the lift of her eyebrow. Of the errands she had run, a well-dressed, unsalaried cash-girl. Of the gifts her left hand had accepted, that her right hand had pretended to push away. Of the people to whom she had been so friendly, and for whom she had felt no friendliness. "You're so—so worth while, you know." Oh . . . *Lord!* Now she was beating one hard fist into the palm of the other hand. There was a great pearl on the little finger of that hand—not a real pearl, but she had had it set in platinum, exquisitely. She was like that—like that pearl. And Gene might have thought the pearl was real.

He wouldn't think so now, of course. *The sponge. The professional guest. The girl who was good on a party.*

The pearl gleamed with Leslie's quick clutch at her heart. It wasn't theatrical, that gesture. Six years ago a doctor had told her about her heart. She wasn't to play tennis, or to dance much.

But of course one had to dance, had to play tennis . . .

Leslie got up and dabbed a flat powder puff over her nose, penciled a new geranium-colored design over her mouth. And then she tilted her chin and made ready to glance down upon her world out of cool, appraising gray eyes. She walked lithely down the stairs, the fingers of her left hand dancing along the bannister, the pearl gleaming.

A TUNE drifted out of the radio in the casual fashion of the day and Leslie stepped into the circle of Gene Gardner's arms.

Wanna go where you go,
Wanna do what you do . . .

"And I suppose you'd thought I was an interior decorator!" she said, abruptly.

"But, Miss Jordan——"

"Well, and now you know I'm a no-account, even a professional no-account. Not so worth while, you see."

But the music came to an end and she had danced away before he could answer this. She danced with other men, boys, most of them, their fingertips warm and restless against her back. "Nice party," they said . . . Laura and Max, with two of the older guests, had gone into a remote room for bridge. This was supposed to be Mary's chance, but Mary was almost asleep. They all tired after a time, one by one sinking into an undignified ease, smiling at each other half drowsily. Only they couldn't quite do without entertainment. A girl named Janet Meade voiced that thought crisply. Her eyes jerked restlessly about, came to a pause at Leslie's high silver heels. She stared for a moment. Then:

"Won't you do a Charleston, Miss Jordan?"

Leslie stood looking down on them all. She had one hand on her hip in a burlesque shop-girl attitude; the other hand, the one that wore the pearl, she passed lazily over her sleek dark hair. For a moment she stood there regarding them.

Gene Gardner, standing with his back against a door, was looking at her thoughtfully. Janet Meade, Johnny Conroy and the others sprawled about in wicker chairs. Heaped about a cocktail shaker on a table were a dozen tall glasses. Soon somebody would suggest another drink.

At the piano sat a youth whose long brown fingers ambled softly over the keys, bringing forth a ripple of tired jazz.

Janet had made her suggestion with a touch of arrogance in her manner. Now

Leslie Jordan fixed her cool gray eyes on Janet's haughty, discontented face.

Then Leslie smiled, the quick-flashing, mirthless smile of a night club entertainer. She turned to glance at the piano, a hand hard against her heart. Then she tilted her chin, and drawled to Janet Meade:

"A solo Charleston will set you back five dollars, Miss Meade. But I'll do the old hula for three."

She included them all in her glance, even Gene Gardner who was regarding her as steadily and calmly as before. No one spoke just then. Everybody was waiting for somebody else to laugh, more especially for Leslie Jordan to laugh. She had stated her proposition, whether jokingly or not, in a queer metallic voice. They couldn't know, of course, that the roof of Leslie Jordan's mouth had gone quite dry . . .

LESLIE kept standing there, one hand still hard against her heart. And her eyes were speculative . . . Somebody coughed and a girl giggled—hysterically. Still, that opened the way to laughter.

Certainly the spirit of a crowd is past understanding. For not one individual there, left alone, would have taken Leslie Jordan's serious challenge quite seriously. Each one of them would have been kind; probably some of them might even have understood that the roof of her mouth was dry and that her heart was a terrified struggling animal under the hard pressure of her hand. But the crowd . . . the crowd only saw the gleam of cool, gray eyes and the tilt of a most arrogant chin.

Suddenly they were a pack of gleeful savages. Somebody threw a five dollar bill to the floor, and it fluttered to Leslie's feet like a dead green leaf. Leslie gestured to the boy at the piano, and immediately he brought his brown hands crashing and thundering down on the keys. Leslie danced then. Elbows squared. Knees knocking together artfully. Silver-silken legs twitching jazz. High heels turning this way, turning that way. Palms climbing up on a winding jazz ladder to heaven. Head flung back so that a bright smile almost looked natural. Leslie did the Charleston . . .

She held her heart tightly sometimes, but she kept her high heels turning this way, turning that way, until the boy at the piano had vamped his way into another tune; until the cruel, delighted crowd began to fling dollars at her feet. Silver dollars, the color of her dancing shoes. Half dollars and quarters.

Leslie danced the hula. The boy at the piano drifted into a long forgotten melody. "So she gave me language lessons on the beach at Waikiki." Leslie danced. You could imagine the grass skirt and the leis about her ankles. You couldn't imagine, though, how her heart was beating. You couldn't know that the silver coins and the green bills at her feet were merging into the semblance of grotesque and dreadful things, crawling on the floor.

The guests began to sing, clapping their hands. Only Gene Gardner, lounging against the door, stood quietly. The others were stirred by the fervor of Leslie Jordan's dance. "Warm baby!" "Dam' right!" Leslie danced.

Not once had she glanced at Gene, but she would have known if he had left the room. She was glad he hadn't. She was glad, terribly glad, that he was there to witness the gaiety of her silver shoes, shuffling against the little heap of bills and coins. All the world must know that she was a professional guest, that she was good on a party! All the world—and Gene. And then, when she'd danced till they were tired of her, she'd leave them with the money they had tossed her. She could bid them good-bye then with eyes as contemptuous as any of theirs. Somehow she'd have settled her score. Somehow she'd have begun being worth while . . .

Ending that dance, she turned her eyes to Gene's eyes. *Laugh, man, laugh, why don't you? Laugh at me. I'm a clown, I'm funny!* But just then, with the boy at the piano beating out the lazy chords of the finale, Leslie's heart thumped against her side like somebody's furious fist . . . Leslie crumpled to a heap on the floor. As she collapsed, the coin that some one was throwing fell into her upturned, moist palm and clung there . . .

WHEN she opened her eyes again she was lying on a couch and Gene Gardner was kneeling beside her, his arm around her shoulders, a cool hand against her forehead. All the others were there, too, staring at her with shamed and anxious eyes.

"We've been—we've been *rotten!*" said Janet Meade huskily.

"No," said Leslie, smiling. "I just sort of went crazy. I . . . well, it was a dumb thing to do. Sorry, old dear."

"You'd better not talk any more," Gene put in.

He lifted her up in his arms and held her there for a moment, as if she had been a child who'd just hurt herself. Then, still supporting her, he led her right through the group to the hallway and out into the garden.

"I can stand on my own two feet now, please."

"Well, sure you can! And you always could."

"No. I've been a sort of social cripple."

They were walking slowly, now, along the narrow flagstone path. So close they were that she could see the gentleness that was in his eyes.

"All the time," he was saying suddenly, "you've had the hardest, rottenest job in the world, my dear. I got that tonight, even before you—before you danced."

"But——"

"But you've never been paid—for being gracious, Leslie dear."

She flashed her gay smile at him. "Who'd pay for graciousness! And would they just throw silver dollars then?"

He grinned back at her. "No. But they'd string up a hammock for you, in a garden like this. And they'd give you a book and a couple of magazines. And they'd already have given you a sort of a ring—if you'd take it."

Leslie bent over to scoop up a handful of eucalyptus berries. She began juggling them between her palms. She didn't look at him at all.

"Darn right!" she said, still juggling. "I'd—I'd take it, Gene."

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Try Talking Back to a Horn!

—continued from page 27

hour later he returned. About five minutes before a wire had come in telling about a terrible storm in Ohio that had assumed the proportions of a cyclone. This veteran got within range of the loud speaker just in time to hear me say, 'Seventy men killed and sixty-five injured.'

"With a pleased smile he walked away, muttering, 'I knew these Democrats would come to this if they kept at it long enough.' "

WHEN you're standing on the outside looking in, you marvel at the precision and efficiency of the radio broadcasting station which, in its maze of mechanical details, is almost bewildering. Everything is perfectly timed. The announcers inside the glass doors have to do everything just on the second, no matter what is going on around them.

As Carlin says, "Being an announcer is just like being one of the zoo behind a glass cage. The only difference is that we get less peanuts."

But radio announcers, as I've told you before, get their share of mash notes and attention. I've had articles of clothing, a chocolate bar, and a hot dog stand named after me. Clerks in stores and elevator operators give me prompt service. And once I saw on a bill of fare a "Roxy sandwich." I ordered one. It was cheese. I hope nothing personal in that.

The matter of the hot dog stand happened while I was driving through Virginia this summer. I passed one of these parboiled pup pavilions, and they looked so tempting that I ordered a couple of baked bow-wows. Over the shack was an aerial and antennae, and as I looked up I said, "There you are." It seems that I use that phrase over the air a lot; anyway, the woman behind the counter recognized me. She called her husband, and he promptly put a new card over the shack. It now reads, "THE ROXY. Hot Pups and Soda Water."

Maybe that's not important, but all the same it's news. The editor will tell you that if a dog bites a man, that's not news. But if a man bites a dog, it is.

I'M KEPT busy these days planning the radio broadcasting studio to be installed in my new theater. There will be especially built equipment, a symphony orchestra of one hundred and ten, a chorus of one hundred and ten voices, and an organ.

Most of the old gang will be with me, and many new ones. And, I hope, my old friends.

Besides perfecting my plans I've been taking vacations. And no matter where I've gone, I've found radios. In the club houses of golf links, in garages, in boats where I've gone fishing. The only drawback is that if there's a musical instrument around, I'm asked to play or sing. And I can't.

In my office in New York I have a piano, timpani and a celesta—for my gang. Visitors always expect me to sit down and perform for them. I wish I could. They also expect to see the gang lined up, ready to entertain them. As if all I had to do was press a button and they'd appear from nowhere in particular, and burst forth into song.

The $125,000 Marriage License

—continued from page 39

Rector Street skyscraper, was a great department store of the law, with eighteen partners and twenty-three other men important enough to have their names on the letterhead below the line; not counting the underlings. The sixteenth partner was Mr. Osberg, who was in charge of the divorce and alienation counter.

Mr. Osberg regarded divorce as obscene, alienation as sordid, the practise of law as a necessary evil, and golf as the Purpose of Life. Accordingly he followed the weather southward and then back northward, like a policeman on a beat, leaving the management of his department to Dick Chase who profited exceedingly thereby.

How he had grown up! That was Annette's first impression as she looked at the lean face that no longer was vague or soft, at the lips twisted downward and the eyes harder than her own.

Hard . . . Not a change in his face as she told her story. Annette realized that after four years she was just one more client to Dick Chase.

"A million is a lot of money," Dick admitted. "Still, Annette, you're supposed to be prosperous. And of course you're beautiful. A jury will hold that against you."

"Why, I thought——"

"If you'd killed Plummer," he explained, "your beauty would serve you. But juries are queer. In an alienation suit a beautiful actress hasn't a chance in the world against a homely middle-aged wife . . . She is homely, I suppose?" Annette nodded.

"Well—" Dick smiled with professional cheerfulness, "I doubt if it will ever get to the jury . . . Now tell me about it."

It was curiously hard to tell, at that—particularly to Dick Chase. For it had been so mixed up. Just as Charlie Plummer was so mixed up; kind, and understanding, and yet with a soft streak in him—a yellow streak. Definitely, not a gentleman. Yet she had loved him desperately.

"I want you to know that," she found herself telling Dick with a still defiance. "It's true that he introduced me to Osberti who finally taught me not to flat, and lent me the money that paid for my lessons, and the money I lived on for nearly a year. (Oh, yes, I paid him back.) But I was in love with him. He wasn't a—meal ticket." Dick's face never changed.

"Well, all this is very interesting, Annette, but not very relevant. Did you or did you not alienate his affections from his wife?"

"Of course not! He'd left her in Milwaukee and come on to Paris before he ever heard of me. I'd known him for months before I knew he had a wife."

"And you left him behind in Paris?" She flushed, burning.

"I—I guess he's still in Paris. We quarreled, about a year ago. I suppose we'd got over being in love long before that, but——"

At this point Max Minsker broke in.

"They quarreled, finally, because he was taking all her money."

"Money?" said Dick. "Taking her money? That's bad."

"It wasn't bad!" she flared. "It was only fair. He said he was in the mineral water business but he was really a gambler. I wasn't in love with him any more; but he'd lent me money when I needed it and I lent him money when he needed it . . . But of course, when I found he was spending it on other women——"

For a moment she was herself again, the possessor of the Most Perfect Complexion and the Most Perfect Figure; incredible that a man could spend her money on other women. But still Dick was unmoved; and it began to seem important to move him.

"I suppose, Dick," she suggested softly, "you can't believe that I could ever be—generous. Even with money. But don't call it bad——"

HE SHRUGGED. "I meant bad for our case. Bad to explain to a jury. However—" He rose. "We'll see what we can do. You know it will cost you a good deal of money?" She nodded meekly. "And," he continued, "I see you told the reporters this morning that you never heard of Plummer. That was stupid. Don't give any more interviews."

"Max will do all my talking," she promised. "Max or you . . . I hope I can see something of you, Dick, outside of office hours. Come and dine with me at the Plaza—soon. And bring your wife—I suppose you're married?"

He shook his head.

"Too busy. I've been told that there's no time for sentiment when you're going somewhere—unless it happens, quite fortuitously, to be attached to a meal ticket."

Annette went out smiling; after all, she had got under his skin.

THE dispute between the Opera and the Follies was settled when she signed contracts with both, and her debut was a magnificent success at both houses.

Most people as busy as Annette would have had no time for private life, but her private life forced itself on her. The countess developed aristocratic shivers at the idea of spreading her respectability over a lady accused of alienating a gambler's affections, and could be placated only by a new contract at a doubled salary. (Dick Chase told her she couldn't afford to let the countess run out on her, just now.)

Then there was Stavropoulos. By the time he arrived Annette had an ex-welterweight on guard at the door; and five minutes after Stavropoulos was admitted to her sitting room the ex-welterweight was called in to throw him out, shouting that she would marry him yet unless she wanted to be shot across the footlights. But he calmed down when she consented to lunch with him occasionally at the Ritz.

And above all, there were the dinners with Dick Chase. Annette told herself that she liked them because Dick never talked personalities, whereas in the old days he had talked little else. But of course in the old days the poor boy had been crazy about her . . . "Poor boy!" Absurd description for this Wall Street lawyer, so smooth, so hard.

And hardness tempts so many people, tempts them to try to break it down. Annette, whose hardness was the talk of Paris, had seen that, wondered at it, contemptuously, and used it for her own ends; but she had never dreamed that she could feel it. Even now, she told herself that she kept seeing Dick only about the case—till the night of her début at the Opera as Olympia in the Tales of Hoffmann. As she was taking her eighth curtain call she saw him, in the Carroways' box, leaning over the shoulder of lovely Elise Carroway, medalist of the season's débutantes, daughter of the head of his firm . . . Sentiment—and a meal ticket.

After that she told herself that she mustn't be silly; and presently that she must stop being silly; and then, after a season of vague schoolgirlish musings, she woke up to the realization that the thing had actually happened.

Well! She tried to laugh at herself, but the laugh wouldn't come.

About the case there was unhappily little good news. She said she had known Plummer for months before she knew he was married; but there was a man named Wexler, from Houston, Texas, a man she had met just once, at that studio tea where she had first met Charlie Plummer. And Dick's detectives ascertained that this Wexler was prepared to testify that Plummer had referred that day, in Annette's hearing and in his, to his wife back home in Milwaukee.

"But, honestly, Dick, I'd forgotten," she protested. "I—oh, it's all so mixed up. I was dreadfully worried then, about the rent and all— But above everything I—Charlie and I were falling in love—if I heard him I didn't notice— You know how it is."

She knew that her eyes carried a plea that was considerably more than a client's appeal to her counsel, but Dick was unmoved.

"I can see how it might have been," he conceded, "but the jury won't. Jurors have simple minds, if any . . . Well, we'll see."

That was his inevitable promise; that they would see. Annette began to wonder desperately if he could be so stupid as not to see what was the matter with her. Dreadful—she was beginning to tremble when they shook hands. He must see it . . . And that made it worse. He saw it and he didn't care.

And to think—she laughed a little at the memory—that once she had felt this desperate agony for Charlie Plummer. She didn't care, now; it meant nothing when Dick told her one day that he had come back.

"Back to New York?" she asked, visibly uninterested.

"Back to Chicago. Which," said Dick with a curious smile, "is near Milwaukee."

"What? You don't mean he's going back to his wife?"

"Not yet—not with her consent. For of course it would ruin her case. She'd have to drop the suit, and she's got a good chance to win it."

"You really think so?" It was the first time he had ever been so frank.

"You wrote Plummer a good many letters, I suppose?" he asked.

•

SHE tried to shrug away the memory. "Of course. One does."

"It seems Mrs. Plummer has the letters!"

"Dick! How could she have got them?"

"My detectives tell me that Plummer's hotel room was burglarized, in Chicago . . . It seems to have been easy. Suspiciously easy."

"Oh! You mean he let her have them?" Dick was watching her intently; she felt a surge of joy. He wanted to see how she took this hint of Plummer's treachery . . .

"We can't prove that," Dick observed, impervious as ever. "If we could it would ruin her case. Otherwise— Well, she's been sounded as to a settlement out of court; but she wants two hundred thousand."

"Good Heavens! That would keep me in bankruptcy for years."

"I know it. So if anything else——"

"Funny," she observed. "He always did have a sort of affection for that woman. He couldn't live with her, for any length of time, but he went back, once."

"Yes," said Dick, unmoved. "I've heard of that case. I'm having it looked up. It may save us yet."

BUT Annette began to be desperately afraid that nothing could save the one thing that counted. Dick must see—and he didn't care. She saw him rarely, now; and when she did see him he had little to say, even about the case. But she saw him once at a dinner, beside Elise Carroway . . . More than once, thinking about Dick, and about a ruinous verdict of hundreds of thousands of dollars, she played with the notion of the assiduous Stavropoulos. To his wife two hundred thousand dollars would be pin money.

Then, after ten days of silence, Dick called up and asked her to dinner.

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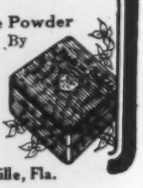

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"Delighted, my dear." She laughed with sheer joy. "Where?"

"How about the Lafayette? It's a change from Park Avenue."

"I'd love it. We used to go there years ago. Don't you remember?"

"Did we?" said Dick. "Well, I still go there occasionally. I've got some news for you about the case."

She wanted to say "damn the case," but she didn't dare. For she was humbled, really humbled at last. If he wanted revenge—and she owed it to him—he had it now. He must know that . . . But perhaps he didn't want revenge. Perhaps he didn't want anything.

Nevertheless—it was an evening when she wasn't working—she dressed for him like a Circassian slave for a conquering sultan. He had come straight from the office, in business clothes; he whistled when he saw her splendor.

"I thought we'd have time to talk everything over," he observed. "But of course if you're going out somewhere——"

"Nowhere but here," she explained, and almost burst into tears.

From that abasement she rallied, and managed to listen while Dick talked trivialities all through dinner. They had come late; by the time his cigar smoke eddied above the coffee cups the dining room was almost empty. Annette looked about her, with a dreamy smile.

"Like old times, isn't it, when you and I used to come here?"

"Not very much," Dick observed. "So far as I can remember you and I dined here just once, in the old days—when I'd won a five dollar bet on something or other . . . Crazy. I was getting a hundred a month. If I'd lost that bet I'd have starved before next pay day."

"And so would I," she reminded him. "I can't exactly say that I owe my success to you, but I might have starved before I ever reached it if you hadn't been so nice to me that summer."

"Ah, so you do remember where I was that summer?"

But he said it with a smile, as one who perfunctorily exhumes ancient memories.

"Dick—" her eyes were lowered, her hands clasped under the table— "I was dreadfully mean to you. I know it. Perfectly brutal and unforgivable . . . But don't you think I've been punished enough?"

She looked up, turning her eyes full on him. Something seemed to be happening to him; something always happened to anybody at whom she looked like that. But the haze of cigar smoke veiled his face for a moment, and when she could see clearly it was serene once more.

"You've been punished enough," he agreed. "And I think it's over at last." She gasped. "I think," he elucidated, "that Mrs. Plummer is going to drop the case."

"The case!" Her eyes blazed; she was pale with wrath. "Can't you think about anything but the case?"

"It's what I'm paid to think about . . . You remember Plummer left his wife once before—in Kansas City, in 1915. After he left she sued a rich woman there for alienating his affections and got thirty thousand dollars. Within six months they were reconciled and he was helping her spend it. And certainly she managed to burgle your letters with amazing ease . . . It looks as if the alienation of Mr. Plummer's affection is a gainful occupation for Mr. Plummer."

SUNK in an abyss of horror, she stared, mute. He went on:

"So I'm going to give them a friendly warning that if the suit isn't dropped these facts will be brought to the notice of the Federal District Attorney who is likely to send both the Plummers up for conspiracy and extortion."

"I don't believe it," Annette declared furiously. "I know Charlie's crooked but he wouldn't do that. It can't be true."

"Truth," Dick observed, "is a word without much meaning to the legal mind. Truth, in practise, is whatever seems true to a jury, unless it happens to be reversed later by the Court of Appeals. Whether this is true I don't know—whether there is collusion in this case, or was in the other. But we can certainly make her drop the suit."

"Whether it's true or not?" Annette gasped. He shrugged.

"I'm a lawyer. I look out for my client."

"And you think your client would let you do that when it may not be true—when I can't believe it is true?"

"My client had better. Otherwise I'm afraid Mrs. Plummer is going to win her case."

"Well, I won't let you do it," said Annette. "I forbid you to do it. And I'm amazed that you should think of such a thing if you don't know it's true."

Dick stared at her inscrutably.

"Oh, of course, if you're still in love with Plummer, that alters the case."

"If what? Dick, haven't you humiliated me enough?"

"I certainly would never want to humiliate you, Annette. I—I shouldn't suppose that I could. But if you don't do this Mrs. Plummer is going to humiliate you, good and hard, and take your last nickel besides. I can't see why on earth you should refuse, unless you're in love with Plummer."

"Imbecile!" she cried in soft fury. "Do I have to spell it out? You can't be so stupid that you haven't seen that I'm crazy about you—you——"

He looked at her in complete stupefaction.

"Me?" he gulped. She was almost crying now.

"You, of course! You needn't pretend that you haven't seen it—but you had to make me crawl at your feet—you had to get even——"

"No, I hadn't seen it," he interrupted. "You've been very nice to me, but I supposed that was just your—stage presence——"

She burst into hysterical laughter.

"I've no doubt I'm terribly stupid," he admitted, reddening. "I don't know much about women, Annette. After you went away I concluded I had no talent for that sort of thing; that I'd better stick to work. I certainly never dreamed of this. I shouldn't have wanted—to get even——"

"Just the same you did get even," she said still simmering magnificently, "by not noticing that I was there . . . The way

I used to treat you. I rather expected you to hate me—but I wasn't prepared for being—absolutely overlooked."

"Hell, I wish I could overlook you," he growled. "I've had to bury all my thoughts of you, deliberately, as deep as I could. But I'm afraid you're beginning to dig them up."

She smiled cheerlessly. "Don't worry, my dear. I'm not going to disturb you. But I couldn't stand your thinking I was still in love with Charlie Plummer."

With a readiness that depressed her immeasurably, he slipped out of the personal relation and became the lawyer.

"Then why won't you let me go ahead and threaten prosecution?"

"Dick, you've simply got to understand. It's not for his sake, but for my own . . . Aside from the fact that I used to be in love with Charlie, I owe him nearly everything. He lent me money to live on, he paid for my lessons with Osberti, he got me the chance to play my first lead. Whatever he may be doing now, I don't propose to repay him for making my fortune by sending him to jail. I've kicked down enough ladders."

He stared at her with a face that reminded her of an ice jam breaking in the spring thaw.

"Why, you quixotic little fool!"

"Is it quixotic? It looks just decent to me . . . I don't blame you for thinking the worst of me, after the way I treated you, but——"

He leaned toward her, tense.

"Annette! You— I— Will you marry me?"

"Certainly not!" she flared.

He glowered at her. "Why not?"

"Do you think you have to make me an offer of marriage just to—save my face? Absurd! And I wouldn't marry a man who hates me——"

"I DON'T hate you," he told her with a twisted grin. "I hated the Annette I used to know, who took everything and gave nothing. But I—I rather like this lovable little fool with a crazy sense of honor that seems to be Annette now. You poor idiot, if you want to afford scruples like this you'll have to marry a lawyer."

"Don't be silly. I've done you enough harm already without marrying you . . . No, no, I won't hear of it——"

"You're going to hear a lot of it," he threatened. "It's been rather—sudden; I suppose both of us need a little time for readjustment. But I propose to argue the matter——"

"Oh, dear, I'm not clever enough to argue with a lawyer." But then, having thought of what seemed a clever argument, she did. "You see, Dick, if I lose this case you can't afford to marry me. If she gets a verdict for anything like the sum you've mentioned she'll take everything I have and put me in debt——"

"I've saved up a little," said Dick. "And I'm in line for a partnership next year."

"Oh, dear! Well, I won't do that to you, anyway. If I lose the case I can always get fifty thousand dollars for an endorsement of Slim-Thin Corsets."

WHICH in due time she did, thereby meeting the judgment in the sum of *one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars* which a jury eventually awarded to the dough-faced and lachrymose Mrs. Plummer. The wise ones said there might have been a different story if they could have got Charlie Plummer on the stand; Dick Chase could have torn him, and his wife's case, to pieces. But Charlie Plummer, safe in Montreal, refused to come down and testify; which, said the wise ones, was proof enough that Annette had treated him pretty badly.

You had to hand it to Annette, though. That gesture of marrying her lawyer as soon as her case was over was exactly like her. It said, as plainly as in so many words, that the defection of a man she loved and the loss of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars was nothing to Annette. Just the same, her husband was a bold man to take the chance of being treated, eventually, as she must have treated Charlie Plummer.

Yet none of the millions of readers of the tabloid papers could deny that Dick and Annette looked utterly carefree and happy—as if they'd forgotten the Plummer case already—in the pictures that were taken as they walked across the street from the courthouse to the marriage license bureau.

No Left Turns

—continued from page 71

adds, 'move yer car before I jug ya.'

"So there I was on the move again. Well, ta make a short story out of it, Mrs. Zig, I'll tellya: I come to town to see a fire insurance man livin' at 44 West 44th Street. But every time I got to a corner a bull made me turn the other way, so I kep on for 18 hours, cuttin' figure 8's all over the diagram till at last, late at night, I come to 440 East 440th Street. There I found I was at a river, and there was a ferry-boat. 'If I can't git outa town by land,' says I, 'I'll try water.'"

"Did it take you home?" asked Mrs. Zig, who by now had quite forgotten about Juniper Pratt.

"It would of, Mrs. Zig," said Hen sadly, "but half way 'cross the river up comes a police boat and arrests that ferry fer passin' on the wrong side of a rum runner. So we hadta turn right round an' go back again——"

"How did you *ever* get out of the city?" asked Mrs. Zig nervously.

"I tellya, Mrs. Zig: it's kinduva long story, if I tell it all. But if you got plenty time, let's make it a day and I'll go inta it deetail fer deetail——"

"Oh, I must run home and cook Mr. Zig's supper," she smiled. "But I'll bet your wife was relieved and happy when you got back."

"Chee. Ya know a joke when ya meet it, don'cha, goilie!" moaned Hen as he took her money for the gas.

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How Much a Gallon?

—Continued from page 30

craft was pudgy, and unlovely, and deliberate in its progress, and to disguise an inordinate affection for it Hugh had painted on the bow the name, *Wretch*.

Every one thought that expressive enough until some wag stole down in the dead of night with a can of gray paint and obliterated the W.

He was, however, particularly offensive in the manner in which he defended the boat's reliability. "She may be a bit slow," he boasted to a large group on the veranda one hot July night, "but when she is supposed to be at some definite place at some special time, she'll be there."

Lydia was the only one who had the bad taste to snicker at this assertion, and Hugh merely directed a gentle smile in her direction as he continued. "Now you take this picnic up in the bay tomorrow. The rest of you will go all but a mile or so by motor and it ought to be a pipe dream for you to get there on time. I'm willing to bet, however, that some will be late and some won't show up at all."

Again Lydia couldn't resist the opportunity. "But you, Hugh," she applauded with irony, "will arise at five, leap into the mighty *Retch* at six, and be on the ground before us all. I can just see you!"

"Exactly," he smiled, "and if you'd like to see me, Lydia, why not come along?"

Lydia did not reply immediately. She allowed the whirl of small talk to go on around her while she sat back in her chair. She was ready for Hugh, however, when he challenged her silence. "Do you mean what you said about my going with you tomorrow?" she asked him. "For if you do, I'll go."

Hugh was surprised but he rallied quickly. "I think it would be great," he assured her heartily, "but don't forget that six A. M. is six A. M. and that the *Retch* is always the *Retch*. Both have their little drawbacks."

Lydia indicated that she would take her chances. A short while later she withdrew with some small remark about her rising hour, while Hugh stayed on with his pipe.

He had become restless and uncommunicative, however, and it wasn't long before he made his excuses and strolled down the path toward the water. When he was well out of the circle of porch lights he shielded his eyes with one hand and peered into the blackness toward the end of the wharf where lay the gallant *Retch*.

"And now, what the deuce," he speculated aloud, "do you suppose her little game is?"

THE fog at six o'clock did its best to give credence to the expression "thick as pea soup." It was gray, and heavy, and wet, and to Lydia as she walked out along the pier it seemed a little frightening. She came upon Hugh and the *Retch* very suddenly, to find the former doing obscure things to the vitals of the latter.

Hugh straightened up with a cheerful grin. "Top o' the morning!" he said, holding out a hand for the big leather case of thermos bottles she was carrying. "Greetings to the temple of promptness. You are a promising disciple. In getting aboard please be careful not to mar the mahogany!"

Lydia jumped to the scarred deck of the boat and looked about her. "So this is the old reliable who is going to get us to the picnic in the nick of time!"

Hugh refused to be baited. "Quite so," he agreed with a wave of the hand, "and don't get your hopes up by thinking that this wee murk will ever stop us."

"Is that so?" Lydia inquired with just a degree of coolness. "It must be wonderful to be always so certain. I hope I'm not going to be seasick."

HUGH scoffed, and erected a battered and none too comfortable camp stool for her on deck before proceeding to business. There were mysterious manoeuvers with an oil can, strange buzzing sounds, and many laborious turnings of a heavy fly-wheel, and then, at last, the *Retch* settled down to a steady and determined putt-putt.

Hugh cast off the painter, the tide swung the prow of the boat in its teeth, and the pier vanished instantly and completely in the fog. Lydia shivered a little as she vainly tried to penetrate the wall of mist. "How can you tell where you are going?" she inquired with a touch of nervousness. "I should think you might end up out at sea as well as up in the bay in this mess."

"I've been here before," Hugh reassured her, "and I have a compass."

Lydia sat gazing at the deck, while Hugh puffed at his pipe and watched her, a hand on the wheel. For about twenty minutes the *Retch* delivered itself of a throaty monologue, and then without warning its nose was lifted high on a swell. Lydia's camp chair slid a few inches across the deck, and Lydia, herself, jumped to her feet with a little cry of fear. "Why, Hugh," she gasped, her face a bit paler, "what a big wave! Are you sure we aren't going out to sea?"

Hugh laughed at her. "I know exactly where I'm going," he assured her carelessly.

So when the next swell came along Lydia merely clutched the rail without comment, and so also with the next. But when the beak of the *Retch* began to rise and fall with alarming steepness and regularity she could stand it no longer. She stood up and faced him with something very like terror in her eyes.

"Hugh," she demanded almost pathetically, "we simply must be out at sea with waves like this!"

Hugh took the pipe from his mouth and studied her closely as he replied. "I didn't want to worry you till you saw how harmless it would be," he said slowly, "but we had plenty of time so I thought I'd take a little run out to get some cod."

"Codfish?" she repeated after him stupidly.

"Yes. You are now on the broad Atlantic, and just over there—" he pointed beyond the bow of the boat with his pipe stem—"is Portugal."

For a long time Lydia stared at him bleakly. Then she threw back her head and laughed. Hugh thought he caught a note of hysteria in the laughter.

Just at that moment the *Retch* coughed consumptively and gave up the ghost. The craft turned and began to wallow heavily in the trough of the sea. Hugh whistled his astonishment and made for the engine box, but Lydia stopped him. "There isn't any use," she told him tonelessly. "You haven't any gas."

"No gas! What do you mean?"

Lydia sat down on the camp stool and held her head in her hands. "I mean," she stated distinctly, "that last night I drained off most of the gasoline so that we wouldn't get to the picnic on time."

The laughter began again at that and Hugh was quite sure this time that it was hysterical. He strode over and shook her roughly by the shoulder. "Do you mean to say you drained the gas out of the tank?" His tone was incredulous. "Would you mind telling me what in the name of the Great Yale Fence you did it for?"

Her mirth came to an abrupt conclusion as she shook his hand from her sleeve. "Don't you touch me," she ordered a little wildly. "I did it because I hate you, and if you want to know, I'm glad I did it!"

Hugh observed her with a look he hoped was contemptuous. "Well," he remarked with a slight shrug, "it's a good thing you don't care, for the way things look now that's where we'll be soon enough. Out of the line of traffic, what wind there is coming offshore, and a heavy fog that won't lift until the Lord knows when. *Morituri te salutamus!*"

Lydia was sobbing now. "And all," concluded the young man with some bitterness, "because of a darn fool girl and the lack of a gallon of gas!"

LYDIA looked at him through tear-stained eyes. "A lot of g-g-good a g-g-gallon of g-g-gas would do us way out here," she managed.

Hugh observed her without sympathy. "You're a little weak on your g's," he commented, "and also on your information. A gallon of gas would just about get us out of trouble—not that you care. You don't mind if I fish, do you?"

Nonchalantly he got out a cod-line, selected a small mussel from a bucket, and baited his hook. The *Retch* was wallowing alarmingly in the swell.

Five minutes later he pulled in a three-pound sculpin, and when Lydia saw that most repulsive of God's creatures come over the side, she uttered a feeble moan and proceeded to be convincingly ill at the starboard rail.

"There'll come a time," Hugh prophesied darkly, "when you'll be glad we have this young fellow with us."

He whistled cheerfully and picked out another mussel. Lydia continued her activities without abatement.

In a little while the boat was surrounded by a ring of mammoth gray seagulls, pitching about solemnly, and squabbling ponderously over the stray

bits of bait that Hugh dedicated to them.

Hugh noticed that Lydia, with her chin resting in exhaustion on the gunwale, was regarding the attendant birds with listless, miserable eyes. "Don't bother about them," he observed with a wave of the hand, "they're like buzzards, you know—just waiting."

It was cruelty, and he knew it; and then it began to rain through the fog, steadily and thoroughly. He rummaged in the locker and brought forth an ancient and odorous slicker which he wrapped firmly about Lydia's shoulders. She threw it off contemptuously but he put it back on again, and in the end she had to let it stay.

Hugh resumed his fishing and smoking. Lydia could be ill no longer. She was lying flat on the deck, huddled under the slicker, and she did not move for so long that he let his line run and came over to take a look. She opened one eye.

"I hate you," she told him in a small weak voice, "and of course you hate me."

"Oh, yes," said Hugh, trying not to look at the small, wet face beneath him. There was a lump in his throat.

LYDIA nodded gravely and struggled to a sitting position. She pushed the salty and bedraggled silver-blond hair back from her face, and tried to dry her eyes with a pathetic handkerchief. Hugh was beginning to detest himself very thoroughly just about then.

"Of course, that has been obvious from the start," she stated bleakly, "but that isn't what I want to talk to you about."

"What else is there to talk about?" he inquired with bitterness.

"There is a lot," she informed him with quavering firmness, "and much as I loathe you, it must be said. In the first place, I am terribly sorry for what has happened. It is not right that you should die because of me."

"Nonsense," cried Hugh sharply. "You're in as bad a fix as I am."

"It doesn't matter about me. It's my fault and I deserve to die." She hurried on when he tried to stop her. "Oh, yes, I deserve to die, and I deserve to be seasick, and I deserve to have you hate me, and be nasty to me. The only thing is," she paused and looked up at him with eyes that put his brain in a whirl of vast confusion, "the only thing is, I wish you could tell me that you forgive me, before it's too late."

Hugh was only human, and it must be remembered that he loved her very, very deeply. When she made her little speech he went as gray as the surface of the *Retch* itself, and when he reached out and took her hand his own was trembling.

"Lydia Masters, you've got to listen to me whether you want to or not. I don't care if you hate me, I don't care if you loathe me, I don't care if you detest me. The fact remains that I love you—love you more than anything in this life or the next—and, by gosh, something's got to be done about it!"

He swung out a blue-sweatered arm and gathered her in, slicker and all, and for a moment stood there, holding her close and looking down into her wet, salt-encrusted, powderless face. She looked back at him with eyes in which there was no trace of seasickness. "Don't touch me," she said softly, "I despise you."

And at that she moved her head suddenly and kissed him full upon the lips.

There was an interval so lengthy that some of the seagulls got disgusted with waiting and departed, flapping their wings lugubriously. Lydia at length moved her head into the shelter of Hugh's shoulder and sighed deliciously. "Thank heaven," she whispered softly, "that we can have this hour, even if we can't have more."

Hugh was startled. "Can't have more?" he exclaimed, bewildered. "I'd like to see anybody try to stop us having the rest of our natural lives together!"

Remembering, he was silent for so long that Lydia looked up at him, to find his face a mask of despair.

"Dearest," she pleaded, "don't give up hope. Something will happen."

He disengaged her arms and walked rapidly up and down the little deck. There was agony in his expression. "It isn't that," he was saying over and over, "it isn't that. Oh, how can I ever tell you, and still have you care?"

She attempted to reassure him but he would not listen. At length the thing came out brutally. "Lydia," he said, and his voice was hoarse, "I saw you last night when you drained the gas tank. Now do you understand?"

Hugh saw the tenderness die out of her face. "You mean," she said slowly, "that you brought me out here, and had the motor stop on purpose to punish me? And you mean that you let me suffer the tortures of the damned—seasick and frightened and wet and cold—and you had gasoline all the time?" He made no denial.

"And yet you say you love me!"

THERE seemed to be nothing further to say, so Hugh got out his five-gallon can, replenished the tank, and started the motor with a single turn of the fly-wheel.

Lydia stood like a statue in the bow, gazing straight ahead into the mist.

It was a little rattle that broke the tension, just a little metallic rasp. Lydia recognized it, and turned swiftly, to find Hugh in the act of opening one of the two-quart thermos bottles she had brought with her in the leather case.

"Don't do that!" she ordered sharply.

Hugh returned the cap to its place and bowed elaborately. "Pardon me," he apologized in a frozen voice.

Then she came over and stood in front of him, much to the detriment of the steering, and her voice had a quality that he couldn't quite analyze. "Hugh," she said swiftly, "it's my turn to confess. When the boat first stopped, and we were drifting out there, I had a feeling that that was my opportunity to make you love me—that it was then, or never."

He laughed at that, but she ignored him. "I felt," she went on breathlessly, picking up one of the thermos bottles and removing the cork, "that perhaps, if I made you feel sorry for me—— So I neglected to mention this!"

She waved the bottle under his nose.

"Mmm!" he said, sniffing, "gasoline!"

"One gallon of it," she agreed, standing on tiptoe the better to reach his lips with hers, "or as you put it, just enough to get us out of trouble."

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Diary of a Little French Girl

—continued from page 53

on the fountain ran hot and cold water!

At the imposing door, on inquiring for Madame Kingsley, a dark servant pointed politely to a gilded cage—a rush, and I am landed fourteen stories high up in the air:

"Second door on the right."

Well, I thought there was a catch in it somewhere, for when they had talked of "home" I never dreamed of an apartment.

Inside, a hearty welcome, warm feeling of hospitality, cocktails which caused much conversation, and everything on a big scale. The white shirt fronts of the men, the décolletage of the women, the rooms, the furniture, everything in some way making itself noticed instead of felt. Money, money, money everywhere, and no taste.

And a room without taste is like a woman lacking tenderness. One may stay awhile, and may even put one's feet up temporarily, but there is no refreshment for one's spirit.

Six of us sat down to the formal dinner. The food was excellent, but we do not dine, we just eat it. Never in my life have I eaten so quickly as in this country. I thought we must all be going somewhere of a vast importance, but after dinner we went back to the drawing room and repeated all the same conversation, only in a higher key, for Mr. Kingsley turned on the radio, and then we all talked over it at once.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ham, nice Southerners, there was "a man for me." An American unmarried millionaire. Mrs. Kingsley told me about him with pride.

"With those three assets, what are his liabilities?" I asked.

Kingsley said he hadn't found out, but I did before the night was over.

Oswald Baldman, (that's him!) was a steel man.

Iron gray hair, keen eyes, square jaw, thick neck. He was too short to be handsome, and too crude to have charm. Yet, aggressive as he was, he had something besides money and will-power. Perhaps it was brains.

He made love to me at once. At least, he probably thought it was love. But I didn't make any such mistake. His conversation touched on many things, and his hands behaved in the same manner, and when I said to him:

"*Monsieur,* do you not see the label round my neck: *'Do not Touch'?"* he seemed quite confused.

Later, he suggested that we all go to the Lido to dance.

Mrs. Ham said naively that she liked to dance to keep her figure. But, looking at the figures of the three men, I decided I would like to keep mine also—to myself.

At last, at ten-thirty, I got away, accompanied by "Ossie."

RE Ossie, the Steel Man.

Ossie's car was beautiful. But oh! Ossie! The conduct of U. S. men in motor cars gives one to think furiously, if not to act quickly.

When Ossie suggested a ride, naturally I said, "Yes, I would love it!"

So then, *voilà,* there is me sitting beside Ossie—who I thought was guaranteed pure on account of having met him under such respectable conditions—sailing out into the unknown alone together.

Conversation was spasmodic.

"Enjoy yourself tonight?" he asked.

"I never enjoy the obvious, but I did appreciate their kindness," I replied.

"I proposed dancing to save you from it. Why did you turn it down?"

"Better to stay in the frying pan than to fall in the fire," I laughed.

He looked at me shrewdly. "All your life you've been in the fire, I should say. Haven't you always had all kinds of men crazy over you?"

"No. Merely all kinds of gentlemen."

"Well, I guess you've found out by now that it's about an even bet that a gentleman can behave like a man, and that a man can behave like a gentleman."

"So many words to say so little!"

"You know what I mean," he answered quite unruffled. Then later, his face closer to mine:

"I like your perfume; what is it?"

"It is my secret," I told him.

"Share it with me." His voice grew persuasive. "Why do you sit so far away?"

I moved closer, and was at once conscious of his magnetism. We were silent then. Ossie was clever. He was letting Nature speak for him . . .

The fringe of New York is very beautiful. I watched a slender moon flirting with small fleecy clouds. The road, bordered on each side by dark woods, was like a silver ribbon threading its way in and out of the black lace of a lady's negligée. We bumped over a little ridge of logs—I heard water quietly splashing. Ossie put his hand on my knee.

"Why so silent?" he said peering into my face.

"There's too much talk in America, anyway, so what for should I add to it?"

"What do you want then?"

"Thoughts," I said, and then, laughing as I thought of the dull evening at the Kingsley's, I added, "and I like action!"

"I thought so!" said Ossie.

A moment later the car stopped with a sudden jerk, and Ossie had me in his arms. I struggled, but *Mon Dieu!* Those arms, they were made of steel, they held me as in a vise. I realized I was helpless. Completely . . .

NEXT MONTH

To handle the difficult Ossie, Mousseline follows a piece of advice given her by her friend, the Marchioness de Gaumin. But—quel horreur—*she discovers that an American and a Frenchman respond quite differently to similar treatment.*

Shear and Shear Alike

—continued from page 69

says: 'Rustle or Rust.' Well, anyways you ain't got no crushin' debts holdin' you down." Then in a flash I remembers Barney Swift and the hundred iron men. Gosh but I'm a lummox. First time I meets a real important guy, he does me a favor and I ain't been near him since. I plucks a taxi and beats it to his office.

Barney's roost is on the 27th floor of the Plunger Building in charge of a near-blonde jane with a suspicious eye. Barney don't keep me waitin'.

"Awful sorry I ain't been in sooner, Mr. Swift."

"Don't mention it," he waves, good-natured like, "the best of 'em has cramp of the income at times. If it pinches you to pay now you kin let it run."

"Oh no," I assures him, "I got money in the bank. I ain't much, but I sure don't need to owe you no longer." So he takes it.

"Tell me somethin' about yourself," says Barney, lightin' up a fresh stogie. "I seen your act over a year ago. Changed it any?"

THEN I tells him about my idea for a new layout, spielin' some of my patter. He chuckles.

"It don't get me nowheres, Mr. Swift. The old ghost walks every week. But he don't walk fast enough."

"Want to get rich in a hurry eh?"

"Mr. Swift," says I, "my one idea this minute is two things: to quit vaudeville and make a wad of kale."

"Maybe," says he, "I kin help you on the first."

"That'll be a start," says I. "Of course I kin quit any time. But I don't like to lay off my chauffeur and I ain't figured I kin keep him just peddlin' pencils."

"Listen son," he says friendly like, "I'm figurin' on a new revue. Somethin' different. Somethin' ain't never been done before."

"You must be thinkin' of makin' it funny," I shoots.

"You said it," he nods. "I'm goin' to slip 'em a real bang-up. One that'll keep 'em so busy they'll be dizzy. And I was figurin'," says he slowly, sort of sizin' me up to let it sink in, "maybe you could do your act in it and be sorto right hand man to me at the same time—you know—gags and rehearsin' and keepin' the show pepped up. What do you say?"

I says nothin' for a minute and says it twice. I'm too took by surprise. That same cold chill Nancy give me is doin' a soft shoe on my spine.

"When does you figure to open?"

"Eight weeks," says he, "but keep it strictly under your belt. They is a lot of work ahead. Do you kick in or is it too big for you?"

"Rustle or rust," says I, "spill the works."

"Your regular weekly salary," says Barney, "plus a century for bein' my man Friday—which means all the other six days in the week, too."

"Sold," I grins. "Draw up the deeds and I'll scramble on the dotted line."

For a coupla hours Barney and me sits there, him givin' me the dope and me jabbin' in nifties. I sees the new job is goin' to fit me closer than sunburn.

"Say," I says, gettin' one of my rare ideas, "you know the Four Fallin' Frazels?"

"Sure," he grunts.

"Well, they got a act what could be a scream in that cabaret scene."

"Kin we get 'em?" asks Barney.

I like the way he says "we."

"I'll see Lou right off," says I.

"Go to it," says he, "and good luck." The which I leaves him, so bubblin' with pep, promise and perspiration I has to shoot a coupla nickels in the automat for a ice tea or burn out my bearin's. Who's in there grabbin' pie a la mud but Nancy Saxon herself.

"Fancy meetin' you here," says she in her best Sunday-supplement-sassiety-story style.

"Oh," says I, "it's a little too high priced for me as a rule, but I just sold Madison Square garden and figures I kin indulge myself once."

"Yeh," she smiles, "that's why I'm here. I just bought it and it's took all my ready cash!"

So I switches to pie a la mud and tote the dishes to a table. I can't hardly wait to bust my news to her.

"Ted Green, late gallopin' kangaroo of the two-a-day has quit jumpin'," says I, "and shortly is to settle permament where the electric jazz jiggers jingles."

That stops her for a split second.

"You're kiddin'."

"No, on the level." And I tells her all about Barney.

I kin see she's pleased. Not that she's throwin' her arms around me or rushin' out to buy bedroom furniture.

"It would be great," she flashes, "if you did make a hit, had a long Broadway run and didn't have to vaudeville no more."

"Wouldn't it!" I nods.

"SAY, son," says Barney to me one day, "this show looks like it's goin' to make a whale of kale, and I been thinkin' about lettin' you in on it."

"Howdoyermean, let me in on it?" I shoots, gettin' so excited I almost burns my mouth with the wrong end of my stogie.

"It's this way," says Swift, "you're a quick thinkin' kid and I likes you. So I'm figurin' as how I'll let you buy maybe a fourth interest in the production."

I'm tryin' to keep from shoutin' out loud. Barney mistakes it for thinkin', somethin' I don't do often and can't that minute.

"About how much do you reckon it's worth?" I gulps finally.

"Well," he drawls, "ordinary not a cent under ten grand, but you're in for half of that."

"Five grand?" I chokes. "You mean it?"

"Sure I do," says Barney. "You got it?"

"Let me figure," I reach for a pencil, knowing to a cent what I ain't got, but stalling, not to appear too anxious.

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"Guess I can maybe swing it," I smirks.

"Fine," says Barney, "only there's one thing I forgot to tell you and without which there ain't no deal."

"Shoot the works," I gulps with an effort.

"It's just this. It must be strictly Q.T. Don't even drop a hint to your pal Lou Frazer."

"If that's the only hurdle," I sighs with relief, "I'm deaf and dumb."

I'm bustin' to sneak a hint to Nancy but I don't. So I buttons my lips, grits my teeth and goes to work. It's some work too, I'm tellin' the screamin' arory borry Alice.

Barney, he's pretty much all over the place the first week. After which I guesses he's hep that I'm onto my job, for I don't see him a lot.

One night after rehearsal, I'm alone on the stage with our chief 'lectrician "Scissors" McGrath. We been discussing lights for the first act curtain. It's a great mechanical effect of a Dutch windmill what grinds out girls in gold and black tights. The Four Frazers helps make the big finale by each grabbin' a wing of the mill as it goes 'round and joinin' in the chorus while hanging by their toes.

"Oh, Ted," says McGrath, "kin I see you private, for a few minutes?"

"My private office is a chair in the one-armed man's lunch. Come on," says I. And in a minute we're playin' the cripple's buffet for coffee and sinkers.

"It's like this," begins McGrath, "I ain't tryin' to make no touch, 'cause a ordinary loan wouldn't do me no good."

I'm ready with a comeback, but there's a look in Mac's eyes takes the laugh out of livin'. I sees he's in trouble.

"It's the wiff," says he. "She's had a sudden bad turn. They say it's nothin' to worry about only now I gotta send her away with a nurse. I needs five hundred worser than the cough drop boys need a shave."

"That's too bad, Scissors," I says, feelin' genuine sorry, and figurin' who can I touch quick.

"NOW, don't say 'no' till I finishes," says he. "I ain't no pauper. I got two grand stuck away against a rainy day only I got it invested."

"A pipe," says I. "Open up the old umbrella."

"I can't," says he.

"What kinda investment is it," I asks, "where you puts in twenty centuries and can't raise no five in a pinch?"

"That's what I'm comin' to," says he, "only you got to promise sacred to keep this under your belt."

I can't tell why, but there's somethin' in the way he says it starts the water comin' out on my neck.

"Well," says McGrath, "I got a ten per cent interest in this here show and here's a paper to prove it. I figures you might lend me the five and hold this a security, see?"

Sure I sees, but not what Scissors means. I sees red and green and yellow all to once.

"Oh, it's good all right," says Scissors, mistakin' my hesitation. "When Barney first talks show he lets me have this shear. 'Course it ain't much, but it's all he can spare after what he's give the others."

"What others?" I hears myself askin' feeble like, learnin' for the first time what gooseflesh means.

"Why, the Frazers, Sterling the author, Jack Stone the musicer, and Wagner the costumer, though I hadn't oughta tell you."

"All them guys got a slice?" I gulps.

"Sure, they're all in," says he.

"'In' is right," I swallows.

Something inside of me is cryin' for help, but no one's throwin' a rope.

"How come," I says, "you ain't gone to Barney with this? He'd sure let you have the five."

"Yeh," says Mac. "When I gets word the frau has to jump quick I looks for him and he's out of town and not expected back for three days. I can't hold up the little woman that long."

"I get you," says I, calm and cool all of a sudden. "I'll get you the dough in the mornin'," figurin' the old runabout good for a three hundred hock and I kin rustle the balance on I oh yous.

"Thanks," says Mac, "you sure has got a heart." Which musta been so, for there's somethin' in my boots that ain't feet.

THE next three days I snoops around. Believe muh, I does some tall scoutin'. I digs up enough dirt to run a race track around Siberia. One clue leads to another. By the time I finishes here's how the murder pipes on paper.

Me 25% for which I coughs			$5000
The Frazers 30% which stands them			$8000
Sterling 25%	"	" him	$5000
Stone 25%	"	" "	$5000
McGrath 10%	"	" "	$2000

Besides which Barney has handed out 25 per cent for costumes and 33 per cent for props and scenics. Makin' a grand and glorious total of 173 per cent and 25 grand cash! I'll say his name's Swift all right. He's gone so fast he's met hisself comin' back. The more I thinks of it the madder I gets. Here's everything I got in the world, includin' chance of grabbin' Nancy and it's gone fluey. "Nit, not, nix," says I to myself. "He ain't gonna get away so soft." And the next minute I'm up in Barney's roost, a paper with numbers in my hand and blood in my eye.

"Where's Barney?" I shouts at the near-human shock absorber with the phoney frills.

"Mr. Swift," she articulates, "ain't in."

"When'll he be back?" I shoots.

"He didn't tip his mitt," she ices, "and you needn't yell. I ain't deaf."

"I'll wait," says I.

"Won't do you no good," pipes this office icicle, poundin' the typewriter. "He's been away and just got back and he's awful busy."

"He ain't half as busy like he's goin' to be with me," says I, lightin' a fag and pacin' up and down the joint. I musta done four miles when the door opens and in blows Barney.

"Hello, Ted!" He starts when I turns. He gets wise quick.

"Oh, Julia," he soft pedals, "run over to Lebaron's and get them contracts will you?" I holds my temper till Julia exits. Then I turns on Barney:

"You're a fine, low-down, double-crossin' cheese hound," I shouts.

"Wotter you mean double cross?" he grunts.

"I means," says I, "this here list of shear holders shows you been shootin' more X's than a cross-eyed chinee votin' a split ticket."

"Who told you all this?" he growls.

"I been out in the woods," says I, "with cotton in my ears listenin' to the wee wee birds chirp Spanish."

"If you wasn't so excited," he stalls, "you'd let me figure it out for you."

"Yeh," says I, "I suppose for six bits you'll sell me a shear in Bunco Hill monument. I know, figures don't lie but liars figure."

"That," says he, "is strong language. Control yourself."

"The trouble is I got too perfect control," I says, "but it's gonna be perfecter when you sits down and writes me a check for five grand."

"For what?" he asks.

"You hear me," I shoots. "Five grand for my shear of this bunch of molasses you been smearin', and eight more besides for my pals the Frazers what I got into this."

"Don't make me laff, Ted," he grins.

"There ain't no ha-ha's in this," says I, white clean through. "You get every cent I owns and more besides, and I'm gonna get it or know the reason why."

"You put your money into the production," he snarls.

"Yeah," I bites back, "for twenty-five per cent, but I ain't no sucker."

"Now," he salves, "you is a little excited. No one never took you for no come-on."

"No," I shouts, "and no one ain't now."

"Them other guys has only got shears in the number 2 Co. what goes out the minute this is over," he chirps in.

"That's a lie!" I shouts. "They all has receipts the same as me and it don't say nothin' about no number 2 Co's."

"So you wants your money out, eh kid? And if I refuses, then what?"

"WHY," I says, "I'll just round up all the shear holders, show 'em they been skun and there'll be a riot."

"Sure," he smirks, "a riot is right. Instead of goin' to Atlantic the show's called off and you all has got shears in a flop."

I'm beginnin' to see blue again, as he gets up and comes from behind the desk.

"We kin put you in jail for this," I screams.

"That," says he, "is easier said than did. Now listen, I was good to you and took you in."

"'Took in' is right," I snarls, "and now you're goin' to let me out, you cheap four flushin' tin horn porch climbin' skunk."

"That'll do," he roars. "I'll let you all right. You're out now, out the front door. You and your job."

Whether if it was the way he come at me, or the piled up tension of the last few days—but inside me there's a click. I closes my eyes, and every ounce of my 162 lbs. is in a wild swing at Barney's jaw. The crash is so hard it almost breaks my mitt, and I stands tremblin' with fear and anger. I guess

I told you Barney's a ex-light-heavyweight. In the second I waits to be massacred I'm figurin' how it feels to be throwed out of the 27th floor and if they'd notice how the guy that built it named the Plunger Building for me.

But it don't come. No heavy hand slips me the K.O. Instead I opens a eye and what I sees makes me frightener then before. Barney is out. He's down on the mat with his jaw open, his eyes is glassy and there's a big red spot where I lammed. That swing has landed plumb on the button. I rushes out to the ice cooler as Julia comes in.

"Quick," she says, bendin' over Barney and rippin' his collar, "phone Dr. Bush, Trafalgar 7676R. Tell him Mr. Swift's had another of his attacks." Which puts me hep to keep my trap closed.

While I'm burnin' the wire she bathes Barney's face.

I'm puffin' a fag and figurin' what'll I do in the seven years it takes the medico to cross the plate. As a matter of clockin' it ain't more than ten minutes. He looks Barney over, shakes his head and phones for a ambulance.

"I told him to avoid excitement," he says, as Barney don't come to. "This time I'll take him to the San myself and see he stays there."

"But doc," I says, "he's got a show booked for Atlantic City. The troupe leaves tomorrow."

"Somebody else'll have to worry about that," says he. "This bird ain't goin' to do no travelin' so you kin notice it."

Out on the street I'm walkin' in a kinda daze. I'm a fine simp. Not only my money's gone, but I've helped stick the guy that's got it away where I can't even get a chance to argue it out of him. I sure feels punk, when who comes sailin' up the alley but the kid herself, Nancy of the gleamin' smile.

"What's crawled inside of you and died?" she sparkles.

"Oh," I fidgets, "I got a lot on my mind."

"Why don't you get a hair cut," says she, "and remove the pressure?"

"Nancy," says I, "you is right. I'm the number below nothin'. I'm the blank space what's left when they rubs out the dot." And I spills her everything.

"I don't see," says she, "where any one's a bit worser off than they was yesterday, unless maybe it's Barney."

"OH, no," I airifies, "I'm in soft I suppose with Barney firin' me and the show shuttin' up in a riot when these shear holders gets wise."

"Don't let 'em get wise then," she shoots, "and don't let him fire you none neither. Tell him if he tries to fire you you'll put the bunch hep, but if he behaves you're deaf and dumb."

"And the kale?" I asks, meek like.

"That," says Nancy, with a fightin' look in her eye I ain't never dreamed to see, "ain't no more lost that it was in the first place. You put it on a gamble, didn't you?"

"Yeh," I nods.

"Then gamble some more," says she, "and let it ride."

Which reminds me of what the doc spilled and I puts Nancy wise that our financial wiz is sunk for a coupla weeks.

"It's your chance," she chirps, all cheered up by the news. "Watch how it goes at Atlantic City. I'll be down Saturday and I wants you to make me laugh."

Next day I calls the company together for a rehearsal. I tells them that, as Barney's personal representative, he's told me to make changes, him not feelin' chipper and not able to join us for a day or two.

Nancy comes down Saturday.

"You has done wonders, Hank, and I do hope they likes it in the big burgh," says she.

"Hold the thought," says I, "for tomorrow night it's us for the big bang or bust on the Great White Way."

Did you ever was a kid the night before Christmas? Was you ever one of the crowds on Broadway on a 'lection night? Do you remember when you was awful small and woke up in the night thinkin' you seen a ghost? If you has was all of these and some more you ain't got no idea of excitement unless you been back stage on openin' night.

"Someone's drove you awful hard," I says to the company, "and I ain't darin' you to scream his label. But that's over. Now it's up to you. You is all artists. I believes in you boys and girls and that you'll put it over. Good luck."

OVERTURE. The house is jammed. I'm in the wings in full make-up except my wig, my first entrance not bein' for ten minutes. A crash of music. The curtain's up. We're off. I'm up against the wall, soft all over. "Here's everything I got in the world. Please God," I whispers, "make it a wham!"

I watches the first two numbers which seems to go fair enough, then beats it to my dressin' room for final touches of make-up. There's something in the swallow tube that ain't my Adam's apple. The next minute I'm on the stage. My real bow to Broadway and the first night hard-boiled yeggs.

And the funny thing is that the minute I does hit the boards I'm as sure of myself as a snake charmer at the circus. It's my old tramp act what I done a million times, brushed up a little. It's cheese cake for me but to these goofs it's new and intricate and funny. In thirty seconds I feels I got a strangle hold; in sixty they is on their back breathin' hard. I sure shows 'em some comedy ain't never been learned from books, excitin' with a wow all right. I kin stop the show. But I'm there to do just the opposite. And it sure is some send off. They is still applausin', but I signals for the next specialty.

I hustles to my make-up box, warm all over and I'm so busy thinkin' how happy I am that I forgets to listen. All of a sudden I'm jerry that things is awful quiet. What's happened? I dusts to the wings to get a better slant. The Four Frazers is on and dyin' standin' up. Not a ripple. You'd think it was the morgue. The house is sittin' on their hands. Lou comes off drippin' wet and lookin' like he sure seen spooks. I tries to chirp him up with a slap on the back, but he's green under his make-up. Somethin's gone wrong. I'm chokin'. One scene after another flops. Even Roselyn Royce in

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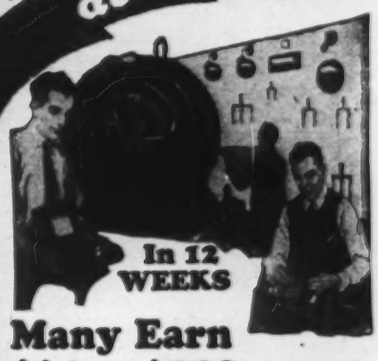

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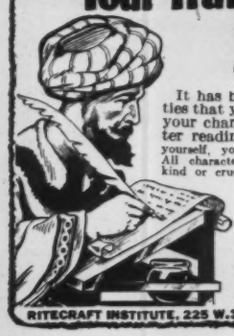

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her million dollar undress gets only a polite tumble.

Back stage gets the funk, and the more they tries the worser they does. I'm prayin' for the first act curtain and that no one won't walk out on us sooner. It's the big Musical Mill scene and maybe, I hopes, might stop the snowslide. I'm on to help the finale and gets a small hand. Grittin' my teeth, I goes to it and gives them everything I got. The fog rises a little and there's enough applause to cover things. But only for a minute. Just before the curtain The Four Frazers is to hop from their perches and stand two each side of me to do some steps and repeat the Dutch Mill chorus.

AT least, that's how we rehearses it. What really happens is that I gets crowded. I don't know yet how it comes off. All I remember is that dumbbell Flora comin' down with her heel on my toe and that I steps back. Next thing I knows I'm in the air spinnin' like a kid on the merry-go-round. One of the arms of the mill has ketched in the seat of my pants. I got sense to grab with hands back of me or I'd broke my neck.

There's a howl from out front and in a flash I sees our finish. This is all we needs to give us the final shove down the chute. But habit is a funny thing. All my life I been drilled to bust into song when I hears music. The company's shoutin' and, without my knowing it, I joins in the chorus.

It takes longer to tell than to happen, for as the thing jerks me off my feet there's a shriek:

"Ted! Stop him! He'll be killed."

And down the aisle comes Nancy Saxon herself!

I manages to work loose, but holds on till I'm near the stage, then drops, graceful like, to my feet and hustles to the foot-lights. Like a shock comes a whale of a hand. Half the house is rockin' with laffin', or they'd join. Which, gives me one of them rare and desperate ideas. Holdin' out my hand I helps Nancy to the stage' sayin' quick in her ear "turn, grin and join in the chorus."

Well, that smile of hern and the way she done it knocks 'em for a row of gondolas. Some has thought it was a accident, which it was, only now they is wise it was a plant, which it ain't. All to which makes the cuckooist kinda first act curtain a revue never had.

The balance of the show is a riot. Every one's happy and every gag's a scream. Giggles is more catchin' than measles, and back stage you knows when you got a real success.

Nancy's got my paw at the end, for of course I has to make good by shootin' her into a coupla other scenes. It's her first appearance on any stage. She does it without no rehearsal and is a riot.

Of course we waits up for the papers. The crickets is just a bunch of ballyhoo boys out in front of our tent. Most of 'em refers special to my acrobatic first act curtain stunt "which brought down the house with the able assistance of a captivatin' but, for some unknown reason, nameless blonde beauty."

"Nancy," I says, "that's you. And it won't be Nameless Nora no more. Tomorrow you break into print."

"Oh, no," she says, "I couldn't do it!"

"Couldn't you?" I chirps. "What you think I'm gonna do? Take a chance and crab the show by lettin' you out? Besides, now I gotta get myself catched on that confounded mill every night to say nothin' of a coupla matinées. In case I gets croaked, I wants you should be there to spill a few brinys."

"Speakin' of which," she smiles, "how you goin' to fix Barney Swift?"

"Oh, me and Lou has settled that. Barney's sold so many shears, every one's gotta take half what we paid for."

"Think he'll agree?" she wonders.

"He'll have to. He still has the 25 grand he collected, and we're givin' him 13½ per cent. which is better than goin' to jail!"

"Ted Green," says she, lookin' at me funny like, "I do believe you got the makin's of a business man."

"'Makin's' is right," I assures her, quick to see the openin', "but somebody's got to do the rollin'!"

"Meanin' which?" she murmurs, leavin' herself wide open.

"Meanin'," I jabs in quick, "that you can roll me with one hand while I holds the other. Listen, Nancy," I warms up, takin' the hand, as she turns away her head. Ordinary I wouldn't have the nerves, but I'm all pepped up with what's happened tonight and nothin' can flag me now. "Listen Nancy. Who put me up to all this but you? Who I done it all for but you? What would I be now but nothin' without you? And what good'll the kale be without you—oh, hell!" And I'm so excited I jerks her arm like we is two of the Frazers. Maybe I yanks too hard and maybe I don't, but it brings her to me quick. And the next second we're clinched.

I GRABS her tight and puts my lips to hers. And, oh boy, her arms slips around my neck like they was made to order.

"Ted," she beams, after seven or ten years, while she's dustin' the powder offen my coat lapel, "I'm awful happy, of course, that you put it over, but——"

"Hey," I says, "no vetoes. The vote's in."

"Sure," she finishes shy like, "only I was goin' to say that, even if you hadn't, I—er—well—I was thinkin' maybe I'd be good enough for vaudeville!"

And right away the coat needs brushin' again.

Nancy and me is argufyin' next day up to the office as to which of my two sparklers looks best on her fourth finger, when a telegraph snail slides in with a yellow shock slip. It's for me and signed Barney:

"Off for Europe. Sold my stock to Lebaron for thirty thousand."

"Quick," I shoots to Nancy, which is gettin' a eyefull over my shoulder, "cable the president of Europe not to buy nothin' without seein' me. That guy's apt to sell him a shear in the Indian Ocean and then get him to fill it with ships."

"Just the same," she smiles, "he's a great man. You gotta hand it to him."

Which seein' he made us all do it one time or another, sounds like she's right.

The Tall Galleon

—continued from page 66

Frenchman answered her look. "An artist, an *ivrogne*, a wild fellow. He plays for you, *ma mie*. And for you also I bring—this."

He opened his left hand, and with a quick movement dropped over her head and about her throat a threadlike chain holding a great round pink pearl.

"No! No! You must not," she cried out sharply. "I beg you take it back."

She slipped the jewel from her neck and held it out to him with trembling hands. With a sudden gust of passion de Lonfleurs took the bauble and threw it to the ground.

"Let it lie. Had it been more beautiful it had charm' you into acceptance. Tomorrow I bring more. You shall choose."

After de Lonfleurs had left Constance, he continued on his way to the governor's house where he was to sup. His excellency had asked a half dozen gentlemen, among them Chantrey, to sample a very old and special wine from his cellar. Chantrey sat moody-eyed, during the meal, speaking little. He watched de Lonfleurs covertly, longing to penetrate the secrets of the man, to tear off his laughing debonair mask and see what really lay beneath. Was it because he had been drunk that de Lonfleurs' signature had been so different on the two papers? The Frenchman had lost no time in repaying his debt and redeeming the note, so Chantrey could prove nothing but he waited, hoping some false move would make clear the enigma.

De Lonfleurs was in mad spirits tonight. He drank sparingly of the governor's wine, but his wit made the room ring. At length he sprang to his feet and raised his wine glass toward his host.

"Your Excellency, I have drink tonight a great wine to your ver' good health. Yet have I a greater. Wine of the gods I call it, and the grapes that yielded it purpled in Spain. The hour is not late. Come aboard my ship and you shall judge."

The proposal was received with acclamations on all sides, and presently the whole gay company started for the harbor.

WHILE the others were carousing in the cabin of the galleon, Richard Chantrey slipped quietly away from the company and made his way forward. The deck appeared deserted; the cool darkness and company of the stars were grateful to him after the heat, the noise, and the fumes within.

Standing well forward, after a moment he was conscious of the towering presence of the galleon's figurehead which seemed to detach itself from the darkness with a dull luminosity. It was a monstrous figure of gilded wood, half as tall again as himself. Its shape seemed to be that of a Victory, its draperies flowing back as if blown by the wind.

In a moment of curiosity Chantrey had clambered up to look into the raised face, when a sudden pitch of the ship almost upset him. To save himself he threw out his hand, clutching at the projections of the carved head. As he did so his thumb sank deeply into one of the eye sockets. He was aware of a sliding sound; then to his amazement he saw a panel open in the side of the figure, disclosing an aperture which might easily admit the form of a man. With a quick impulse of caution Chantrey looked about, and was aware that the revelers in the cabin had disbanded and were coming on deck. He must either close the panel instantly and join them, or secrete himself. The choice occupied him but a second. He slipped into the opening like a shadow, and pulled at the edge of the panel. It seemed to dart through his fingers, he heard a click, and crouched with throbbing pulse in the darkness.

As he listened to the confusion of voices and laughter without, mechanically his hand moved about his hiding place. He found himself cramped to mere kneeling space, while all about him he was aware of a confusion of objects. His fingers encountered a small leathern sack, which gave out a faint clink as of pieces of metal. His grasp closed on a loose object cast upon the floor—a necklace he was sure, just as he was sure that those were jewels, those cold, hard, sharp-faceted things that rolled under his touch. Across the deck he heard the governor and his entourage taking their leave. There was talk of a magnificent banquet to be given by de Lonfleurs on the morrow. The guests went over the side one by one. Silence. Then a man's gruff voice spoke cautiously.

"P-sst. Lolonais! *Ils sont partis? Écoute, alors.*"

Chantrey stiffened as though he had been suddenly stricken into stone.

Lolonais! Fiercest of those fierce buccaneers who quested the Spanish Main! Lolonais! whose deeds of daring and violence had earned for him the title of madman. Lolonais! the lover of Constance Cavan!

Footsteps sounded near, then a boat approached filled with a part of the ship's company returning from the shore. A short silence again, then the low tones of two sailors, evidently very near.

"Lolonais is a fox. 'Twas he who hatched this plan. Tonight's entertainment on board was to give them confidence; along with that wine to tempt them to return."

"Ah! A noble wine indeed. The Spaniard was ever a luxury loving swine. 'Twas passing strange this ship we thought so great a prize yielded naught but wine and silks."

The first man spoke in a sharper tone.

"More than passing strange. 'Twas the devil's own ill luck. Not a gold piece, not a gem in the whole ship—and every prisoner we tortured swearing they knew naught. Think you they threw them overboard to spite us?"

"'Tis likely. Our last hope lay in the Frenchman, de Lonfleurs. Had he known aught he would have told to revenge himself on the Spaniards who had sunk his own ship and taken him prisoner. But he had nothing to give up but his papers and his life."

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The first sailor spoke again roughly: "Well, Lolonais is determined to bring a prize on board, at any cost. Has he said at what hour is the banquet?"

"At the sunset hour. Never was a prettier thought out scheme. Every woman will wear her choicest jewels; the men go overboard—and we shall have women and jewels ready to our hands."

"There is an English girl—" the other man growled as he spat contemptuously—"that must be protected like a lily for Lolonais' later pleasure. Not so much as a finger laid on her, he orders. *Diable! Il est fou. Il met tout au hazard avec ses amours.*"

The speakers strolled away while Chantrey with trembling hands tore noiselessly at the panel in the figure. But his frantic search failed to find any knob or hidden spring; and now he was conscious that the atmosphere about him was becoming unbearable, and that he must have air. With neither knife nor sword to cut a threads' space for air, he selected one of the jewels beneath his hand and cautiously began to gnaw at the side of the statue.

THE Marquis de Lonfleurs, in the person of Lolonais, had spared nothing toward the magnificence of the banquet. Lolonais, blood-steeped, predatory, ferocious, was at the same time a voluptuary and an exquisite. It pleased his fancy to woo with soft music, and fine wines, and subtle flatteries, a beautiful woman who was in his power.

Therefore when Constance came aboard she found a purple carpet spread for her feet, cushions of rare silks, flowers heaped in fragrant profusion. Lanterns swung everywhere, and the sailors bore torches in their hands. Her host was solicitous for her comfort; yet, since she had arrived early, he left her to welcome others of his guests and to look frowningly for the governor and his entourage who were not yet come.

Alone, Constance gazed about her anxiously. The thought of Chantrey filled her mind with vague forebodings. Since yesterday he had not been seen, and his absence, his silence, and her fears for him were teaching her swiftly how dear he was to her. In her restless mood she left the cabin and wandered toward the front of the ship.

It was quiet there, and shadowy. The wind from the shore flowed warm and smooth across her lips. Beyond her the great bowsprit of the ship pointed toward the sea, and above her the golden figurehead gestured to a distant goal.

Chantrey's voice reached her quietly.

"Constance! Thank God you have come. Betray no surprise. Turn away, then seem to admire the figurehead and return."

Through an aperture which he had gradually enlarged he saw her obey him gallantly, though her cheeks had whitened.

"Climb up as though to examine it," he ordered; "then if none observe, press the right eye-socket with force."

The girl glanced hastily about. The forepart of the vessel where she stood was deserted. In an instant she had swung open the panel and Chantrey stood by her side, the aperture closed behind him. She gazed upon him with terror.

"Richard your eyes seem to have seen a ghost. With your disordered hair and white face you look distraught. What is it?"

He forbore to tell her. In the shadows he bent and held her close, laying his lips on her hair.

"My sweet, if aught should happen to divide us, remember at the last that I have loved you well. Listen, my dear. Much depends on your courage. Show no alarm—appear as usual. Leave me now, seek out your father, and tell him as quietly as may be that danger impends—to be on his guard."

He held and kissed her, then swiftly he left her and went forward into the gathering shadows. It was but the work of a minute for him to attach a rope to the railing, and let himself down the side of the vessel. The warm blue waters of the Caribbean closed over him noiselessly as he struck out for shore.

The tall galleon lay far out, for she drew much water and could thus set sail at a moment's notice; and the night-blue stretch of sea with its distant line of surf seemed to lengthen as he advanced. On the shore a cluster of moving lights seemed to proclaim the progress of his excellency's party toward their boats, and Chantrey redoubled his stroke while with each sobbing breath a prayer beat in his brain.

"Oh thou good God stay the governor's departure until I make the shore."

AS CONSTANCE came into the cabin beside Lolonais, she was very pale and her lips trembled as she smiled.

"His excellency is late; 'tis a pity," remarked her host, and he closed and locked the cabin door and without concealment withdrew the key.

She turned then like a flash, confronting him, her hand on the lock where the key had been.

"*Monsieur!*" Her eyes held his levelly.

Lolonais shrugged, returning her gaze with his ardent one.

"My men are curious—*comme des singes*—and might enter. And I wish ver' much to be alone—with you. *Ma belle*, have I not say I love you—— And what Lolonais say—he mean!"

His voice changed with the last words, grew hard and boastful.

Constance's hand went to her throat, her terrified eyes on her captor.

"Lolonais!" she gasped, affrighted. "You are Francis Lolonais?"

He bowed with the sweep and grace of a courtier. "Lolonais—none other. Once sold as a slave; once, *par hazard*, a marquis of France. But Lolonais *toujours*."

He came to lounge carelessly on the broad arm of her chair. His eyes dwelt hotly upon her face. Suddenly he swept her up into his embrace, and pressed his lips to hers.

"*Ma foi!* Almost—and my men kill me not for it—I am minded to up sail in this hour, and bear away from Nevis to the open sea." His breath came fast upon her face, and between his words his lips clung to her mouth. "To fight now I crave not . . . but to lie close here . . ."

He lifted her in his arms to carry her into the smaller cabin when there came a sudden clamor from the deck. Constance struggled from him, stumbled to the locked door and beat upon it.

"His excellency is come," she sobbed, and cried out: "Richard! Richard!"

With an oath Lolonais thrust her aside and opened the door. As he closed it after him Constance heard the key rasp in the lock.

It was indeed true. His excellency was come, but with him there had stolen through the darkness men in small boats, heavily armed. At first only a few boats had followed the governor, so that the lookout on the tall galleon had been deceived. But now from the shore boat after boat put out, and already the men were swarming up the sides of the galleon.

Lolonais, reaching the deck, saw that his schemes had gone awry. He shouted to his men, and plunged toward the ship's ladder where Richard Chantrey and a score of others behind him were mounting with drawn swords. As Chantrey came up over the side the two men met and crossed swords.

All about them the battle raged, but the two fought as if alone, looking into each other's eyes. Back and still back Chantrey drove his adversary, nor did he perceive until too late that Lolonais gave ground voluntarily. It was only when he raised his voice and called: "Gaspard! *A moi—à moi,*" and Chantrey jumped back at the rush of this new adversary, that he realized Lolonais' intention. He had made the cabin door, and with a quick movement passed within, locking it, even as Constance cried out again despairingly.

It seemed to Chantrey that eons of time passed as he fought. Blood trickled from his forehead and blinded him, and he brushed it away impatiently and fought on. He was conscious that the English were gaining, that the buccaneers were being driven aft, and leaping from the rail into the sea.

When Chantrey reached the cabin door it swung open. No one was within. Swiftly he turned back and ran along the deck, for he heard Constance calling.

Under the golden figurehead he came upon her, borne in the arms of Lolonais, who sought to throw himself with her into the sea in the hope of making one of the islands. Chantrey, rushing down the deck, hurled himself toward the man who strove with her. But he was too late. Lolonais, himself unarmed, saw the flash of the blade in Chantrey's hand. Quick as a cat he released the girl, and darted out upon the great bowsprit. He turned for an instant, poised for the leap, and the glare of his eyes held the look of a cornered wild beast. A second later he had leapt down, and they heard the plunge of his body as it cleft the water.

ON THE coast of England a stately manor-house stood on the tall green cliffs that face the sea. On its flagged walks peacocks strutted in the sun, and from its great hall a lofty window opened toward the west. Richard Chantrey and his wife came often to that window at sunset, for it looked upon the tall golden figurehead of a ship. The Victory stood high upon the cliff facing the ocean, its raised arm pointing toward some distant goal. And sometimes in the evening glow its carven lips seemed to smile inscrutably.

For Sale—One Husband

—continued from page 35

artistry too. She went to a man's head like wine.

She reached a white arm of invitation toward him, but even as he turned a nervous cough sounded from the doorway.

"Mrs. Richard Sterling calling on Mrs. Stacy," announced the impeccable butler, and Barbara walked nonchalantly into the room, her hands in the pockets of the mannish suit to keep their trembling from betraying her.

"'Lo Dick," she greeted her startled husband. "Forgive my coming, Mrs. Stacy, but I felt we three had something to talk over, and I was afraid you might not come to my funny little apartment—even if I asked you."

Lydia Stacy stood up, instantly and bitterly conscious of the merciless comparison this girl in her tailored clothes had deliberately planned.

"Really, Mrs. Sterling—" began Lydia.

Barbara interrupted her.

"Just a moment, please," she begged. "You and I have a little matter of business to discuss, Mrs. Stacy, and I see no reason why we should not discuss it amicably."

Lydia subsided on her divan, while Barbara took a chair, and Dick, more uncomfortable than he had ever been in his life, stood on the rug between them.

"*Business*, you said?" suggested Lydia, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

"Surely—business," returned Barbara briskly. "I have a husband whom you seem to want—just a minute, *please*, Mrs. Stacy!—and my husband has informed me that he—likes you. I know of no more thankless task than trying to hold a husband against his will. Yet—the law has said he is my property, and if I choose, I can keep him as long as I like—publicly, at any rate. Now what I propose to do is to—sell you my property!"

It took a full moment for Lydia and Dick to comprehend Barbara's astounding statement. Dick was the first to grasp it.

"What?" he shouted furiously.

"Really Mrs. Sterling!" gasped Lydia.

"But why not?" Barbara protested. "If I owned a building, or any other piece of property that you were anxious to secure, Mrs. Stacy, would you try to steal it? Or would you come to me in an open and above-board manner and offer to buy it at a reasonable price?"

"I was never so insulted in my life," Lydia snapped. "What sort of woman do you think I am?"

"Why, I think you are an excellent business woman, Mrs. Stacy," Barbara returned. "The situation is this: you are in love with my husband—aren't you? Don't be afraid to admit it. You see, I knew you were. Dick told me last night that he loved you—more than he loves me. He is, therefore, no longer of any use to me. A reluctant husband is worse than none at all!"

"You have summed up the situation very cleverly," said Lydia loftily. "I think a divorce would be the simplest thing all the way around."

Barbara nodded sagely.

"Quite. That's the way I had planned it," she returned cooly. "But, you see, there's something else to be considered. Dick is still my property; property into which I have put five years of my time; property that I have carefully developed, by taking care of his home, seeing that he has been well fed and clothed and his interests protected. Therefore, I think that I am entitled to—er—some sort of interest on the development. In other words, I propose to sell you my husband—outright—for—do you think five thousand dollars would be too much?"

Dick gasped as though she had flung ice water in his face, but she took no notice of him, facing Lydia, waiting a little anxiously, a little hesitant as though afraid she had set her price too high. Before Lydia or Dick could conquer their astonishment sufficiently to answer, she rushed on.

"You see, in another year or two, Dick will be making a great deal of money, and you'll get your money back in no time at all, with big interest. A very safe investment, I think. Of course, five thousand sounds like an awful lot, but I really feel that all the time and effort and energy that I put into his—er—development, during the five years we've been—partners, as it were—is worth that!"

Lydia had overcome her amazement by now.

"You mean that in exchange for five thousand dollars you will divorce Dick with a minimum of publicity, so that he will be free to marry me?" she demanded.

Barbara grinned gamely.

"With five thousand dollars, I shall sail for Paris immediately, where I will secure the quickest divorce on record," she said.

Lydia hesitated a moment, then turned and went to her desk. Dick watched her anxiously, then looked back to his wife, his face white.

"Barbara—in the name of God—what are you doing?" he cried. "You can't do this sort of thing, you know . . ."

Barbara peered around his shoulder into a convenient mirror and settled her rakish little hat at a more becoming angle.

"No? And why not? If Mrs. Stacy is satisfied that it is a good bargain, and I am willing to sell at that price, then I'd like to know what's to stop it," she retorted. "I call it a very sensible arrangement—I've always wanted to go to Paris—and there's a very good boat sailing next week—and I've always said that I wouldn't have a husband who wanted somebody else!"

She bit the last word short; for tears threatened. She could not afford to break down now, in the presence of the enemy.

Lydia came toward her, a slip of pink paper in her hand, and a look of the-cat-who-stole-the-cream on her face.

"I have your promise to sail for Paris immediately, Mrs. Sterling?" she said, taking no trouble to stifle the triumph in her voice.

As she extended the check, Barbara put out her hand—and then had to force herself to take the slip of paper and thrust it into her pocket. She faced them gallantly, her head high, her cheeks bright,

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her eyes glowing—with unshed tears.

"I shall sail on the first boat," she promised, and then almost ran from the room.

She got a taxi at the corner, and cried all the way home. She hardly knew what she had hoped by staging the little scene. Perhaps to shame Dick into coming home, perhaps to shame Lydia into letting him alone; but whatever she had planned, they had called her bluff. Lydia had accepted her proposition, and Dick had stood, aghast and astounded, it was true, but permitting the whole thing to happen.

When she reached the apartment she tore off her coat, first taking the pink slip of paper from her pocket and throwing it on the table, where she eyed it as though it had been a poisonous reptile. Then she dragged her trunk into the center of the bedroom and began to jam things into it with a reckless hand. So absorbed was she that she did not hear the door open and close. But when she looked up, Dick stood on the threshold of their room—a Dick who was tragic-faced and haggard-eyed.

"So—you've been anxious to get rid of me for a long time, and you choose this method," he said bitterly.

For a moment she longed to fling herself on his breast and beg him to take her back, to make her forget all her foolish plans. But she conquered the impulse and went on with her packing.

"I thought you'd be pleased to death to be able to marry the lady," she said, when she could control her voice.

Dick snarled an oath, crossed to her, tearing the fragile chiffon negligée—her one and only—from her hands, and whirled her about to face him, his fingers biting into her shoulders anything but gently.

"Who the devil is he? Who's the man you are planning to go to Paris with? And for whom you had to get five thousand dollars? I'll say you certainly set a high valuation on me! Five thousand dollars—for a man who has worked for you and planned for you, and loved you with all his soul for five years!" he raged.

She stared up at him, wide-eyed.

"I—I—but I thought you were in love with Lydia," she gasped helplessly.

Dick barked a short, ugly laugh.

"Love—hell!" he snorted. "You are the only woman I ever loved! I let her make a fool of me—and then you came along and added the final artistic touches!"

Barbara opened her mouth to say something, and wisely closed it again.

"But you're not answering my questions," he discovered suddenly. "Who the devil is this man you think you're going to Paris with?"

Barbara hesitated a moment, then dropped her eyes.

"W-e-ell, of course, if you don't want to marry Lydia, I might pass up the Paris plan," she said meekly.

"You bet your life you'll pass it up—until next summer, when I'll take you myself," he snapped.

His eye fell on the troublesome pink check, and he caught it up, tore it into four pieces, thrust the pieces into an envelope, which he sealed, addressed to Mrs. Lydia Stacy, and went out into the hall to drop into the mail chute. He came back to find Barbara shaking with racking sobs, afraid to believe that the phantom Lydia had been laid.

For a moment Dick's sternness held. Then he caught her in his arms as though she had been a child, and sat down in a big chair holding her snuggled close.

"Forgive me, Babs sweetest, for being a fool," he whispered, his own voice not quite steady, his lips against her throat.

And Barbara's heart thrilled within her. Dick *was* such a darling—and he did make love so deliciously . . .

Face to Face—continued from page 45

ameliorate one of the world's many ills."

And a few minutes later he said to Dennis:

"Yours is of all professions the one that does the most immediate good. You couldn't have chosen a finer one."

Dennis wouldn't admit that he had chosen it. He said that it had chosen him.

"It had a race," he said, "with criminology. But medicine got in first, by a short head. Some day," he added, "they may go into partnership."

"Criminology," mused Vincent Portal. "A fine word, but like so many fine words, it means little. We are all criminals, potentially or in fact."

"Oh, no," protested Anna, "surely not all of us."

"Well, not you, my dear, at any rate," he answered.

"Not you, nor me, nor Dennis," she insisted, laughing.

Dennis went home thinking.

Anna went to bed in a rosy glow of optimism. Her uncle had said to her:

"That's a fine fellow. I like him. We'll have to see what can be done toward helping you two. Anyway, I'll begin making inquiries about a secretarial job for you at once."

When she had gone up he rang for Carshall, the butler, and instructed him to bring him, for the next few days, all letters, no matter to whom they were addressed, the moment they arrived. He then went upstairs himself in a very satisfied frame of mind, and wrote the following in his diary:

> Why am I pleased tonight? Is it because I have been kind to those two young fools who mean nothing to me, or is it because of the little surprises I have in store for them? It almost seems—and this is a disturbing thought—that my pleasure comes from the first rather than from the second cause. Shall I leave it at that? Shall I play the silly and vulgar rôle of benevolent uncle, or shall I pursue the plans I made at dinner this evening, which will afford me a far more subtle and intellectual delight? If I can obtain pleasure—and it almost seems that I can—from doing what's called 'good' as well as from doing what's called 'evil,' does it matter, pleasure being the object, which course I pursue?

For some time he sat thinking, weighing his own sensations. Then he wrote:

I was wrong. The thought of playing the benevolent uncle bores and disgusts me. It is the thought of the other that I find pleasing and exhilirating. That is settled, then. Already I can see the whole drama in my mind, down to the final fall of the curtain. The play begins at once.

He locked the diary in the top drawer of his desk and began to undress. He went to the large mirror over the mantel, the only mirror in the room, and unfastened his collar and tie, glancing at his face as he did so.

Something he saw in the glass attracted his attention, and his hands paused at their work. He stared at his reflection, then went nearer the mirror and stared again. He saw, or thought he saw, a completely unfamiliar look. Some trick of light and shadow, he supposed. But before getting into bed he unlocked his diary once more and wrote in it:

Tonight as I was unfastening my collar in front of the mirror, an odd thing happened. My own face, to which I am thoroughly accustomed, suddenly looked different to me, as though *some one else* were looking back at me, very knowingly, too knowingly, out of the eyes. For an instant it startled me, but not unpleasantly, for I delight in the unusual. I am afraid, though, it was only an illusion created for me by the not very bright light and by the imperfect surface of my mirror.

Having recorded this small incident he switched off the light, got into bed and slept dreamlessly.

ABOUT a week later Vincent Portal told Anna that he had spoken about her to a man in the Pensions Department who was wanting a secretary.

"I told him you had all the usual requirements," he said, "in addition to a charming personality and a quick brain, so go and see him tomorrow and talk it over with him. If the salary suits, and you like Mr. Vesey-Roberts as well as I feel sure he will like you, I dare say the job is yours."

She was delighted, grateful, excited, and a little nervous. She kissed her uncle's cheek, ashamed that she hadn't done so before, and ashamed, too, of her reluctance to kiss that dark visage when he had been so kind and so thoughtful to her. She scribbled a note to Dennis at once.

"If I can get a job and keep it," she wrote, "I don't see why we shouldn't be married quite soon, do you?"

The next morning, a Saturday, she went to call on Mr. Vesey-Roberts at his house in Kensington. Although he was in no way remarkable—he was past middle age, stout, bald, matter-of-fact—she was disposed to like him. The salary was fair, and she agreed to begin work on Monday. His late secretary, who was leaving to be married, would show her the ropes and help her the first day. Mr. Vesey-Roberts shook her hand, said he was quite satisfied that her training had been good, and that he would write to thank her uncle for his timely assistance.

She only saw her uncle at night. Even on Saturdays he absented himself from the house until dinner time, so she was obliged to wait till then to tell him her news. He said he was sure she would justify his expectations, and made light of his part in it. On Sunday night when Dennis came to dinner he added his thanks to hers, though he felt it was natural enough for an uncle to take a little trouble for an only niece, particularly such a niece as Anna.

That night Anna went to bed early to prepare herself for her first day's work. She was struck, as she undressed, by the stillness of the room and of the house. She heard Big Ben strike ten as she lay in bed, but no other sounds reached her, not even the rumble of traffic. It was like being in the country, she thought, and yet here they were, in the very heart of London.

She was nearly asleep when it suddenly struck her that some one must have put a clock in the room during the day, and that its ticking had only just reached her consciousness. She sat up in bed and listened. It was a loud and regular ticking, the sort of sound that her small wrist-watch, which was the only timepiece she possessed, was utterly incapable of making. Odd she hadn't noticed the clock while she was undressing.

She switched on the light and to her surprise discovered there was no clock in the room, although the sound seemed to come from within a few feet of her bed. Moreover it had the loud, unhurried tick of a clock of some size. It must, she thought, be in the hall. She thrust her feet into bedroom slippers and went to look, but the hall was innocent of clocks. Moreover the ticking was louder inside her room than outside it. She closed the door again, puzzled. She hated a clock in her room at the best of times, and an invisible one was maddening.

It got on her nerves presently. She began to think of strange warnings; of the death-spider that made a ticking noise . . . or was she thinking of the death-watch beetle? But no death-watch beetle, she felt sure, ever ticked with such inexorable regularity. It seemed, finally, to be ticking inside her brain. All desire to sleep was banished. She heard Big Ben strike eleven, twelve, one, two, and three. After that she must have fallen asleep, for she couldn't remember hearing it strike four. She woke tired and with a headache; but tea revived her, and the ticking had mercifully stopped. She always breakfasted in her room—at her uncle's suggestion, for he didn't wish to see any one in the mornings—so she knew she couldn't ask him about it till the evening.

Her first day with Mr. Vesey-Roberts was something of a strain, but she believed that, thanks to the help she had received from the departing secretary, she had got through it creditably. In telling her uncle about it, during dinner, she forgot to speak of the clock that had so interfered with her sleep, but before going up to bed she remembered it.

He said he couldn't imagine what it could have been, and offered to go to her room with her to listen. When they got there nothing could be heard. He smiled.

"All your mother's family were highly imaginative," he said.

"But I didn't imagine it," she protested.

"Well," he said as he turned to go, "if you hear it again don't hesitate to come down and knock on my door."

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She went to bed somewhat annoyed with herself for having mentioned it, and soon fell asleep. But during the night something woke her, and she realized that once more the room was filled with that objectionable ticking. It certainly was not imagination. Indignantly she got up, slipped on a dressing gown and went down to knock at her uncle's door. A moment later he emerged, looking like a Franciscan monk in his long brown robe, and together they went up to her room.

"There," she said, "there's no imagination about that is there?"

He turned a blank face toward her.

"But I hear nothing at all."

"Do you mean to say," she cried, "that you can't hear it?"

"My dear Anna, I assure you I hear nothing at all and my ears are as good as any one's."

"Well, I must be mad," she exclaimed. "It's as loud as though it were in this very room."

"Are you sure it doesn't sound as if it were inside your own head? Our ears play tricks sometimes."

"At moments it does," she admitted, "but I'm certain it isn't. I'm certain it's a clock."

"Go back to bed," he advised, "and you'll soon forget all about it. I remember hearing your mother say that your Aunt Margaret heard something of the sort at times." He bade her good night and departed.

She could hardly remember her Aunt Margaret, and she had never heard before that she was in any way odd. She lay awake thinking about her, wondering what more there was to know, and if it could possibly be true that the ticking was purely imaginary. She heard Big Ben strike four. Shortly thereafter the ticking stopped and she fell asleep.

"I shouldn't like many more nights like this," she said to herself the next morning. "I'll begin to believe there really is something wrong with me."

She told Dennis about it the next time he came to see her.

"My blessed infant," he said, "if you hear ticking at night rest assured there's a clock somewhere, and that it's outside your head, not inside. If you heard it and your esteemed uncle didn't, tell him I will gladly supply him with the address of an ear specialist."

"But Dennis, he hears as well as I do. And if he couldn't hear it . . ."

"How do I know he couldn't hear it?"

"But what earthly reason would he have had for saying he didn't hear it if he did?"

"Don't ask me for reasons. I only know he strikes me as being a very odd bird."

"Oh, Dennis. He's the only relation I have in the world."

"Never mind. I hope to be a much nearer one myself before long."

For two nights after this she slept soundly and heard nothing; which was an immense relief to her. But on the third night, Vincent Portal, who had been reading until a late hour in his room, got up, listened at the door, assured himself that the house was quiet, and wrapping the folds of his long brown dressing gown round him, mounted the stairs. He went up like a ghost. Not a stair creaked, and his footfalls on the thick carpet were soundless. He stopped outside Anna's door, pushed aside a framed photograph hanging on the wall, and sliding his hand behind it, opened a little door neatly cut in the wall paper. The previous owner of the house had shown him this hiding place twenty years before, and he had never found a use for it till now. He took out a clock he had concealed there, gave it a short winding and replaced it. Then he closed the door, straightened the picture and went soundlessly down the stairs again.

NOT many days later Anna came back from her work with a worried and distressed look on her round young face. She went into the library, and dropping into a chair, sat for some time without moving. Then she got up and going to the writing table, wrote a hasty note to Dennis:

> Darling, I've got bad news. I've been sacked. Given a month's pay in lieu of notice. Mr. Vesey-Roberts did it as nicely as he could, but I thought he looked at me as if he would be very glad when I'd gone. He said he was afraid I wasn't experienced enough, but I feel there must be some other reason, for I swear we were getting on beautifully. Still, the month's pay in advance shows how badly he wanted to get rid of me. Uncle Vincent will be dreadfully disappointed. He's taken such an interest, and was so keen on my going there. But I've disappointed myself most of all. I wanted you to know before you came tomorrow night. That hateful ticking has been going on again. Do you think I'm haunted?"

Vincent Portal was very much distressed at her news. He said he would see Vesey-Roberts the next day, and would try to find out what the trouble was. Anna begged him not to.

"It will only make it uncomfortable for him," she said. "Naturally he won't like to say, 'Your niece is incompetent.' And it would put you in the wrong for having recommended me."

He told her not to worry, that he would soon find her another position. And that night he took her to the theater to change her thoughts.

When he went up to bed he felt in a particularly agreeable and felicitous mood. He had opened up for himself a whole new world of sensation whose boundaries seemed almost limitless. And he saw that he would be able to move in it with entire freedom. He took the most extreme and unexpected pleasure in what he was doing, and he had not suffered the smallest twinge of remorse. That inglorious weakness from which others suffered, a degrading servitude to the vulgar idea of right, was now behind him forever. He thought with amusement of the readiness with which Vesey-Roberts had responded to his hint that day at lunch.

He had believed, he said, that his niece was completely cured. Poor child, it was a terrible thing for her. There was this strong taint of insanity in the mother's family, and his brother never knew it until too late. Fortunately there was only the one child and they had hoped she might escape it, but before she was nine she had begun to show signs of mental and moral depravity, and had to be sent away to a home. Two years ago she had been pronounced completely cured, and in this belief, and knowing that she had gone in for a thorough business training in Edinburgh, he had tried to help her; for during her sane periods she was intelligent and lovable. But within the last few days there had been unmistakable signs of a return of the trouble, and he had felt it his unpleasant duty to warn her employer.

Vesey-Roberts had been frightened, grateful, shocked. Ten minutes after his return to his office, Anna left it, chagrined and humiliated.

"And not a twinge, not a tremor of that disease of the imagination they call remorse," Portal said to himself as he began to undress.

As was his habit, he walked toward the mirror to unfasten his collar and tie, and remembering the strange illusion of that other night, he looked closely at himself. Once more his attention was arrested by the look in his own eyes. It was there again, that cunning, *knowing* look; amused, admiring, mocking, but seeming to spring from an intelligence not his own.

"Good God!" he thought. "This is an odd thing. I have a feeling that when I look away those other eyes keep on steadily looking at me."

He moved about in front of the mirror, grimaced, smiled, frowned; and his reflection grimaced, smiled and frowned when he did. But it struck him that it wasn't so much reflecting him as *imitating* him. He left the glass abruptly.

"This is really enchanting," he said to himself to mask the fear in his heart. "The unusual, the abnormal so seldom obtrudes into ordinary existence." He returned to the glass. "There, it has changed now. That face is my own, and is controlled by my own mind. The other has gone."

He took out his diary and wrote:

> If I were a weak and sentimental moralist, I could make a Sunday school tale out of this with which to frighten naughty children. I might say that by giving in to 'evil' impulses I was unconsciously moulding and altering my outward form to suit the spirit within. But that does not happen to be accurate. What I actually caught a glimpse of, I believe, was a being with independent thoughts, and an intelligence of its own. This interests me enormously. Nowadays, when science leads us to doubt the reality of matter, and proves to us that what seems to be the most solid and material substances are in fact the most un-material, it is both easy and pleasant to imagine, conversely, that abstract and intangible things have the most real and actual existence.
>
> "How do I know, for instance, that my reflection, as I see it in a mirror, or in a pool of water, or in the plate glass window of a Bond Street shop, has not a separate existence, quite apart from me and as real as my own? It may, for all I know, think its own thoughts, live its own individual life, only choosing to confront me now and again through the agency of some polished surface. Tonight and that other night, I may have chanced to catch it at its tricks, and having caught it once or twice in this way, I shall doubtless catch it again. Certainly I shall watch for it very closely.

And having written this, and refused fear an entrance to his mind, he went to bed.

DENNIS had a good deal to say about Mr. Vesey-Roberts the next evening. Anna incompetent! He hoped that when Mr. Vesey-Roberts died he'd bequeath his cranium to the governors of the British Museum, who would be excusable in thinking it the skull of a poor specimen of monkey.

When Vincent Portal came in, he tried to explain his friend's behavior by saying that he had had a good deal of domestic trouble of late which had made him more exacting and difficult to get on with.

"I should have realized that earlier," he said. "But we shall soon find a better job for her with a more reasonable man."

It was two weeks, however, before he could tell Anna of another opening. He had been to great trouble she knew, to find one, and she was proportionately grateful. This time it was a city official, a man named Purchase. And Vincent Portal said that while he didn't know him, except in the most casual way, he had always heard him very well spoken of. Anna went to see him at once. She didn't particularly like the look of him, but she decided that after all the trouble her uncle had taken, and as Mr. Purchase seemed anxious for her to come, she would at least give the job a trial. She began work on a Monday, and by the following Friday she had got accustomed to both it and her employer.

All would have been well but for that ticking at night. She couldn't ask Dennis to come and listen as she never knew when it would begin. It was generally quite late. She couldn't go on complaining about it to her uncle, especially when he was convinced it was only her imagination. And as the room she occupied was the only furnished guest room in the house, she could hardly ask to be moved. She therefore put up with it, but she knew it was getting badly on her nerves.

She had been nearly a month with her city official when the blow fell. His round face redder than ever, pompous but trying to be kind, he told her he was afraid the work was too difficult for her. He added that he was sorry to lose her, as in other ways they had got on very well. When she asked him exactly in what way she had failed he grew confused, and instead of replying, thrust a month's salary into her hands and dismissed her as if she had been an offending servant.

Anna refused it, angry and distressed. He proffered it again, and she told him fiercely that she would n't touch it. He recoiled from her as though he were afraid of her, in fact she saw what was plainly terror in his eyes. With an abrupt good-bye she took her hat and coat and left the place, and walked, faster than she had ever walked in her life, back to her uncle's house. She was pale with anger, mystified, perplexed. What was wrong with her? What had she done? She was conscious of no failures, no mistakes. The work had been so easy as to be dull. How had she displeased and when? There must be something odd about her that she wasn't conscious of. Didn't Dennis see it? Didn't her uncle? What caused these men to want, suddenly, to be rid of her? The reasons they gave were not, she was convinced, the right ones. All her self-confidence went from her. She ran up to her room, threw herself on her bed and cried.

Her uncle was, as before, grieved, concerned and ready to offer comfort. Purchase, he said, was a common fellow when all was said and done; he had only thought she might get on with him for the present, or until something more interesting turned up.

"But I *was* getting on!" Anna cried. "I *was*."

"Oh, well," he said, "don't lose courage, my dear. We'll have one more try, and if that fails we'll see if there isn't some other work to which you are perhaps more suited."

"But it does suit me. I can do secretarial work. I like it," she protested.

"Then clearly these men must be to blame."

"It's so strange," she persisted. "One minute we were getting on perfectly well, and planning future work. Then the next minute I was being dismissed."

"You shan't have this bother again," he said. "I can't tell you how sorry I am."

"It's not your fault, Uncle Vincent. You've been kindness itself. Only it's so humiliating."

Dennis was in a fury when he saw how deeply it had affected her.

"Is there anything wrong with me?" she asked him. "Is there something repulsive or odd about me? Perhaps you wouldn't tell me even if there were."

He soon disabused her mind of any such fantastic ideas.

"I wish to heaven we could be married tomorrow!" he exclaimed. "There's something about this damned house——"

"Hush, Dennis!" she cried. "I won't allow you to say that."

"All the same," he replied, "I don't mind telling you that Uncle Vincent and the house are getting on my nerves. You've been unlucky here. And there's that infernal clock."

"I'm lucky to be here at all," she retorted.

"As soon as my brother-in-law starts for China," said Dennis, "you're going to stay with my sister. I'm going to get you away from here."

"I'm not going to do anything that might hurt his feelings," she answered.

Dennis was hopeful of finding her work with some doctors of his acquaintance, but meanwhile Vincent Portal was bestirring himself on her behalf. One day not very long after this he told her that a woman whom he knew very slightly wanted a secretary immediately, and had asked him to help her.

"Naturally I spoke of you," he said. "I have explained the situation to her, and she wants you to go and see her as soon as possible. She lives just off Belgrave Square."

Anna was delighted at the idea of working for a woman, and although she found Mrs. Marcellus the not very attractive wife of a still less attractive South African mining man, she made up her mind to go to her for four hours a day. She had social ambitions it seemed,

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Mrs. Marcellus was kind, vulgar, but easy to get on with, and the work was simple. Anna spent the first morning writing for servants' references, interviewing maids, and attending to Mrs. Marcellus's correspondence which had been allowed to accumulate alarmingly. The work of the succeeding days was much the same, and wouldn't have overtaxed, Anna told Dennis, the brain of a child.

But about ten days later the early post brought her a letter from her employer, accompanied by a cheque for not one, but two months' salary in advance:

My dear Miss Portal:

I am very much grieved to tell you that I find I shall need some one more used to the ways of London society than you are, and on whose knowledge I can really depend. In every other way I have found you perfectly satisfactory. I hope you will accept an extra month's salary by way of compensation for any disappointment or trouble I may have caused you.

Yours very truly,
EDNA D. MARCELLUS.

It seemed to Anna like a blow in the face. It stunned her. This woman, like the two men, had wanted desperately to be rid of her. Why? Why? She wondered if Dennis and her uncle could be hiding something from her, some fault or pecularity of speech or manner of which she knew nothing, and of which they were too loyal to speak. Unable to bear her own distress of mind, she sent the maid out with a note to the hospital, asking Dennis if he could possibly see her for a few minutes, and promising him that she would be in the house all day.

He came at twelve, and turned white with fury and bewilderment when he heard of this last insult.

"I am going to see that woman," he said. "Where does she live? I'll go at once."

But she implored him not to.

"She will only tell you what she's told me. She's perfectly within her rights. But, Dennis, why, why do they all act like this? There's something wrong with me! There must be. I'm repulsive to people in some way, or I do and say queer things unconsciously."

He used forceful and not very delicate language, and succeeded in comforting and assuring her, but he could see that she had been deeply hurt, and the knowledge worried and distressed him.

He made her swear that she would accept no more positions that came to her through her uncle. He promised to come the next day at the same time, and to write to her that same evening. And he implored her to spend the afternoon at a matinée and forget her worries. Then he snatched up his hat and rushed away, leaving her considerably happier. But before evening her doubts and suspicions returned, and she made up her mind that she would watch herself closely.

Her uncle too was much upset when she told him the news.

"Well, my dear," he said, "it's very extraordinary. Of course I've no way of judging what you can do in the secretarial line, but I feel sure these people have been difficult to please. Now suppose, after I've gone up to bed—I'm going early tonight—you sit down at the writing table and write me a short biography of your life. Let me see how you string your words together, and how you form your sentences. Perhaps I can help you."

She agreed to do this, and after a rubber of two-handed bridge he went up to his room. She sat down at the big, heavy writing table, took up a pen, opened the blotting book, and saw a half written letter lying inside it. Her eye was at once caught by her own name, and by the word "lunacy"; and although Anna was the soul of honor and could only account for this act afterwards by the fact that she was, at the time, in great mental distress, she read the letter through. And horror settled down upon her soul like a plague of evil black flies.

The letter read:

Dear Dr. Sangerson:

I am writing to you, as the greatest authority on lunacy in England, to ask if you will come to my house at some time convenient to yourself to see and talk to my niece, Anna Portal. She has been staying with me for a few months since the death of her parents, and I am extremely perturbed as to her mental condition. There was, I regret to say, a strong taint of insanity in the mother's family, and I am afraid this unfortunate girl—she is not yet twenty-three—has not escaped it. She talks strangely, is at times quite unconscious of her own actions, hears imaginary sounds, and has recently been trying, without success, to earn her living as a secretary. But owing to these peculiarities her employers cannot, of course, keep her. She is engaged to a young man who, though he now realizes how she is afflicted, does not dare to break with her for fear of making her worse. If you would be so good as to call——

There the letter broke off. Something had interrupted her uncle, and he had since forgotten it. He was writing, she remembered, just before dinner was announced. She laid the letter down with hands like ice, feeling physically sick with horror. With dragging feet she went up the stairs to her own bedroom, swaying, weak, holding to the banister for support.

Her uncle heard her go past the door. She would have read the letter now. He smiled to himself, and getting out his diary, he wrote:

Things are progressing. Everything goes according to plan, and by tomorrow night I shall have embarked for the first time in my life upon actual crime. It has taken me years to reach this point, and unless I am very much mistaken as to the state of my mental emancipation, I shall never feel the smallest twinge of remorse. And what is of equal importance, I shall never be suspected.

I suppose few men would keep such a diary as this, but to do so affords me the keenest pleasure, and it can do me no harm. While I live, no one will ever see it. After I am dead the whole world may see it, and learn that one man at least disdained to move with the herd; that one man at least was mentally, spiritually and morally a free agent.

He got up, humming to himself, and went slowly toward the mirror. Ever since coming into the room he had felt a

desire to look into it, but had refrained. No, not from fear, he told himself. From a sort of perversity, as though he were keeping some one waiting, intentionally and with malice. He had no sooner confronted it than he said, aloud, but in a low voice:

"Ah, so you're there again, are you?"

It was himself, yet not himself. Had he chosen to let his imagination have full play he might have said that he was looking at the materialization, or, better perhaps, exteriorization, of some part or phase of himself. He looked closely into the eyes, approaching his face to the mirror; and the reflection approached his face, and the two, alike and yet unlike, stared at one another. Then an experiment suggested itself. He closed his eyes, stood upright, raised his arms high above his head, and then opened his eyes again. And in this position he remained, transfixed with horror. His reflection had remained perfectly motionless, leaning forward with its hands resting on the mantel as his had been a moment before, watching him—cunningly and malignantly.

With a cry he recoiled from the glass, and shrank back across the room, every nerve in his body taut. Impossible, incredible! This was too much; this was going too far. He had played with an idea; he now found it a fact, and a fact full of ghastly inferences and horror unspeakable. For a good five minutes he remained clutching the window curtains, as far from the mirror as he could get but gradually the blood returned to his heart, and he was ready to swear that his eyes had played tricks with him. Making an effort to control his still trembling legs, he rapidly crossed the room, passing in front of the mirror without a glance, gained the door, unlocked it, and rang the bell. Carshall, the butler, who was downstairs locking up, came hurrying up to answer it.

"Bring me whiskey and soda," said Vincent Portal, "and quickly if you please."

When the butler came back with the tray he was himself again.

"Carshall," he said, "I must sell that mirror or have it done over. Look at it. Don't you think the glass is in a very bad state? It's getting so that I hardly recognize myself in it."

Carshall approached and examined it.

"The color's bad, sir," he said. "Greenish, like. But I don't know as I'd say it needed doing over. Will you be wanting anything further tonight, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you. Miss Portal has gone up, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. She didn't stay down long tonight."

"She seemed to me very depressed this evening," her uncle said. Such remarks when repeated to the coroner by the servants, have an effect.

Vincent Portal drank a strong whiskey and soda, and presently, convinced that he had nothing now to fear, went to the mirror again. He saw only himself, just as he had expected. That "other self"—he hardly knew what else to call it—had gone.

Relieved, he sat down at his desk and spent a full hour with pencil and paper and a letter of Anna's open in front of him. He was composing a short note, but not in his own handwriting. He burnt twenty attempts before one satisfied him, and that one he put away carefully in his pocketbook.

THE next morning he went up early and knocked on Anna's door. She opened it a bare half inch. He told her he had slept very badly and asked her if she would be so good as to go to the chemist's during the day, and have made up for him a prescription which she would find downstairs on the hall table. It was for some powders he sometimes took when he couldn't sleep, and he was very much annoyed to find, during the night, that he was out of them.

Anna said she would be certain to do this. Her voice sounded muffled, as though she had been crying. He called out, "Good-bye," and went downstairs again. He looked inside the writing pad in the library and found the letter. It had served its purpose. He tore it up and burnt the pieces.

Anna thought it as well, when she received Dennis's letter, that he was unable to come that day. She didn't feel able to see him. She was unspeakably unhappy, and alternated between the conviction that she was just as sane as any one could be, and the disheartening knowledge that insane people were nearly always convinced of their own sanity. At the thought of giving up Dennis her heart seemed to die in her body. Her world was ruined, she didn't care whether she lived or died. She sat in the library all the morning like a dumb creature, and never even raised her eyes when Carshall spoke to her. After lunch she went out and bought the sleeping powders. She meant to ask her uncle if she too might take one before going to bed. She couldn't endure another such night as the one she had just been through.

She made up her mind not to tell him she had read the letter. The thing was too awful to discuss with him. If it were true, she would see the doctor when he came. At the moment she didn't care what happened to her. She didn't want to see any one, or to speak. Only to be left alone.

She got through the day somehow, and then came the ordeal of dinner. Vincent Portal said, while Carshall was putting the dessert on the table:

"Anna, you don't look at all well. You mustn't let these little disappointments weigh on your mind. I shall have to take you away to Brighton for a week or two if this goes on."

She answered, smiling rather wanly, that she was all right, and that he needn't worry about her. At ten she started up to bed, but before going she asked:

"What about those sleeping powders? Do you think I might take one? I slept badly last night too, and I do so want to go to sleep tonight."

"Of course, my dear child," he cried, "of course. Take the box up with you. I'll just take two out for myself."

"Two? Is that the dose?" she inquired as he gave them to her.

"It says one on the box," he answered, "but if you want to be sure of sleeping I should certainly take two. I always do. They're perfectly harmless."

She thanked him and went upstairs.

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